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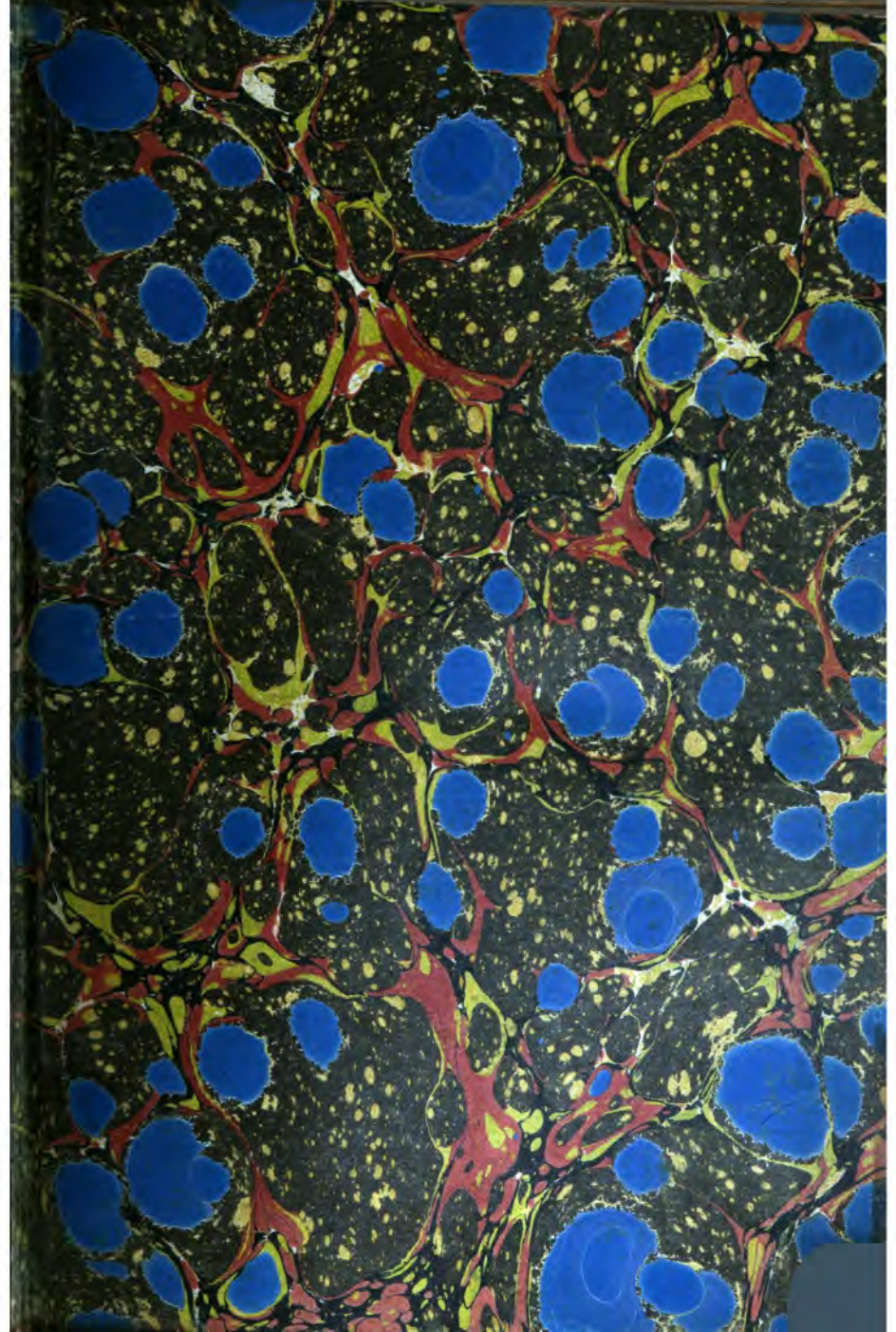

THE

ILIAD OF HOMER

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

BY

EDWARD EARL OF DERBY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THIRD EDITION.

FROM THE FIFTH REVISED ENGLISH EDITION.

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LIST OF BOOKS.

VOL. II.

	PAGE
Book XIII.	1
Book XIV.	47
Book XV.	77
Book XVI.	119
Book XVII.	167
Book XVIII.	209
Book XIX.	245
Book XX.	269
Book XXI.	299
Book XXII.	335
Book XXIII.	365
Book XXIV.	415

ARGUMENT.

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH NEPTUNE ASSISTS THE GREEKS. THE ACTS OF IDOMENEUS.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaces), assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him; then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaces form their troops into a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus; this occasions a conversation between these two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcathöus; Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelāus wounds Helenus and kills Peisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing. Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaces, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack

The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

WHEN Jove had Hector and the Trojans brought
Close to the ships, he left them there to toil
And strife continuous; turning his keen glance
To view far off th' equestrian tribes of Thrace,
The warlike Mysians, and the men who feed
On milk of mares, thence Hippemolgi term'd;
A peaceful race, the justest of mankind.
On Troy he turn'd not once his piercing glance;
Nor deem'd he any God would dare to give
To Trojans or to Greeks his active aid.
No careless watch the monarch Neptune kept:
Wond'ring, he view'd the battle, where he sat
Aloft on wooded Samos' topmost peak,
Samos of Thrace; whence Ida's heights he saw,
And Priam's city, and the ships of Greece.

Thither ascended from the sea, he sat;
And thence the Greeks, by Trojans overborne,
Pitying he saw, and deeply wroth with Jove.
Then down the mountain's craggy side he pass'd
With rapid step; and as he mov'd along,
Beneath th' immortal feet of Ocean's Lord
Quak'd the huge mountain and the shadowy wood.
Three strides he took; the fourth, he reach'd his goal,
Ægæ; where on the margin of the bay
His temple stood, all glitt'ring, all of gold,
Imperishable; there arriv'd, he yok'd
Beneath his car the brazen-footed steeds,
Of swiftest flight, with manes of flowing gold.
All clad in gold, the golden lash he grasp'd
Of curious work, and mounting on his car,
Skimm'd o'er the waves; from all the depths below
Gamboll'd around the monsters of the deep,
Acknowledging their King; the joyous sea
Parted her waves; swift flew the bounding steeds,
Nor was the brazen axle wet with spray,
When to the ships of Greece their Lord they bore.

Down in the deep recesses of the sea

A spacious cave there is, which lies midway
'Twixt Tenedos and Imbros' rocky isle:
Th' Earth-shaking Neptune there his coursers stay'd,
Loos'd from the chariot, and before them plac'd
Ambrosial provender; and round their feet
Shackles of gold, which none might break nor loose,
That there they might await their Lord's return;
Then to the Grecian army took his way.

Meantime, by Hector, son of Priam, led,
Like fire, or whirlwind, press'd the Trojans on,
With furious zeal, and shouts and clamour hoarse;
In hopes to take the ships, and all the chiefs
To slay beside them; but from Ocean's depths
Uprose th' Earth-shaker, Circler of the Earth,
To Calchas' likeness and deep voice conform'd,
And rous'd the fainting Greeks; th' Ajaces first,
Themselves with ardour fill'd, he thus address'd:
"'Tis yours, Ajaces, fill'd with courage high,
Discarding chilly fear, to save the Greeks:
Elsewhere I dread not much the Trojan force,
Though they in crowds have scal'd the lofty wall;
The well-greav'd Greeks their onset may defy.

Yet greatly fear I lest we suffer loss,
Where that fierce, fiery madman, Hector, leads,
Who boasts himself the son of Jove most high.
But may some God your hearts inspire, yourselves
Firmly to stand, and cheer your comrades on;
So from your swiftly-sailing ships ye yet
May drive the foe, how bold soe'er he be,
Though by Olympian Jove himself upheld."

So spake th' Earth-shaker, Circler of the Earth,
And with his sceptre touching both the chiefs,
Fill'd them with strength and courage, and their limbs,
Their feet and hands, with active vigour strung;
Then like a swift-wing'd falcon sprang to flight,
Which down the sheer face of some lofty rock
Swoops on the plain to seize his feather'd prey:
So swiftly Neptune left the chiefs; him first
Departing, knew Oïleus' active son,
And thus the son of Telamon address'd:
"Ajax, since some one of th' Olympian Gods,
In likeness of a seer, hath hither come
To urge us to the war (no Calchas he,
Our augur Heav'n-inspir'd; for well I mark'd

His movements, as he went; and of a God
'Tis easy to discern the outward signs),
I feel fresh spirit kindled in my breast,
And new-born vigour in my feet and hands."
Whom answer'd thus the son of Telamon:
"My hands too grasp with firmer hold the spear,
My spirit like thine is stirr'd; I feel my feet
Instinct with fiery life; nor should I fear
With Hector, son of Priam, in his might
Alone to meet, and grapple to the death."
Such was their mutual converse, as they joy'd
In the fierce transport by the God inspir'd.
Neptune, meanwhile, the other Greeks arous'd,
Who, to the ships withdrawn, their wasted strength
Recruited; for their limbs were faint with toil,
And grief was in their hearts, as they beheld
The Trojan hosts that scal'd the lofty wall;
They saw, and from their eyes the teardrops fell,
Of safety desp'rate; but th' Earth-shaking God
Amid their ranks appearing, soon restor'd
Their firm array; to Teucer first he came,
To Leïtus, and valiant Peneleus.

Thoas, Deipyrus, Meriones,
And young Antilochus, brave warriors all,
And to the chiefs his wingèd words address'd:
"Shame on ye, Grecian youths! to you I look'd
As to our ships' defenders; but if ye
Shrink from the perilous battle, then indeed
Our day is come, to be by Troy subdu'd.
O Heav'n! a sad and wondrous sight is this,
A sight I never deem'd my eyes should see,
Our ships assail'd by Trojan troops; by those
Who heretofore have been as tim'rous hinds
Amid the forest depths, the helpless prey
Of jackals, pards, and wolves; they here and there,
Uncertain, heartless, unresisting, fly:
Such were the Trojans once; nor dar'd abide,
No, not an hour, the strength and arms of Greece;
And these are they, who now beside our ships,
Far from their city walls, maintain the fight,
Embolden'd by our great commander's fault,
And slackness of the people, who, with him
Offended, scarce are brought to guard our ships.
And, feebly fighting, are beside them slain.

E'en though the mighty monarch, Atreus' son,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, be in truth
Wholly to blame in this, that he hath wrong'd
The son of Peleus, yet 'tis not for us
Our courage to relax. Arouse ye then!
A brave man's spirit its vigour soon regains.
That ye, the best and bravest of the host,
Should stand aloof thus idly, 'tis not well;
If meaner men should from the battle shrink,
I might not blame them; but that such as ye
Should falter, indignation fills my soul.
Dear friends, from this remissness must accrue
Yet greater evils; but with gen'rous shame
And keen remorse let each man's breast be fill'd;
Fierce is the struggle; in his pride of strength
Hector has forc'd the gates and massive bars,
And raging, 'mid the ships maintains the war."
Thus Neptune on the Greeks, reproving, call'd:
Then round th' Ajaces twain were cluster'd thick
The serried files, whose firm array nor Mars,
Nor spirit-stirring Pallas might reprove:
For there, the bravest all, in order due,

Waited the Trojan charge by Hector led:
Spear close by spear, and shield by shield o'erlaid,
Buckler to buckler press'd, and helm to helm,
And man to man; the horsehair plumes above,
That nodded on the warriors' glitt'ring crests,
Each other touch'd; so closely massed they stood.
Backward, by many a stalwart hand, were drawn
The spears, in act to hurl; their eyes and minds
Turn'd to the front, and eager for the fray.
On pour'd the Trojan masses; in the van
Hector straight forward urg'd his furious course.
As some huge boulder, from its rocky bed
Detach'd, and by the wintry torrent's force
Hurl'd down the cliff's steep face, when constant rains
The massive rock's firm hold have undermin'd;
With giant bounds it flies; the crashing wood
Resounds beneath it; still it hurries on,
Until, arriving at the level plain,
Its headlong impulse check'd, it rolls no more;
So Hector, threat'ning now through ships and tents,
E'en to the sea, to force his murd'rous way,
Anon, confronted by that phalanx firm,

Halts close before it; while the sons of Greece,
With thrust of sword and double-pointed spears,
Stave off his onset; he a little space
Withdrew, and loudly on the Trojans call'd:
"Trojans, and Lycians, and ye Dardans fam'd
In close encounter, stand ye firm! not long
The Greeks, though densely mass'd, shall bar my way,
But soon, methinks, before my spear shall quail,
If from the chief of Gods my mission be,
From Jove the Thund'rer, royal Juno's Lord."
His words fresh courage rais'd in ev'ry breast;
On loftiest deeds intent, Deiphobus,
The son of Priam, from the foremost ranks,
His shield's broad orb before him borne, advanc'd
With airy step, protected by the shield:
At him Meriones with glitt'ring spear
Took aim, nor miss'd his mark; the shield's broad orb
Of tough bull's-hide it struck; but pass'd not through,
For near the head the sturdy shaft was snapp'd.
Yet from before his breast Deiphobus
Held at arm's length his shield; for much he fear'd
The weapon of Meriones; but he

Back to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks withdrew,
Griev'd at his baffled hopes and broken spear.
Then tow'rd the ships he bent his steps, to seek
Another spear, which in his tent remain'd.
The rest, 'mid wild uproar, maintain'd the fight.
There Teucer first, the son of Telamon,
A warrior slew, the son of Mentor, Lord
Of num'rous horses, Imbrius, spearman skill'd.
In former days, ere came the sons of Greece,
He in Pedæus dwelt, and had to wife
Medesicaste, Priam's bastard child;
But when the well-trimm'd ships of Greece appear'd,
Return'd to Troy; and there, rever'd by all,
With Priam dwelt, who lov'd him as a son.
Him Teucer with his lance below the ear
Stabb'd, and drew back the weapon; down he fell,
As by the woodman's axe, on some high peak,
Falls a proud ash, conspicuous from afar,
Scatt'ring its tender foliage on the ground;
He fell; and loud his burnish'd armour rang.
Forth Teucer sprang to seize the spoil; at whom,
Advancing, Hector aim'd his glitt'ring spear;

He saw, and, stooping, shunn'd the brazen death
A little space; but through the breast it struck
Amphimachus, the son of Cteatus,
The son of Actor, hastening to the fight:
Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang.
Then forward Hector sprang, in hopes to seize
The brazen helm, that fitted well the brow
Of brave Amphimachus; but Ajax met
Th' advance of Hector with his glitt'ring spear;
Himself he reach'd not, all in dazzling brass
Encas'd; but pressing on his bossy shield
Drove by main force beyond where lay the dead:
Them both the Greeks withdrew; th' Athenian chiefs
Stychius and brave Menestheus, bore away
Amid the ranks of Greece Amphimachus;
While, as two lions high above the ground
Bear through the brushwood in their jaws a goat,
Snatch'd from the sharp-fang'd dogs' protecting care:
So, fill'd with warlike rage, th' Ajaces twain
Lifted on high, and of its armour stripp'd
The corpse of Imbrius; and Oïleus' son,
Griev'd at Amphimachus, his comrade's death,

Cut from the tender neck, and like a ball
Sent whirling through the crowd the sever'd head;
And in the dust at Hector's feet it fell.
Then, for his grandson slain, fierce anger fill'd
The breast of Neptune; through the tents of Greece
And ships he pass'd, the Greeks encouraging,
And ills preparing for the sons of Troy.
Him met Idomeneus, the warrior King,
Leaving a comrade, from the battle field,
Wounded behind the knee, but newly brought;
Borne by his comrades, to the leech's care
He left him, eager to rejoin the fray;
Whom by his tent th' Earth-shaking God address'd,
The voice assuming of Andræmon's son,
Who o'er th' Ætolians, as a God rever'd,
In Pleuron reign'd, and lofty Calydon:
"Where now, Idomeneus, sage Cretan chief,
Are all the vaunting threats, so freely pour'd
Against the Trojans by the sons of Greece?"
To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus:
"Thoas, on none, so far as I may judge,
May blame be cast; we all our duties know;

Nor see I one by heartless fear restrain'd,
Nor hanging back, and flinching from the war:
Yet by th' o'erruling will of Saturn's son
It seems decreed that here the Greeks should fall,
And far from Argos lie in nameless graves.
But, Thoas, as thyself art ever staunch,
Nor slow the laggards to reprove, thy work
Remit not now; but rouse each sev'ral man."

To whom Earth-shaking Neptune thus replied:
"Idomeneus, may he from Troy return
No more, but here remain to glut the dogs,
If such there be, from this day's fight who shrinks.
But haste thee, don thine arms; great need is now
To hasten, if in aught we two may serve:
E'en meaner men, united, courage gain;
But we the bravest need not fear to meet."

He said, and to the strife of men return'd.
Within his well-constructed tent arriv'd,
Straight donn'd Idomeneus his armour bright:
Two spears he took; and, like the lightning's flash,
Which, as a sign to men, the hand of Jove
Hurls downwards from Olympus' glitt'ring heights;

Whose dazzling radiance far around is thrown;
Flash'd, as the warrior ran, his armour bright.
Him met Meriones, his follower brave,
Close to the tent; to seek a spear he came;
To whom Idomeneus: "Meriones,
Swift-footed son of Molus, comrade dear,
Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle field?
Hast thou some wound receiv'd, whereof the pain
Subdues thy spirit? or com'st thou, to the field
To summon me? unsummon'd, well thou know'st
I better love the battle than the tent."

Whom answer'd thus the sage Meriones:
"Idomeneus, the brass-clad Cretans' King,
I come to seek a spear, if haply such
Within thy tent be found; for, in the fight,
That which I lately bore, e'en now I broke
Against the shield of brave Deiphobus."

To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan King:
"Of spears, or one, or twenty, if thou list,
Thou there mayst find against the polish'd wall,
The spoil of Trojans slain; for with my foes
'Tis not my wont to wage a distant war.

Thence have I store of spears, and bossy shields,
And crested helms, and breastplates polish'd bright."
Whom answer'd thus the sage Meriones:
"Nor are my tent and dark-ribb'd ship devoid
Of Trojan spoils; but they are far to seek;
Nor deem I that my hand is slack in fight;
For 'mid the foremost in the glorious strife
I stand, whene'er is heard the battle cry.
My deeds by others of the brass-clad Greeks
May not be noted; but thou know'st them well."
To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan King:
"What need of this? thy prowess well I know;
For should we choose our bravest through the fleet
To man the secret ambush, surest test
Of warriors' courage, where is manifest
The diff'rence 'twixt the coward and the brave;
(The coward's colour changes, nor his soul
Within his breast its even balance keeps,
But changing still, from foot to foot he shifts,
And in his bosom loudly beats his heart,
Expecting death; and chatter all his teeth:
The brave man's colour changes not; no fear

He knows, the ambush ent'ring; all his pray'r
Is that the hour of battle soon may come)
E'en there, thy courage none might call in doubt.
Shouldst thou from spear or sword receive a wound,
Not on thy neck behind, nor on thy back
Would fall the blow, but on thy breast, in front,
Still pressing onward 'mid the foremost ranks.
But come, prolong we not this idle talk,
Like babblers vain, who scorn might justly move:
Haste to my tent, and there select thy spear."
He said: and from the tent Meriones,
Valiant as Mars, his spear selected straight,
And, eager for the fray, rejoin'd his chief.
As Mars, the bane of men, goes forth to war,
Attended by his strong, unfearing son,
Terror, who shakes the bravest warrior's soul;
They two, from Thrace, against the Ephyri,
Or haughty Phlegyans arm; nor hear alike
The pray'rs of both the combatants, one side
With vict'ry crowning; so to battle went
Those leaders twain, in dazzling arms array'd:
Then thus Meriones his chief address'd:

"Son of Deucalion, say if on the right,
Or on the centre of the gen'ral host,
Our onset should be made, or on the left;
For there, methinks, most succour need the Grecks."
To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan chief:
"Others there are the centre to defend,
Th' Ajaces both, and Teucer, of the Greeks
Best archer, good too in the standing fight;
These may for Hector full employment find,
Brave as he is, and eager for the fray:
E'en for his courage 'twere a task too hard,
Their might to conquer, and resistless hands,
And burn the ships, if Saturn's son himself
Fire not, and 'mid the shipping throw the torch.
Great Ajax Telamon to none would yield,
Of mortal birth, by earthly food sustain'd,
By spear or pond'rous stone assailable;
In hand to hand encounter, scarce surpass'd
By Peleus' son Achilles; though with him
In speed of foot he might not hope to vie.
Then on the left let us our onset make;
And quickly learn if we on others' heads

Are doom'd to win renown, or they on ours."
He said: and, brave as Mars, Meriones,
Thither where he directed, led the way.
Now when, attended thus, Idomeneus,
Like blazing fire, in dazzling arms appear'd,
Around him throng'd, with rallying cries, the Greeks,
And rag'd beside the ships the balanc'd fight.
As, when the dust lies deepest on the roads,
Before the boist'rous winds the storm drives fast,
And high at once the whirling clouds are toss'd;
So was the fight confus'd; and in the throng
Each man with keen desire of slaughter burn'd.
Bristled the deadly strife with pond'rous spears,
Wielded with dire intent; the brazen gleam
Dazzled the sight, by flashing helmets cast,
And breastplates polish'd bright, and glitt'ring shields
Commingling; stern of heart indeed were he,
Who on that sight with joy, not pain, could gaze.
Dire evil then on mortal warriors brought
The diverse minds of Saturn's mighty sons:
To Hector and the Trojans Jove design'd,
In honour of Achilles, swift of foot,

To give the vict'ry; yet not utterly
He will'd to slay before the walls of Troy
The Grecian host; but glory to confer
On Thetis and her noble-minded son.
Neptune, on th' other side, the Greeks inspir'd,
Clandestine rising from the hoary sea;
For them before the Trojan host o'erborne
He saw with grief, and deeply wroth with Jove.
Equal the rank of both, their birth the same,
But Jove in wisdom, as in years, the first.
Nor ventur'd Neptune openly to aid
The cause of Greece; but cloth'd in mortal form,
In secret still the army's courage rous'd.
This way and that they tugg'd of furious war
And balanc'd strife, where many a warrior fell,
The straining rope, which none might break or loose.
Then, though his hair was grizzl'd o'er with age,
Calling the Greeks to aid, Idomeneus,
Inspiring terror, on the Trojans sprang,
And slew Othryoneus, who but of late
Came from Cabesus on the alarm of war;
And, welcomed as a guest in Priam's house,

The fairest of his daughters sought to wed,
No portion asked, Cassandra; mighty deeds
He promis'd, from before the walls of Troy
In their despite to drive the sons of Greece.
The aged Priam listen'd to his suit;
And he, his promise trusting, fought for Troy.
Him, marching with proud step, Idomeneus
Struck with his glitt'ring spear, nor aught avail'd
His brazen breastplate; through the middle thrust,
Thund'ring he fell: the victor vaunting cried:
"Othryoneus, above all mortal men
I hold thee in respect, if thou indeed
Wilt make thy words to aged Priam good,
Who promis'd thee his daughter in return:
We too would offer thee a like reward;
And give thee here to wed, from Argos brought,
Atrides' fairest daughter, if with us
Thou wilt o'erthrow the well-built walls of Troy.
Come then, on board our ocean-going ships
Discuss the marriage contract; nor shall we
Be found illib'ral of our bridal gifts."
He said, and seizing by the foot the slain,

Dragg'd from the press; but to the rescue came
Asius, himself on foot before his car:
So close his charioteer the horses held,
They breath'd upon his shoulders; eagerly
He sought to reach Idomeneus; but he,
Preventing, through his gullet drove the spear,
Beneath his chin; right through the weapon pass'd;
He fell; as falls an oak, or poplar tall,
Or lofty pine, which on the mountain top,
For some proud ship, the woodman's axe hath hewn:
So he, before the car and horses stretch'd,
His death-cry utt'ring, clutch'd the blood-stain'd soil;
Bewilder'd, helpless, stood his charioteer;
Nor dar'd, escaping from the foemen's hands,
To turn his horses: him, Antilochus
Beneath the waistband struck; nor aught avail'd
His brazen breastplate; through the middle thrust,
He, from the well-wrought chariot, gasping, fell.
Antilochus, the noble Nestor's son,
The horses seiz'd, and from the Trojan ranks
Drove to the Grecian camp. For Asius' death
Deep griev'd, Deiphobus, approaching, hurl'd

Against Idomeneus his glitt'ring spear :
The coming weapon he beheld, and shunn'd :
Beneath the ample circle of his shield,
With hides and brazen plates encircled round,
And by two rods sustain'd, conceal'd he stood :
Beneath he crouch'd, and o'er him flew the spear :
Yet harsh it grated, glancing from the shield ;
Nor bootless from that stalwart hand it flew,
But through the midriff, close below the heart,
Hypsenor, son of Hippasus, it struck,
And straight relax'd his limbs ; then shouting loud,
In boastful tone, Deiphobus exclaim'd :
" Not unaveng'd lies Asius ; he, methinks,
As I have found him fellowship, with joy
Thro' Hades' strongly-guarded gates may pass."
He said ; the Greeks, indignant, heard his boast ;
Chief, of Antilochus the manly soul
Was stirr'd within him ; yet amid his grief
His comrade not forgetting, up he ran,
And o'er him spread the cover of his shield.
Meanwhile, two trusty friends, Mecistheus, son
Of Echius, and Alastor, rais'd the slain,

And deeply groaning bore him to the ships.
Nor did Idomeneus his noble rage
Abate; still burning o'er some Trojan soul
To draw the gloomy veil of night and death;
Or, having sav'd the Greeks, himself to fall.
Then high-born Æsuetes' son he slew,
Alcathöus; he, Anchises' son-in-law,
The eldest of his daughters had to wife,
Hippodamia; by her parents both,
O'er all, belov'd; in beauty, skill, and mind,
All her compeers surpassing; wife of one,
The noblest man through all the breadth of Troy.
Him Neptune by Idomeneus subdued;
Seal'd his quick eyes, his active limbs restrain'd,
Without the pow'r to fly, or shun the spear;
Fix'd as a pillar, or a lofty tree,
He stood, while through his breast Idomeneus
His weapon drove; the brazen mail it broke,
Which oft had turn'd aside the stroke of death;
Harshly it grated, sever'd by the spear:
He fell; the spear-point quiv'ring in his heart,
Which with convulsive throbbings shook the shaft.

There Mars its course arrested. Then with shouts
Of triumph, vaunting, thus Idomeneus:
"How now, Deiphobus? are three for one
An equal balance? where are now thy boasts?
Come forth, my friend, thyself to me oppos'd;
And learn, if here, unworthy my descent
From Jove, my great progenitor, I stand.
He Minos, guardian chief of Crete, begot;
Noble Deucalion was to Minos born,
I to Deucalion; far extends my rule
In wide-spread Crete; whom now our ships have brought,
A bane to thee, thy sire, and Trojans all."
He said; and doubtful stood Deiphobus,
Or to retreat, and summon to his aid
The Trojans, or alone the venture try.
Thus as he mus'd, the wiser course appear'd
To seek Æneas; him he found apart,
Behind the crowd; for he was still at feud
With godlike Priam, who, he thought, withheld
The public honour to his valour due.
To whom Deiphobus, approaching, thus:
"Æneas, sagest councillor of Troy,

Behoves thee now, if rev'rence for the dead
Can move thy soul, thy sister's husband aid:
Haste we to save Alcathöus; who of old,
When thou wast little, in thy father's house,
Nurs'd thee with tender care; for him, but now,
The spear-renown'd Idomeneus hath slain."
He said; Æneas' spirit was rous'd, and fill'd
With martial rage he sought Idomeneus.
Nor, cowardlike, did he th' encounter shun;
But firmly stood, as stands a mountain-boar
Self-confident, that in some lonely spot
Awaits the clam'rous chase; bristles his back;
His eyes with fire are flashing; and his tusks
He whets, on men and dogs prepar'd to rush:
So stood the spear-renown'd Idomeneus,
The onset of Æneas, swift in fight,
Awaiting; and the friends he saw around
He summon'd to his aid; Ascalaphus,
Deipyrus, and brave Meriones,
Antilochus and Aphareus; to these,
Tried warriors all, he thus addressed his speech:
"Aid me, my friends! alone I stand, and dread

The onset of Æneas, swift of foot,
Mighty to slay in battle; and the bloom
Of youth is his, the crown of human strength;
If, as our spirit, our years were but the same,
Great glory now should he, or I, obtain."
He said; and, one in heart, their bucklers slop'd
Upon their shoulders, all beside him stood.
On th' other side, Æneas to his aid
Summon'd his brother chiefs, Deiphobus,
And Paris, and Agenor; following whom
Came on the gen'ral crowd; as flocks of sheep
From pasture follow to their drinking-place
The lordly ram; well pleas'd the shepherd sees;
So pleas'd, Æneas saw the gath'ring crowd.
Then o'er Alcathöus hand to hand was wag'd
The war of spears; dire was the clash of brass
Upon the heroes' breasts, as 'mid the press
Each aim'd at other; proudly eminent
Stood forth two mighty warriors, terrible
As Mars, Æneas and Idomeneus,
Their sharp spears wielding each at other's life.
First at Idomeneus Æneas threw

His spear; he saw, and shunn'd the brazen point;
And vainly from his stalwart hand dismiss'd,
Æneas' spear stood quiv'ring in the ground.
Idomeneus in front, below the waist,
Œnomäus struck; the weighty spear broke through
The hollow breastplate, and th' intestines tore;
Prone in the dust he fell, and clutch'd the ground.
Forthwith Idomeneus from out the corpse
The pond'rous spear withdrew; yet could not strip
His armour off; so thickly flew the spears.
Nor did his feet retain their youthful force,
His weapon to regain, or back to spring.
Skill'd in the standing fight his life to guard,
He lack'd the active pow'r of swift retreat.
At him, retiring slow, Deiphobus,
Still fill'd with anger, threw his glitt'ring spear:
His aim he miss'd; but through the shoulder pierc'd
Ascalaphus, a valiant son of Mars;
Prone in the dust he fell, and clutch'd the ground.
Nor knew the loud-voic'd, mighty God of War
That in the stubborn fight his son had fall'n;
On high Olympus, girt with golden clouds,

He sat, amid th' Immortals all, restrain'd,
By Jove's commands, from mingling in the war.
Now hand to hand around Ascalaphus
Rag'd the fierce conflict: first Deiphobus
From off his head the glitt'ring helmet tore;
But, terrible as Mars, Meriones
Sprang forth, and pierc'd his arm; and from his hand
With hollow sound the crested helmet fell.
On, like a vulture, sprang Meriones,
And from his arm the sturdy spear withdrew;
Then backward leap'd amid his comrades' ranks;
While round his brother's waist Polites threw
His arms, and led him from the battle-field
To where, with charioteer and rich-wrought car,
Beyond the fight, his flying coursers stood.
Him, rack'd with pain, and groaning, while the blood
Stream'd down his wounded arm, to Troy they bore.
The rest fought on, and loud the tumult rose.
Æneas through the throat of Aphareus,
Caletor's son, turn'd sideways tow'rds him, drove
His glitt'ring spear; and down on th' other side,
His shield and helmet following, sank his head;

And o'er his eyes were cast the shades of death.
As Thöon turn'd, Antilochus, who watch'd
Th' occasion, forward sprang, and with his spear
Ripp'd all the flesh that lay along the spine
Up to the neck; he backward fell, with hands
Uplifted calling for his comrades' aid:
But forward sprang Antilochus, and tore
His armour from his breast, while round he cast
His watchful glances; for on ev'ry side
On his broad shield the Trojans show'r'd their blows,
But touch'd him not; for Neptune, 'mid the throng
Of weapons, threw his guard o'er Nestor's son.
Yet not aloof he stood, but in their midst,
Commingled; nor held motionless his spear;
But ever threat'ning, turn'd from side to side,
Prepar'd to hurl, or hand to hand engage.
Him Adamas, the son of Asius, marked,
As o'er the crowd he glanc'd; and springing forth,
Struck with his spear the centre of the shield;
But dark-hair'd Neptune grudg'd the hero's life,
And stay'd the brazen point; half in the shield,
Like a fire-harden'd stake, remained infix'd,

The other half lay broken on the ground.
Back to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks he sprang,
In hope of safety; but Meriones,
Quick-following, plung'd his weapon through his groin,
Where sharpest agony to wretched men
Attends on death; there planted he his spear:
Around the shaft he writh'd, and gasping groan'd,
Like to a mountain bull, which, bound with cords,
The herdsmen drag along, with struggles vain,
Resisting; so the wounded warrior groan'd:
But not for long: for fierce Meriones,
Approaching, from his body tore the spear,
And the dark shades of death his eyes o'erspread.
Then Helenus, a weighty Thracian sword
Wielding aloft, across the temples smote
Deipyrus, and all his helmet crash'd;
Which, as it roll'd beneath their feet, some Greek
Seiz'd 'mid the press; his eyes were clos'd in death.
The valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son,
With grief beheld; and royal Helenus
With threat'ning mien approaching, pois'd on high
His glitt'ring spear, while he the bowstring drew.

Then simultaneous flew from either side
The gleaming spear, and arrow from the string.
The shaft of Priam's son below the breast
The hollow cuirass struck, and bounded off;
As bound the dark-skinn'd beans, or clatt'ring peas,
From the broad fan upon the threshing-floor,
By the brisk breeze impell'd, and winnower's force;
From noble Meneläus' cuirass so
The stinging arrow bounding, glanc'd afar.
But valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son,
Transfix'd the hand that held the polish'd bow:
The brazen point pass'd through, and to the bow
The hand was pinn'd; back to his comrades' ranks
He sprang, in hope of safety, hanging down
The wounded limb, that trail'd the ashen spear.
Agenor from the wound the spear withdrew,
And with a twisted sling of woollen cloth,
By an attendant brought, bound up the hand.
To noble Meneläus stood oppos'd
Peisander, to the confines dark of death
Led by his evil fate, by thee to fall,
Great son of Atreus, in the deadly strife.

When near they drew, Atrides miss'd his aim,
With erring spear divergent; next his shield
Peisander struck, but drove not through the spear;
For the broad shield resisted, and the shaft
Was snapp'd in sunder: Menelaus saw
Rejoicing, and with hope of triumph flush'd;
Unsheathing then his silver-studded sword
Rush'd on Peisander; he beneath his shield
Drew forth a pond'rous brazen battle-axe,
With handle long, of polish'd olive-wood:
And both at once in deadly combat join'd.
Then, just below the plume, Peisander struck
The crested helmet's peak; but Atreus' son
Met him advancing, and across the brow
Smote him, above the nose; loud crash'd the bone,
And in the dust the gory eyeballs dropp'd
Before him; doubled with the pain, he fell:
The victor, planting on his chest his foot,
Stripp'd off his arms, and thus exulting cried:
"Thus shall ye all, insatiate of the fight,
Proud Trojans, from before our ships depart;
Nor lack your share of insult and of wrong,

Such as on me, vile hounds, ye cast erewhile,
Nor fear'd th' avenger of the slighted laws
Of hospitality, high thund'ring Jove,
Who soon your lofty city shall o'erthrow.
Kindly receiv'd, my virgin-wedded wife,
With store of goods, ye basely bore away;
And now ye rage, infuriate, to destroy
With fire our ocean-going ships, and slay
Our Grecian heroes; but the time shall come
When ye too fain would from the war escape.
O Father Jove, 'tis said that thou excell'st,
In wisdom, Gods and men; all human things
From thee proceed; and can it be, that thou
With favour seest these men of violence,
These Trojans, with presumptuous courage fill'd,
Whose rage for battle knows nor stint nor bound?
Men are with all things sated; sleep, and love;
Sweet sounds of music, and the joyous dance.
Of these may some more gladly take their fill;
But Trojans still for war, insatiate, thirst."
Thus Menelaüs; and the blood-stained arms

Stripp'd from the corpse, and to his comrades gave;
Then join'd again the foremost in the fray.
There to th' encounter forth Harpalion sprang,
Son of the King Pylæmenes, who came,
His father following, to the war of Troy,
But back return'd not to his native land.
He standing near, full in the centre struck
Atrides' shield, but drove not through the spear;
Back to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks he sprang
In hopes of safety, glancing all around,
His body to defend; but as he turn'd,
In his right flank a brazen-pointed shaft,
Shot by Meriones, was buried deep:
Beneath the bone it pass'd, and pierc'd him through.
At once he fell; and gasping out his life,
Amid his comrades, writhing on the ground
Like a crush'd worm he lay; and from the wound
The dark blood pouring, drench'd the thirsty soil.
The valiant troops of Paphlagonia clos'd
Around him; on his car they plac'd the slain,
And deeply sorrowing, to the city bore;

His father, weeping, walk'd beside the car,* 740
Nor vengeance for his slaughter'd son obtain'd.
Paris with grief and anger saw him fall:
For he in former days his guest had been
In Paphlagonia; then, with anger fill'd,
A brass-tipp'd arrow from his bow he sent. 745
A certain man there was, Euchenor nam'd,
Who dwelt in Corinth; rich, of blameless life,
The son of Polyeidus, skilful seer:
His fate well knowing, he embark'd; for oft
The good old man had told him that his doom 750
Was, or at home by sharp disease to die,
Or with the Greeks by Trojan hands to fall.
Embarking, he escap'd alike the fine
By Greeks impos'd, and pangs of sharp disease.
Him Paris smote between the ear and jaw; 755
Swift fled his spirit, and darkness clos'd his eyes.
Thus rag'd, like blazing fire, the furious fight.
But nought as yet had Hector heard, nor knew

* This passage would seem to be the result of an oversight on the part of the Poet; who, apparently, had forgotten that Pylæmones, "the Paphlagonian Chief," had himself been killed by Menelaus, some time before the death of his son. See Book V., l. 656.

How sorely, leftward of the ships, were press'd
The Trojans by the Greeks; and now appear'd
Their triumph sure; such succour Neptune gave,
Their courage rousing, and imparting strength.
But there he kept, where first the serried ranks
Of Greeks he broke, and storm'd the wall and gates;
There beach'd beside the hoary sea, the ships
Of Ajax and Protesilaüs lay;
There had the wall been lowest built; and there
Were gather'd in defence the chiefest all,
Horses and men: the stout Bœotians there,
Join'd to th' Ionians with their flowing robes,
Locrians, and Phthians, and Epeians proud,
Could scarce protect their ships; nor could repel
Th' impetuous fire of godlike Hector's charge.
There too the choicest troops of Athens fought;
Their chief, Menestheus, Petëus' son; with whom
Were Pheidas, Stichius, Bias in command;
Th' Epeians Meges, Phyleus' son, obey'd,
And Dracius and Amphion; Medon next,
With brave Podarces led the Phthian host:
Medon, the great Oïleus' bastard son,

Brother of Ajax; he in Phylace,
Far from his native land, was driv'n to dwell,
Since one to Eriopis near akin,
His sire Oïleus' wife, his hand had slain.
Podarces from Iphiclus claim'd his birth,
The son of Phylacus; these two in arms
The valiant Phthians leading to the fight,
Join'd the Bœotian troops to guard the ships.
But from the side of Ajax Telamon
Stirr'd not a whit Oïleus' active son;
But as on fallow-land with one accord,
Two dark-red oxen drag the well-wrought plough,
Streaming with sweat that gathers round their horns;
They by the polish'd yoke together held,
The stiff soil cleaving, down the furrow strain;
So closely, side by side, those two advanc'd.
But comrades, many and brave, on Telamon
Attended, who, whene'er with toil and sweat
His limbs grew faint, upheld his weighty shield;
While in the fray, Oïleus' noble son
No Locrians follow'd; theirs were not the hearts
To brook th' endurance of the standing fight;

Nor had they brass-bound helms, with horsehair plume,
Nor ample shields they bore, nor ashen spear;
But came to Troy, in bows and twisted slings
Of woollen cloth confiding; and from these
Their bolts quick-show'ring, broke the Trojan ranks.
While those, in front, in glitt'ring arms oppos'd
The men of Troy, by noble Hector led:
These, in the rear, unseen, their arrows shot.
Nor stood the Trojans; for amid their ranks
The galling arrows dire confusion spread.
Then had the Trojans from the ships and tents
Back to the breezy heights of Troy been driv'n
In flight disastrous; but Polydamas
Drew near to Hector, and address'd him thus:
"Hector, I know thee, how unapt thou art
To hearken to advice; because the Gods
Have giv'n thee to excel in warlike might,
Thou deemest thyself, in counsel too, supreme;
Yet every gift thou canst not so combine:
To one the Gods have granted warlike might,
To one the dance, to one the lyre and song;
While in another's breast all-seeing Jove

Hath plac'd the spirit of wisdom, and a mind
Discerning, for the common good of all:
By him are states preserv'd; and he himself
Best knows the value of the precious gift.
Then hear what seems to me the wisest course.
On ev'ry side the circling ring of war
Is blazing all around thee; and, thou seest,
Our valiant Trojans, since the wall they scal'd,
Or stand aloof, or scatter'd 'mid the ships
Outnumber'd, with superior forces strive.
Then thou, retiring, hither call the chiefs;
Here take we counsel fully, if to fall
Upon their well-mann'd ships, should Heaven vouchsafe
The needful strength, or, scatheless yet, withdraw;
For much I fear they soon will pay us back
Their debt of yesterday; since in their ranks
One yet remains insatiate of the fight,
And he, methinks, not long will stand aloof."
Thus he: the prudent counsel Hector pleas'd;
Down from his chariot with his arms he leap'd,
And to Polydamas his speech address'd:

"Polydamas, detain thou here the chiefs;
Thither will I, and meet the front of war,
And, giv'n my orders, quickly here return."
He said; and, like a snow-clad mountain high,
Uprose; and loudly shouting, in hot haste
Flew through the Trojan and Confed'rate host.
At sound of Hector's voice, round Panthöus' son,
Polydamas, were gather'd all the chiefs.
But 'mid the foremost combatants he sought
If haply he might find Deiphobus,
And royal Helenus, and Adamas,
And gallant Asius, son of Hyrtacus.
These found he not unscath'd by wounds or death;
For some beside the ships of Greece had paid,
By Grecian hands, the forfeit of their lives,
While others wounded lay within the wall.
But, to the leftward of the bloody fray,
The godlike Paris, fair-hair'd Helen's Lord,
Cheering his comrades to the fight, he found,
And with reproachful words address'd him thus:
"Thou wretched Paris, fair in outward form,
Thou slave of woman, manhood's counterfeit,

Where is Deiphobus, and where the might
Of royal Helenus? where Adamas,
The son of Asius? where too Asius, son
Of Hyrtacus? and where Othryoneus?
Now from its summit totters to the fall
Our lofty Ilium; now thy doom is sure."

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied:
"Hector, since blameless I incur thy blame,
Ne'er have I less withdrawn me from the fight,
And me not wholly vile my mother bore;
For since thou gav'st command to attack the ships,
We here against the Greeks unflinching war
Have wag'd; our comrades, whom thou seek'st, are slain:
Only Deiphobus hath left the field,
And Helenus; both wounded by the spear,
Both through the hand; but Jove their life hath spar'd.
But thou, where'er thy courage bids, lead on:
We shall be prompt to follow; to our pow'r
Thou shalt in us no lack of valour find;
Beyond his pow'r the bravest cannot fight."

Wrought on his brother's mind the hero's words:
Together both they bent their steps, where rag'd

The fiercest conflict; there Cebriones,
Phalces, Orthæus, brave Polydamas,
Palmys, and godlike Polyphetes' might,
And Morys, and Ascanius fought; these two
Hippotion's sons; from rich Ascania's plains
They, as reliefs, but yestermorn had come;
Impell'd by Jove, they sought the battle field.
Onward they dash'd, impetuous as the rush
Of the fierce whirlwind, which with lightning charg'd,
From Father Jove sweeps downward o'er the plain:
As with loud roar it mingles with the sea,
The many-dashing ocean's billows boil,
Upheaving, foam-white-crested, wave on wave;
So, rank on rank, the Trojans, closely mass'd,
In arms all glitt'ring, with their chiefs advanc'd;
Hector, the son of Priam, led them on,
In combat terrible as blood-stain'd Mars:
Before his breast his shield's broad orb he bore,
Of hides close join'd, with brazen plates o'erlaid;
The gleaming helmet nodded o'er his brow.
He, with proud step, protected by his shield,
On ev'ry side the hostile ranks survey'd,

If signs of yielding he might trace; but they
Unshaken stood; and with like haughty mien,
Ajax at Hector thus defiance hurl'd:
"Draw nearer, mighty chief; why seek to scare
Our valiant Greeks? we boast ourselves of war
Not wholly unskill'd, though now the hand of Jove
Lies heavy on us with the scourge of Heav'n.
Thou hop'st, forsooth, our vessels to destroy;
But stalwart arms for their defence we boast.
Long ere that day shall your proud city fall,
Tak'n and destroy'd by our victorious hands.
Not far the hour, when thou thyself in flight
To Jove and all the Gods shalt make thy pray'r,
That swifter than the falcon's wing thy steeds
May bear thee o'er the dusty plain to Troy."
Thus as he spoke, upon his right appear'd
An eagle, soaring high; the crowd of Greeks
The fav'ring omen saw, and shouted loud:
Then noble Hector thus: "What words are these,
Ajax, thou babbling braggart, vain of speech!
For would to Heav'n I were as well assur'd
I were the son of ægis-bearing Jove,

Born of imperial Juno, and myself
In equal honour with Apollo held
Or blue-ey'd Pallas, as I am assur'd
This day is fraught with ill to all the Greeks:
Thou 'mid the rest shalt perish, if thou dare
My spear encounter, which thy dainty skin
Shall rend; and slain beside the ships, thy flesh
Shall glut the dogs and carrion birds of Troy."
He said, and led them on; with eager cheers
They followed; shouted loud the hindmost throng.
On th' other side the Greeks return'd the shout:
Of all the Trojans' bravest they, unmov'd,
The onset bore; their mingled clamours rose
To Heav'n, and reach'd the glorious light of Jove.

ARGUMENT.

JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of Sleep, and with some difficulty persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the god at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks; Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle; several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way; the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BOOK XIV.

NOR did the battle-din not reach the ears
Of Nestor, o'er the wine-cup; and his speech
He thus address'd to Æsculapius' son:
"Say, good Machaon, what these sounds may mean;
For louder swells the tumult round the ships.
But sit thou here, and drink the ruddy wine,
Till fair-hair'd Hecamede shall prepare
The gentle bath, and wash thy gory wounds;
While I go forth, and all around survey."
He said, and from the wall a buckler took,
Well-wrought, with brass resplendent, which his son,
Brave Thrasymedes, in the tent had left,
While with his father's shield himself was girt;
A sturdy spear too, tipp'd with brass, he took:
Without the tent he stood; and there his eyes
A woful sight beheld; the Greeks in flight,
The haughty Trojans pressing on their rout

Confus'd; the Greeks' protecting wall o'erthrown.
As heaves the darkling sea with silent swell,
Expectant of the boist'rous gale's approach;
Nor onward either way is pour'd its flood,
Until it feel th' impelling blast from Heav'n;
So stood th' old man, his mind perplex'd with doubt,
To mingle in the throng, or counsel seek
Of mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son.
Thus as he mused, the better course appear'd,
To seek Atrides; fiercely fought the rest
With mutual slaughter; loud their armour rang
With thrusts of swords and double-pointed spears.
There Nestor met, advancing from the ships,
The Heav'n-born Kings, Ulysses, Diomed,
And Agamemnon, son of Atreus, all
By wounds disabled; for the ships were beach'd
Upon the shore, beside the hoary sea,
Far from the battle; higher, tow'rd the plain
The foremost had been drawn, and with a wall
Their sterns surrounded; for the spacious beach
Could not contain them, and in narrow bounds
Were pent their multitudes; so high on land

They drew, and rang'd them side by side, and fill'd,
Within the headlands, all the wide-mouth'd bay.
Thus they, their steps supporting on their spears,
Together came, spectators of the fight;
Deep sorrow fill'd their breasts; them Nestor met,
The fear increasing, which their souls possess'd.
To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus:
"O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece,
Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle-field?
Greatly I fear that noble Hector now
His menace will fulfil, who made his boast
Before th' assembled Trojans, that to Troy
He never would return, until our ships
The flames had master'd, and ourselves the sword.
Such was his threat, and now he makes it good.
Heav'n! can it be that I of other Greeks,
As of Achilles, have incurr'd the wrath,
Who thence refuse to battle for the ships?"
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:
"Such are indeed our prospects; Jove on high
Could to our fortunes give no diff'rent turn.
The wall is raz'd, wherein our trust we plac'd

To guard, impregnable, ourselves and ships;
And now around the ships their war they wage,
Unceasing, unabated; none might tell
By closest scrutiny, which way are driv'n
The routed Greeks, so intermix'd they fall
Promiscuous; and the cry ascends to Heav'n.
But come, discuss we what may best be done,
If judgment aught may profit us; ourselves
To mingle in the fray I counsel not;
It were not well for wounded men to fight."

Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men:
"Nestor, since to the ships the war is brought,
Nor hath the wall avail'd to stay their course,
Nor yet the deep-dug trench, on which we Greeks
Much toil bestow'd, and which we vainly hop'd
Might guard, impregnable, ourselves and ships;
Seems it the will of Saturn's mighty son
That, far from Argos, from our native land,
We all should here in nameless graves be laid.
I knew when once he lov'd to aid the Greeks;
But now I see that to the blessed Gods
Our foes he equals, and our strength confounds.

Hear then my counsel; let us all agree
The ships that nearest to the sea are beach'd
To launch upon the main, till nightfall there
To ride at anchor: if that e'en by night
The Trojans may suspend their fierce assault;
Then may we launch in safety all the fleet.
No shame it is to fly, although by night,
Impending evil; better so to fly
Than by the threaten'd danger be o'erta'en."

To whom, with scornful glance, Ulysses sage:
"What words have pass'd the barrier of thy lips,
Thou son of Atreus? counsellor of ill!
Would thou hadst been of some ignoble band
The leader, not the chief of such a host
As ours, on whom, from youth to latest age,
Jove hath the gift bestow'd, to bear the brunt
Of hardy war, till ev'ry man be slain.
And think'st thou so to leave the lofty walls
Of Troy, the object of our painful toil?
Be silent, that no other Greek may hear
Words, which no man might trust his tongue to speak,
Who nobler counsels understands, and wields

A royal sceptre, and th' allegiance claims
Of numbers, such as those that own thy sway.
Thy counsels all I utterly condemn;
Who, 'mid the close and clamour of the fight,
Wouldst have us launch our ships, and give the foe,
Already too triumphant, cause renew'd
For boasting; then were death our certain lot;
For, if the ships be launch'd, not long will Greeks
Sustain the war, but with reverted eyes
Shrink from the fight; to such pernicious end
Would lead thy baneful counsels, mighty chief."

Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men:
"Ulysses, thy rebuke hath wrung my soul;
Yet never meant I, that against their will
The sons of Greece should launch their well-found ships:
But if there be who better counsel knows,
Or young or old, his words would please me well."

Then rose the valiant Diomed, and said:
"The man is near at hand, nor far to seek,
If ye will hear, nor take offence, that I,
The youngest of you all, presume to speak.
Yet of a noble sire I boast me sprung,

Tydeus, who sleeps beneath the Theban soil:
To Portheus three brave sons were born, who dwelt
In Pleuron and in lofty Calydon,
Agrius, and Melas; bravest of them all,
My father's father, Œneus, was the third.
He there remain'd; my father, wand'ring long,
To Argos came; such was the will of Jove
And of th' Immortals all; he there espous'd
Adrastus' daughter; own'd a wealthy house,
With fertile corn-lands round, and orchards stor'd
With goodly fruit-trees; num'rous flocks he had,
And all the Greeks in feats of arms excell'd.
Hear ye the words I speak, for they are true:
And if my speech be wise, despise it not,
As of one worthless, or ignobly born.
Though wounded, to the battle I advise
That we perforce repair; yet not ourselves
To join the combat, or confront the spears,
Lest wounds to wounds be added; but to rouse
The spirits of some, who, zealous heretofore,
Now stand aloof, nor mingle in the fray."

He said, and they, his words approving, went,

By Agamemnon led, the King of men.
Nor careless was the watch by Neptune kept:
With them, in likeness of an aged man,
He went, and Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
By the right hand he took, and thus address'd:
"O son of Atreus, great is now the joy
With which Achilles' savage breast is fill'd,
Who sees the slaughter and the rout of Greeks:
For nought he has of heart, no, not a whit:
But perish he, accursed of the Gods!
Nor deem thou that to thee the blessed Gods
Are wholly hostile; yet again the chiefs
And councillors of Troy shall scour in flight
The dusty plain; and from the ships and tents
Thine eyes shall see them to the city fly."
He said; and loudly shouting, onward rush'd.
As of nine thousand or ten thousand men,
In deadly combat meeting, is the shout;
Such was the sound which from his ample chest
Th' Earth-shaker sent; and ev'ry Greek inspir'd
With stern resolve to wage unflinching war.
Standing on high Olympus' topmost peak,

The golden-thronèd Juno downward look'd,
And, busied in the glory-giving strife,
Her husband's brother and her own she saw,
Saw, and rejoic'd; next, seated on the crest
Of spring-abounding Ida, Jove she saw,
Sight hateful in her eyes! then ponder'd deep
The stag-ey'd Queen, how best she might beguile
The wakeful mind of ægis-bearing Jove;
And, musing, this appear'd the readiest mode:
Herself with art adorning, to repair
To Ida; there, with fondest blandishment
And female charm, her husband to enfold
In love's embrace; and gentle, careless sleep
Around his eyelids and his senses pour.
Her chamber straight she sought, by Vulcan built,
Her son; by whom were to the door-posts hung
Close-fitting doors, with secret keys secur'd,
That, save herself, no God might enter in.
There enter'd she, and clos'd the shining doors;
And with ambrosia first her lovely skin
She purified, with fragrant oil anointing,
Ambrosial, breathing forth such odours sweet.

That, wav'd above the brazen floor of Jove,
All earth and Heav'n were with the fragrance fill'd;
O'er her fair skin this precious oil she spread;
Comb'd out her flowing locks, and with her hand
Wreath'd the thick masses of the glossy hair,
Immortal, bright, that crown'd th' imperial head.
A robe ambrosial then, by Pallas wrought,
She donn'd, in many a curious pattern trac'd,
With golden brooch beneath her breast confin'd.
Her zone, from which a hundred tassels hung,
She girt about her; and, in three bright drops,
Her glitt'ring gems suspended from her ears;
And all around her grace and beauty shone.
Then o'er her head th' imperial Goddess threw
A beauteous veil, new-wrought, as sunlight white;
And on her well-turn'd feet her sandals bound.
Her dress completed, from her chamber forth
She issued, and from th' other Gods apart
She call'd to Venus, and address'd her thus:
"Say, wilt thou grant, dear child, the boon I ask?
Or wilt thou say me nay, in wrath that I
Espouse the Greek, as thou the Trojan cause?"

To whom the laughter-loving Venus thus:
"Daughter of Saturn, Juno, mighty Queen,
Tell me thy wish; to grant it if my pow'r
May aught avail, thy pleasure shall be done."
To whom great Juno thus, with artful speech:
"Give me the loveliness, and pow'r to charm,
Whereby thou reign'st o'er Gods and men supreme.
For to the bounteous Earth's extremest bounds
I go, to visit old Oceanus,
The sire of Gods, and Tethys, who of yore
From Rhæa took me, when all-seeing Jove
Hurl'd Saturn down below the earth and seas,
And nurs'd me in their home with tend'rest care;
I go to visit them, and reconcile
A lengthen'd feud; for since some cause of wrath
Has come between them, they from rites of love
And from the marriage-bed have long abstain'd:
Could I unite them by persuasive words,
And to their former intercourse restore,
Their love and rev'rence were for ever mine."
Whom answer'd thus the laughter-loving Queen:
"I ought not, and I cannot, say thee nay,

Who liest encircled by the arms of Jove."

Thus Venus spoke; and from her bosom loos'd
Her broider'd cestus, wrought with ev'ry charm
To win the heart; there Love, there young Desire,
There fond Discourse, and there Persuasion dwelt,
Which oft enthralls the mind of wisest men.
This in her hand she plac'd, as thus she spoke:
"Take thou from me, and in thy bosom hide,
This broider'd cestus; and, whate'er thy wish,
Thou shalt not here ungratified return."

Thus Venus; smil'd the stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n,
And, smiling, in her bosom hid the gift.
Then Venus to her father's house return'd;
But Juno down from high Olympus sped;
O'er sweet Emathia, and Pieria's range,
O'er snowy mountains of horse-breeding Thrace,
Their topmost heights, she soar'd, nor touch'd the earth.
From Athos then she cross'd the swelling sea,
Until to Lemnos, godlike Thoas' seat,
She came; there met she Sleep, twin-born with Death,
Whom, as his hand she clasp'd, she thus address'd:

"Sleep, universal King of Gods and men,

If ever thou hast listen'd to my voice,
Grant me the boon which now I ask, and win
My ceaseless favour in all time to come.
When Jove thou seest in my embraces lock'd,
Do thou his piercing eyes in slumber seal.
Rich guerdon shall be thine; a gorgeous throne,
Immortal, golden; which my skilful son,
Vulcan, shall deftly frame; beneath, a stool
Whereon at feasts thy feet may softly rest."
Whom answer'd thus the gentle God of Sleep:
"Daughter of Saturn, Juno, mighty Queen,
On any other of th' immortal Gods
I can with ease exert my slumb'rous pow'r;
Even to the stream of old Oceanus,
Prime origin of all; but Saturn's son,
Imperial Jove, I dare not so approach,
Nor sink in sleep, save by his own desire.
Already once, obeying thy command,
A fearful warning I receiv'd, that day
When from the capture and the sack of Troy
That mighty warrior, son of Jove, set sail;
For, circumfus'd around, with sweet constraint

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I bound the sense of ægis-bearing Jove,
While thou, with ill-design, rousing the force
Of winds tempestuous o'er the stormy sea,
Didst cast him forth on Coös' thriving isle,
Far from his friends; then Jove, awaking, pour'd
His wrath, promiscuous, on th' assembled Gods;
Me chief his anger sought; and from on high
Had hurl'd me, plung'd beneath th' unfathom'd sea,
But Night, the vanquisher of Gods and men,
Her fugitive received me; he his wrath
Repress'd, unwilling to invade the claims
Of holy Night; and now thou fain wouldst urge
That I another reckless deed essay."
Whom answer'd thus the stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n:
"Why, Sleep, with thoughts like these perplex thy mind
Think'st thou that Jove as ardently desires
To aid the men of Troy, as fiercely burn'd
His anger on his valiant son's behalf?
Grant my request; and of the Graces one,
The youngest and the fairest, have to wife,
Pasithea, whom thy love hath long pursued."
Thus promis'd Juno; Sleep, rejoicing, heard,

And answer'd thus: "Swear then the awful oath,
Inviolable, by the stream of Styx,
Thy one hand laid upon the fruitful earth,
The other resting on the sparkling sea;
That all the Gods who in the nether realms
With Saturn dwell, may of our solemn bond
Be witnesses, that of the Graces one,
The youngest, fairest, I shall have to wife,
Pasithea, whom my love hath long pursued."
He said: nor did the white-arm'd Queen refuse;
She took the oath requir'd; and call'd by name
On all the Titans, sub-Tartarean Gods:
Then, sworn and ratified the oath, they pass'd
From Lemnos, and from Imbros, veil'd in cloud,
Skimming their airy way; on Lectum first,
In spring-abounding Ida, nurse of beasts,
The sea they left, and journey'd o'er the land,
While wav'd beneath their feet the lofty woods.
There Sleep, ere yet he met the eye of Jove,
Remain'd; and, mounted on a lofty pine,
The tallest growth of Ida, that on high
Flung through the desert air its boughs to Heav'n,

Amid the pine's close branches lay ensconc'd;
Like to a mountain bird of shrillest note,
Whom Gods the Chalcis, men the night-hawk call.
Juno meanwhile to Ida's summit sped,
To Gargarus; the Cloud-compeller saw;
He saw, and sudden passion fir'd his soul,
As when, their parents' eyes eluding, first
They tasted of the secret joys of love.
He rose to meet her, and address'd her thus:
"From high Olympus, Juno, whither bound,
And how, to Ida hast thou come in haste?
For horses here or chariot hast thou none."
To whom thus Juno with deceitful speech
Replied: "To fertile earth's extremest bounds
I go, to visit old Oceanus,
The sire of Gods, and Tethys, who of yore
Receiv'd, and nurtur'd me with tend'rest care.
I go to visit them, and reconcile
A lengthen'd feud; for since some cause of wrath
Has come between them, they from rites of love
And from the marriage-bed have long abstain'd.
Meanwhile at spring-abounding Ida's foot

My horses wait me, that o'er land and sea
Alike my chariot bear; on thine account
From high Olympus hither have I come,
Lest it displease thee, if, to thee unknown,
I sought the Ocean's deeply-flowing stream."
To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied:
"Juno, thy visit yet awhile defer;
And let us now in love's delights indulge:
For never yet did such a flood of love
For Goddess or for mortal fill my soul;
Not for Ixion's beauteous wife, who bore
Pirithöus, sage in council as the Gods;
Nor the neat-footed maiden Danäe,
Acrisius' daughter, her who Perseus bore,
Th' observ'd of all; nor noble Phœnix' child,
Who bore me Minos, and the godlike might
Of Rhadamanthus; nor for Semele,
Nor for Alcmena fair, of whom was born
In Thebes the mighty warrior Hercules,
As Bacchus, joy of men, of Semele:
No, nor for Ceres, golden-tressèd Queen,
Nor for Latona bright, nor for thyself,

As now with fond desire for thee I burn."
To whom thus Juno with deceitful speech:
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?
If here on Ida, in the face of day,
We celebrate the mystic rites of love,
How if some other of th' immortal Gods
Should find us sleeping, and 'mid all the Gods
Should spread the tale abroad? I could not then
Straight to thy house, for very shame, return.
But if indeed such passion fill thy soul,
Thou hast thy secret chamber, built for thee
By Vulcan, with close-fitting doors secur'd;
Thither, if such thy pleasure, go we now."
To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied:
"Juno, nor fear the eye of God or man;
For all around us I will throw such veil
Of golden cloud, that not the sun himself
With sharpest beam of light may pierce it through."
Thus saying, in his arms he clasp'd his wife;
The teeming earth beneath them caus'd to spring
The tender grass, and lotus dew-besprent,
Crocus and hyacinth, a fragrant couch,

Profuse and soft, upspringing from the earth.
There lay they, all around them spread a veil
Of golden cloud, whence heav'nly dews distill'd.
There on the topmost height of Gargarus,
By sleep and love subdued, th' immortal Sire,
Clasp'd in his arms his wife, repos'd in peace.
Then Sleep arose, and to the Grecian ships
In haste repairing, to th' Earth-shaking King
His tidings bore; and standing at his side
Thus to the God his wingèd words address'd:
"Now, Neptune, to the Greeks thy ready aid
Afford, that short-liv'd triumph they may gain,
While slumber holds the eyes of Jove; for I
In sweet unconsciousness have drown'd his sense,
Beguil'd by Juno, in whose arms he lies."
He said, and vanish'd 'mid the tribes of men:
But fir'd with keener zeal to aid the Greeks,
Neptune sprang forth in front, and call'd aloud:
"Again, ye Greeks, shall our remissness yield
The victory to Hector, Priam's son,
To seize our ships, and endless glory gain?
Such is his boast and menace, since in wrath

Achilles still beside his ships remains.
Yet him we scarce should miss, if we, the rest,
But firmly stood for mutual defence.
Hear then my counsel: let us all agree,
Girt with our best and broadest shields, our heads
With flashing helmets guarded, in our hands
Grasping our longest spears, to dare the fight.
Myself will lead you on; and Priam's son,
Though bold he be, will fear with me to cope.
And if, among our bravest, any bear
Too small a buckler, with some meaner man
Let him exchange, and don the larger shield."
He said, and they assenting heard his speech.
The Kings themselves, Ulysses, Diomed,
And mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Though sorely wounded, yet the troops array'd;
Thro'out the ranks they pass'd, and chang'd the arms;
The bravest donn'd the best, the worse the worst.
When with their dazzling armour all were girt,
Forward they mov'd; th' Earth-shaker led them on:
In his broad hand an awful sword he bore,
Long-bladed, vivid as the lightning's flash:

Yet in the deadly strife he might not join,
But kindled terror in the minds of men.
Hector meantime the Trojan troops array'd.
Then fiercer grew, and more intense the strain
Of furious fight, when Ocean's dark-hair'd King
And Priam's noble son were met in arms,
And aided, this the Trojans, that the Greeks.
High tow'rd the tents uprose the surging sea,
As with loud clamour met th' opposing hosts.
Less loud the roar of Ocean's wave, that driv'n
By stormy Boreas, breaks upon the beach;
Less loud the crackling of the flames that rage
In the deep forest of some mountain glen;
Loss loud the wind, to wildest fury rous'd,
Howls in the branches of the lofty oaks;
Than rose the cry of Trojans and of Greeks,
As each, with furious shout, encounter'd each.
At Ajax first, who straight before him stood,
Great Hector threw his spear, nor miss'd his aim,
Where the two belts, the one which bore his shield,
His silver-studded sword the other, met
Across his breast; these two his life preserv'd.

Hector was wroth, that from his stalwart hand
The spear had flown in vain; and back he sprang
For safety to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks:
But mighty Ajax Telamon upheav'd
A pond'rous stone, of many, all around
That scatter'd lay beneath the warriors' feet,
And serv'd to prop the ships; with one of these,
As Hector backward stepp'd, above the shield
He smote him on the breast, below the throat.
With whirling motion, circling as it flew,
The mass he hurl'd. As by the bolt of Heav'n
Uprooted, prostrate lies some forest oak;
The sulph'rous vapour taints the air; appall'd,
Bereft of strength, the near beholder stands,
And awestruck hears the thunder-peal of Jove;
So in the dust the might of Hector lay:
Dropp'd from his hand the spear; the shield and helm
Fell with him; loud his polish'd armour rang.
On rush'd, with joyous shout, the sons of Greece,
In hope to seize the spoil; thick flew the spears:
Yet none might reach or wound the fallen chief;
For gather'd close around, the bravest all,

Valiant Æneas, and Polydamas,
Godlike Agenor, and the Lycian chief
Sarpedon; and the noble Glaucus stood.
Nor did the rest not aid; their shields' broad orbs
Before him still they held, while in their arms
His comrades bore him from the battle-field,
To where, with charioteer and well-wrought car,
Beyond the fight, his flying coursers stood,
Which bore him, deeply groaning, tow'rd the town.
But when the ford was reach'd of Xanthus' stream,
Broad-flowing, eddying, by immortal Jove
Begotten, on the ground they laid him down,
And dash'd the cooling water on his brow:
Reviv'd, he lifted up awhile his eyes;
Then on his knees half rising, he disgorg'd
The clotted blood; but backward to the earth,
Still by the blow subdu'd, again he fell,
And darkling shades of night his eyes o'erspread.
  Onward, with zeal redoubled, press'd the Greeks,
When Hector from the field they saw withdrawn.
Foremost of all, Oïleus' active son,
With sudden spring assailing, Satnius slew:

Him a fair Naiad nymph to Œnops bore,
Who by the banks of Satnoïs kept his herds.
Him then, approaching near, Oïleus' son
Thrust through the flank: he fell, and o'er his corpse
Trojans and Greeks in stubborn fight engag'd.
But Panthöus' son a swift avenger came,
Polydamas, with brandish'd spear, and struck
Through the right shoulder Prothöenor, son
Of Arcïlycus; right through was driv'n
The sturdy spear; he, rolling in the dust,
Clutch'd with his palms the ground; then, shouting loud,
Thus with triumphant boast Polydamas:
"From the strong hand of Panthöus' noble son
Methinks that not in vain the spear has flown:
A Greek now bears it off; and he, perchance,
May use it as a staff to Pluto's realm."
Thus he; the Greeks with pain his vaunting heard;
But chief it rous'd the spirit within the breast
Of Ajax Telamon, whom close beside
The dead had fall'n; he at Polydamas,
Retreating, hurl'd in haste his glitt'ring spear;
He, springing sideways, 'scap'd the stroke of fate;

But young Archilochus, Antenor's son,
Receiv'd the spear, for Heav'n had will'd his death:
The spine it struck, the topmost joint, where met
The head and neck, and both the tendons broke;
Forward he fell; and ere or knee or leg,
His head, and mouth, and nostrils struck the ground.
Then Ajax, in his turn, exulting, thus:
"Say now, Polydamas, and tell me true,
May this be deem'd for Prothöenor's death
A full equivalent? no common man
He seems, and born of no ignoble race;
Valiant Antenor's brother, or perchance
His son; the likeness speaks him near akin."
Thus he, though well he knew; then bitter grief
Possess'd the Trojans' souls; but Acamas,
Guarding his brother's body, with his spear
Slew the Bœotian Promachus, who fain
Would by the feet have drawn away the dead:
Then Acamas, exulting, cried aloud:
"Ye wretched Greeks, in boasting measureless!
Not ours alone the labour and the loss
Of battle; ye too have your share of death.

Behold where lies your Promachus, subdued
Beneath my spear; not long unpaid the debt
Due for my brother's blood! 'Tis well for him
Who leaves a brother to avenge his fate."
Thus he; the Greeks with pain his vaunting heard;
But chief it rous'd the spirit within the breast
Of Peneleus; on Acamas he sprang,
Who waited not th' encounter; next he slew
Ilioneus, the son of Phorbas, Lord
Of num'rous flocks, of all the Trojans most
Belov'd of Hermes, who his wealth increas'd.
To him Ilioneus, an only son,
His mother bore; who now, beneath the brow
And through the socket of the eye was struck,
Thrusting the eyeball out; for through the eye,
And backward through the head, the spear was driv'n:
With hands extended, down to earth he sank;
But Peneleus his weighty sword let fall
Full on his neck; the sever'd head and helm
Together fell, remaining still infix'd
The sturdy spear; then he, the gory head
Uplifting, to the Trojans vaunting cried:

"Go now, ye Trojans! bid that in the house
Of brave Ilioneus his parents raise
The voice of wailing for their gallant son;
As neither shall the wife of Promachus,
The son of Alegenor, with glad smile
Her husband's coming hail, when home from Troy
We sons of Greece, with vict'ry crown'd, return."
Thus as he spoke, pale fear possess'd them all,
Each looking round to seek escape from death.
Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,
Who, when th' Earth-shaker turn'd the tide of war,
First bore away his foeman's bloody spoils?
Great Ajax Telamon first Hyrtius smote,
The son of Gyrtius, who to battle led
The warlike Mysians; next Antilochus
From Mermerus and Phalces stripp'd their arms;
Meriones Hippotion gave to death,
And Morys; Teucer Periphetes slew,
And Prothöon; Meneläus, through the flank
Smote Hyperenor; as the grinding spear
Drain'd all his vitals, through the gaping wound
His spirit escap'd, and darkness clos'd his eyes.

But chiefest slaughter of the Trojans wrought
Oïleus' active son; of all the Greeks
No foot so swift as his, when Jove had fill'd
Their souls with fear, to chase the flying foe.

ARGUMENT.

THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX.

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks; he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment; he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo reinspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down the first part of the Grecian wall; the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are yet repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

BOOK XV.

NOW when the Trojans had recross'd the trench
And palisades, and in their headlong flight
Many had fall'n by Grecian swords, the rest,
Routed, and pale with fear, made head awhile
Beside their cars; then Jove on Ida's height
At golden-thronèd Juno's side awoke;
Rising, he saw the Trojans and the Greeks,
Those in confusion, while behind them press'd
The Greeks, triumphant, Neptune in their midst:
He saw too Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
His comrades standing round; senseless he lay,
Drawing short breath, blood gushing from his mouth;
For by no feeble hand the blow was dealt.
Pitying, the Sire of Gods and men beheld,
And thus, with sternest glance, to Juno spoke:
"This, Juno, is thy work! thy wicked wiles
Have Hector quell'd, and Trojans driv'n to flight:

Nor know I but thyself mayst reap the fruit,
By shameful scourging, of thy vile deceit.
Hast thou forgotten how in former times
I hung thee from on high, and to thy feet
Attach'd two pond'rous anvils, and thy hands
With golden fetters bound, which none might break?
There didst thou hang amid the clouds of Heav'n;
Through all Olympus' breadth the Gods were wroth;
Yet dar'd not one approach to set thee free.
If any so had ventur'd, him had I
Hurl'd from Heav'n's threshold till to earth he fell,
With little left of life. Yet was not quench'd
My wrath on godlike Hercules' account,
Whom thou, with Boreas, o'er the wat'ry waste
With fell intent didst send; and tempest-toss'd,
Cast him ashore on Coös' fruitful isle.
I rescued him from thence, and brought him back,
After long toil, to Argos' grassy plains.
This to thy mind I bring, that thou mayst learn
To cease thy treach'rous wiles, nor hope to gain
By all thy lavish'd blandishments of love,
Wherewith thou hast deceived me, and betray'd."

He said; and terror seiz'd the stag-ey'd Queen;
Who thus with wingèd words address'd her Lord:
"By Earth I swear, and yon broad Heav'n above,
And Stygian stream beneath, the weightiest oath
Of solemn pow'r to bind the blessed Gods;
By thine own sacred head, our nuptial bed,
Whose holy tie I never could forswear;
That not by my suggestion and advice
Earth-shaking Neptune on the Trojan host,
And Hector, pours his wrath, and aids the Greeks;
In this he but obeys his own desire,
Who looks with pity on the Grecian host
Beside their ships o'erborne; and could my words
Prevail, my counsel were to shape his course,
O cloud-girt King, obedient to thy will."
She said; the Sire of Gods and men, well pleas'd,
Her answer heard, and thus with gracious smile:
"If, stag-ey'd Queen, in synod of the Gods
Thy counsels shall indeed with mine agree,
Neptune, how strong soe'er his wish, must change
His course, obedient to thy will and mine;
And if in all sincerity thou speak,

Go to th' assembled Gods, and hither send
Iris, and Phœbus of the silver bow;
That she may to the Grecian camp repair,
And bid that Neptune from the battle-field
Withdraw, and to his own domain retire;
While Phœbus Hector to the fight restores,
Inspiring new-born vigour, and allaying
The mortal pains which bow his spirit down:
Then, heartless fear infusing in the Greeks,
Put them to flight, that flying they may fall
Beside Achilles' ships; his comrade then,
Patroclus, he shall send to battle forth
To be by Hector slain, in front of Troy;
Yet not to fall till many valiant youths
Have felt his prowess; and, amid the rest,
My son, Sarpedon; by his comrade's death
Enrag'd, Achilles Hector shall subdue;
Thenceforth my counsel is, that from the ships
The Trojan force shall still be backward driv'n,
Until at length, by Pallas' deep designs,
The Greeks possess the lofty walls of Troy.
Yet will not I my anger intermit,

Nor suffer other of th' immortal Gods
To aid the Greeks, till Peleus' son behold
His wish accomplish'd, and the boon obtain'd
I promis'd once, and with a nod confirm'd,
That day when sea-born Thetis clasp'd my knees,
And pray'd me to avenge her warrior son."

Thus he; the white-arm'd Queen of Heav'n submiss
His mandate heard; and from th' Idæan mount
With rapid flight to high Olympus sped.
Swift as the mind of man, who many a land
Hath travell'd o'er, and with reflective thought
Recalls, "here was I such a day, or here,"
And in a moment many a scene surveys;
So Juno sped o'er intervening space;
Olympus' heights she reach'd, and in the house
Of Jove appear'd amid th' assembled Gods.
They at her coming rose, with golden cups
Greeting their Queen's approach; the rest she pass'd,
And from the hand of fair-fac'd Themis took
The proffer'd cup, who first had run to meet,
And thus with winged words address'd the Queen:

"Juno, why com'st thou hither? and with looks

Of one distraught with fear? hath Saturn's son,
Thy mighty Lord, thus sore affrighted thee?"
To whom the white-arm'd Goddess, Juno, thus:
"Forbear thy questions, Themis; well thou know'st
How haughty and imperious is his mind;
Thou for the Gods in haste prepare the feast;
Then shalt thou learn, amid th' Immortals all,
What evil he designs; nor all, I ween,
His counsels will approve, or men, or Gods,
Though now in blissful ignorance they feast."
She said, and sat; the Gods, oppress'd with care,
Her farther speech awaited; on her lips
There dwelt indeed a smile, but not a ray
Pass'd o'er her dark'ning brow, as thus her wrath
Amid th' assembled Gods found vent in words:
"Fools are we all, who madly strive with Jove,
Or hope, by access to his throne, to sway,
By word or deed, his course; from all apart,
He all our counsels heeds not, but derides;
And boasts o'er all th' immortal Gods to reign
In unapproach'd pre-eminence of pow'r.
Prepare then each his sev'ral woe to bear;

On Mars e'en now, methinks, the blow hath fall'n;
Since in the fight, the man he loves the best,
And boasts his son, Ascalaphus, is slain."
She said; and Mars, enrag'd, his brawny thigh
Smote with his hands, and thus, lamenting, spoke:
"Blame not, ye Gods, who on Olympus dwell,
That to the Grecian ships I haste, to avenge
My slaughter'd son, though blasted by Heav'n's fire
'Twere mine 'mid corpses, blood, and dust to lie."
He said, and gave command to Fear and Flight
To yoke his car; and donn'd his glitt'ring arms.
Then from the throne of Jove had heavier wrath
And deeper vengeance on th' Immortals fall'n,
But Pallas, in alarm for all the Gods,
Quitting in haste the throne whereon she sat,
Sprang past the vestibule, and from his head
The helmet lifted, from his arm the shield;
Took from his sturdy hand, and rear'd upright,
The brazen spear; then with reproachful words
She thus assail'd th' impetuous God of War;
"Frantic, and passion-maddened, thou art lost!
Hast thou no ears to hear! or are thy mind

And sense of rev'rence utterly destroy'd?
Or heard'st thou not what white-arm'd Juno spoke,
Fresh from the presence of Olympian Jove?
Wouldst thou, thine evil destiny fulfill'd,
By hard constraint, despite thy grief, be driv'n
Back to Olympus; and to all the rest
Confusion and disaster with thee bring?
At once from valiant Trojans and from Greeks
His thoughts would be diverted, and his wrath
Embroil Olympus, and on all alike,
Guilty or not, his anger would be pour'd.
Waive then thy vengeance for thy gallant son;
Others as brave of heart, as strong of arm,
Have fall'n, and yet must fall; and vain th' attempt
To watch at once o'er all the race of men."
Thus saying, to his seat again she forc'd
Th' impetuous Mars: meanwhile, without the house,
Juno, by Jove's command, Apollo call'd,
And Iris, messenger from God to God;
And thus to both her wingèd words address'd:
"Jove bids you with all speed to Ida haste;
And when, arriv'd, before his face ye stand,

Whate'er he orders, that observe and do."
Thus Juno spoke, and to her throne return'd;
While they to spring-abounding Ida's heights,
Wild nurse of forest beasts, pursued their way;
Th' all-seeing son of Saturn there they found
Upon the topmost crag of Gargarus,
An incense-breathing cloud around him spread.
Before the face of cloud-compelling Jove
They stood; well-pleas'd he witness'd their approach
In swift obedience to his consort's words,
And thus to Iris first his speech address'd:
"Haste thee, swift Iris, and to Ocean's King
My message bear, nor misreporting aught,
Nor aught omitting; from the battle-field
Bid him retire, and join th' assembled Gods,
Or to his own domain of sea withdraw.
If my commands he heed not, nor obey,
Let him consider in his inmost soul
If, mighty though he be, he dare await
My hostile coming; mightier far than him,
His elder born; nor may his spirit aspire
To rival me, whom all regard with awe."

He said; swift-footed Iris, at the word,
From Ida's heights to sacred Ilium sped.
Swift as the snow-flakes from the clouds descend,
Or wintry hail before the driving blast
Of Boreas, ether-born; so swift to Earth
Descended Iris; by his side she stood,
And with these words th'Earth-shaking God address'd:
"A message, dark-hair'd Circler of the Earth,
To thee I bring from Ægis-bearing Jove.
He bids thee straightway from the battle-field
Retire, and either join th' assembled Gods,
Or to thine own domain of sea withdraw.
If his commands thou heed not, nor obey,
Hither he menaces himself to come,
And fight against thee; but he warns thee first,
Beware his arm, as mightier far than thee,
Thine elder born; nor may thy spirit aspire
To rival him, whom all regard with awe."
To whom in tow'ring wrath th' Earth-shaking God:
"By Heav'n, though great he be, he yet presumes
Somewhat too far, if me, his equal born,
He seeks by force to baffle of my will.

We were three brethren, all of Rhæa born
To Saturn; Jove and I, and Pluto third,
Who o'er the nether regions holds his sway.
Threefold was our partition; each obtain'd
His meed of honour due; the hoary Sea
By lot my habitation was assign'd;
The realms of Darkness fell to Pluto's share;
Broad Heav'n, amid the sky and clouds, to Jove;
But Earth, and high Olympus, are to all
A common heritage; nor will I walk
To please the will of Jove; though great he be,
With his own third contented let him rest:
Nor let him think that I, as wholly vile,
Shall quail before his arm; his lofty words
Were better to his daughters and his sons
Address'd, his own begotten; who perforce
Must listen to his mandates, and obey."
To whom swift-footed Iris thus replied:
"Is this, then, dark-hair'd Circler of the Earth,
The message, stern and haughty, which to Jove
Thou bidd'st me bear? perchance thine angry mood
May bend to better counsels; noblest minds

Are easiest bent; and o'er superior age
Thou know'st th' avenging Furies ever watch."
To whom Earth-shaking Neptune thus replied:
"Immortal Iris, weighty are thy words,
And in good season spoken; and 'tis well
When envoys are by sound discretion led.
Yet are my heart and mind with grief oppress'd,
When me, his equal both by birth and fate,
He seeks with haughty words to overbear.
I yield, but with indignant sense of wrong.
This too I say, nor shall my threat be vain:
Let him remember, if in my despite,
'Gainst Pallas', Juno's, Hermes', Vulcan's will,
He spare to overthrow proud Ilium's tow'rs,
And crown with victory the Grecian arms,
The feud between us never can be heal'd."
Th' Earth-shaker said, and from the field withdrew
Beneath the ocean wave, the warrior Greeks
His loss deploring; to Apollo then
The Cloud-compeller thus his speech address'd:
"Go straight to Hector of the brazen helm,
Good Phœbus; for beneath the ocean wave

Th' Earth-shaker hath withdrawn, escaping thus
My high displeasure; had he dar'd resist,
The tumult of our strife had reach'd the Gods
Who in the nether realms with Saturn dwell.
Yet thus 'tis better, both for me and him,
That, though indignant, to my will he yields;
For to compel him were no easy task.
Take thou, and wave on high thy tassell'd shield,
The Grecian warriors daunting: thou thyself,
Far-darting King, thy special care bestow
On noble Hector; so restore his strength
And vigour, that in panic to their ships,
And the broad Hellespont, the Greeks be driv'n.
Then will I so by word and deed contrive
That they may gain fresh respite from their toil."
He said, nor did Apollo not obey
His Sire's commands; from Ida's heights he flew,
Like to a falcon, swooping on a dove,
Swiftest of birds; then Priam's son he found,
The godlike Hector, stretch'd at length no more,
But sitting, now to consciousness restor'd,
With recognition looking on his friends;

The cold sweat dried, nor gasping now for breath,
Since by the will of Ægis-bearing Jove
To life new waken'd; close beside him stood
The Far-destroyer, and address'd him thus:
"Hector, thou son of Priam, why apart
From all thy comrades art thou sitting here,
Feeble and faint? What trouble weighs thee down?"
To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm
With falt'ring voice: "Who art thou, Prince of Gods,
Who thus enquirest of me? know'st thou not
How a huge stone, by mighty Ajax hurl'd,
As on his comrades by the Grecian ships
I dealt destruction, struck me on the breast,
Dash'd to the earth, and all my vigour quell'd?
I deem'd in sooth this day my soul, expir'd,
Should see the dead, and Pluto's shadowy realm."
To whom again the far-destroying King:
"Be of good cheer; from Saturn's son I come
From Ida's height to be thy guide and guard;
Phœbus Apollo, of the golden sword,
I, who of old have thy protector been,
Thee and thy city guarding. Rise then straight;

Summon thy num'rous horsemen; bid them drive
Their flying cars to assail the Grecian ships:
I go before: and will thy horses' way
Make plain and smooth, and daunt the warrior Greeks."
His words fresh vigour in the chief infus'd.
As some proud steed, at well-fill'd manger fed,
His halter broken, neighing, scours the plain,
And revels in the widely-flowing stream
To bathe his sides; then tossing high his head,
While o'er his shoulders streams his ample mane,
Light-borne on active limbs, in conscious pride,
To the wide pastures of the mares he flies;
So vig'rous, Hector plied his active limbs,
His horsemen summoning at Heav'n's command.
As when a rustic crowd of men and dogs
Have chas'd an antler'd stag, or mountain goat,
That 'mid the crags and thick o'ershadowing wood
Hath refuge found, and baffled their pursuit:
If, by the tumult rous'd, a lion stand,
With bristling mane, before them, back they turn,
Check'd in their mid career; ev'n so the Greeks,
Who late in eager throngs were pressing on,

Thrusting with swords and double-pointed spears,
When Hector moving through the ranks they saw,
Recoil'd, and to their feet their courage fell.
To whom thus Thoas spoke, Andræmon's son,
Ætolia's bravest warrior, skill'd to throw
The jav'lin, dauntless in the stubborn fight;
By few surpass'd in speech, when in debate
In full assembly Grecian youths contend.
He thus with prudent speech began, and said:
"Great is the marvel which our eyes behold,
That Hector see again to life restor'd,
Escap'd the death we hop'd him to have met
Beneath the hands of Ajax Telamon.
Some God hath been his guard, and Hector sav'd,
Whose arm hath slack'd the knees of many a Greek:
So will he now; for not without the aid
Of Jove, the Lord of thunder, doth he stand
So boldly forth, so eager for the fight.
Hear, then, and all by my advice be rul'd:
Back to the ships dismiss the gen'ral crowd;
While of our army we, the foremost men,
Stand fast, and meeting him with levell'd spears,

Hold him in check; and he, though brave, may fear
To throw himself amid our serried ranks."
He said: they heard, and all obey'd his words:
The mighty Ajax, and Idomeneus
The King, and Teucer, and Meriones,
And Meges, bold as Mars, with all their best,
Their stedfast battle rang'd, to wait th' assault
Of Hector and his Trojans; while behind,
Th' unwarlike many to the ships retir'd.
The Trojan mass came on, by Hector led
With haughty stride; before him Phœbus went,
His shoulders veil'd in cloud; his arm sustain'd
The awful Ægis, dread to look on, hung
With shaggy tassels round and dazzling bright;
Which Vulcan, skilful workman, gave to Jove,
To scatter terror 'mid the souls of men.
This on his arm, the Trojan troops he led.
Firm stood the mass of Greeks; from either side
Shrill clamours rose; and fast from many a string
The arrows flew, and many a jav'lin, hurl'd
By vig'rous arms; some buried in the flesh
Of stalwart youths, and many, ere they reach'd

Their living mark, fell midway on the plain,
Fix'd in the ground, in vain athirst for blood.
While Phœbus motionless his Ægis held,
Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell
On either side; but when he turn'd its flash
Full in the faces of the astonish'd Greeks,
And shouted loud, their spirits within them quail'd,
Their fiery courage borne in mind no more.
As when two beasts of prey, at dead of night,
With sudden onset scatter wide a herd
Of oxen, or a num'rous flock of sheep,
Their keepers absent; so unnerv'd by fear
The Greeks dispers'd; such panic 'mid their ranks,
That vict'ry so might crown the Trojan arms,
Apollo sent; and as the masses broke,
Each Trojan slew his man; by Hector's hand
Fell Stichius and Arcesilas; the one,
The leader of Bœotia's brass-clad host,
The other, brave Menestheus' trusted friend.
Æneas Medon slew, and Iasus;
Medon, the great Oïleus' bastard son,
Brother of Ajax; he in Phylace,

Far from his native home, was driv'n to dwell;
Since one to Eriopis near akin,
His sire Oïleus' wife, his hand had slain:
And Iasus, th' Athenian chief, was deem'd
The son of Sphelus, son of Bucolus.
Polydamas amid the foremost ranks
Mecistes slew, Polites Echius,
Agenor Clonius; while from Paris' hand
An arrow, 'mid the crowd of fugitives
Shot from behind, beneath the shoulder struck
Dëiocus, and through his chest was driv'n:
These while the Trojans of their arms despoil'd,
Through ditch and palisades promiscuous dash'd
The flying Greeks, and gain'd, hard-press'd, the wall;
While loudly Hector to the Trojans call'd
To assail the ships, and leave the bloody spoils:
"Whom I elsewhere, and from the ships aloof
Shall find, my hand shall doom him on the spot;
For him no fun'ral pyre his kin shall light,
Or male or female; but before the wall
Our city's dogs his mangled flesh shall tear."
He said; and on his horses' shoulder point

Let fall the lash, and loudly through the ranks
Call'd on the Trojans; they, with answ'ring shout
And noise unspeakable, urg'd on with him
Their harness'd steeds; Apollo, in the van,
Trod down with ease th' embankment of the ditch,
And fill'd it in; and o'er it bridg'd a way
Level and wide, far as a jav'lin's flight
Hurl'd by an arm that proves its utmost strength.
O'er this their columns pass'd; Apollo bore
His Ægis o'er them, and cast down the wall;
Easy, as when a child upon the beach,
In wanton play, with hands and feet o'erthrows
The mound of sand, which late in play he rais'd;
So, Phœbus, thou, the Grecian toil and pains
Confounding, sentest panic through their souls.
Thus hemm'd beside the ships they made their stand,
While each exhorted each, and all, with hands
Outstretch'd, to ev'ry God address'd their pray'r:
And chief, Gerenian Nestor, prop of Greece,
With hands uplifted tow'rd the starry Heav'n:
"O Father Jove! if any e'er to Thee
On corn-clad plains of Argos burnt the fat

Of bulls and sheep, and offer'd up his pray'r
For safe return; and thine assenting nod
Confirm'd thy promise; O remember now
His pray'r; stave off the pitiless day of doom,
Nor let the Greeks to Trojan arms succumb."
Thus Nestor pray'd; loud thunder'd from on high
The Lord of counsel, as he heard the pray'r
Of Neleus' aged son; with double zeal,
The Trojans, as the mind of Jove they knew,
Press'd on the Greeks, with warlike ardour fir'd.
As o'er the bulwarks of a ship pour down
The mighty billows of the wide-path'd sea,
Driv'n by the blast, that tosses high the waves,
So down the wall, with shouts, the Trojans pour'd;
The cars admitted, by the ships they fought
With double-pointed spears, and hand to hand;
These on their chariots, on the lofty decks
Of their dark vessels those, with pond'rous spars,
Which on the ships were stor'd for naval war,
Compact and strong, their heads encas'd in brass.
While yet beyond the ships, about the wall
The Greeks and Trojans fought, Patroclus still

Within the tent of brave Eurypylus
Remaining, with his converse sooth'd the chief,
And healing unguents to his wound applied,
Of pow'r to charm away the bitter pains;
But when the Trojans pouring o'er the wall,
And routed Greeks in panic flight he saw,
Deeply he groan'd, and smiting on his thigh
With either palm, in anguish thus he spoke:
"Eurypylus, how great soe'er thy need,
I can no longer stay; so fierce the storm
Of battle rages; but th' attendants' care
Will all thy wants supply; while I in haste
Achilles seek, and urge him to the war;
Who knows but Heav'n may grant me to succeed?
For great is oft a friend's persuasive pow'r."
He said, and quickly on his errand sped.
Meanwhile the Greeks, in firm array, endur'd
The onset of the Trojans; nor could these
The assailants, though in numbers less, repel;
Nor those again the Grecian masses break,
And force their passage through the ships and tents,
As by a rule, in cunning workman's hand,

Who all his art by Pallas' aid has learnt,
A vessel's plank is smooth and even laid,
So level lay the balance of the fight.
Others round other ships maintain'd the war,
But Hector that of Ajax sought alone.
For that one ship they two unwearied toil'd;
Nor Hector Ajax from his post could move,
And burn the ship with fire; nor he repel
The foe who came protected by a God.
Then noble Ajax with his jav'lin smote
Caletor, son of Clytius, through the breast,
As tow'rd the ship a blazing torch he bore;
Thund'ring he fell, and dropp'd his hand the torch.
But Hector, when his eyes his kinsman saw
By the dark vessel, prostrate in the dust,
On Trojans and on Lycians call'd aloud:
"Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans, fam'd
In close encounter, in this press of war
Slack not your efforts; haste to save the son
Of Clytius, nor let Greeks his arms possess,
Who 'mid their throng of ships has nobly fall'n."
At Ajax, as he spoke, his gleaming spear

He threw, but miss'd his aim; yet Lycophron,
His comrade, of Cythera, Mastor's son
(Who flying from Cythera's lovely isle
With guilt of bloodshed, near to Ajax dwelt),
Standing beside the chief, above the ear
He struck, and pierc'd the brain: from the tall prow
Backwards he fell, his limbs relax'd in death.
Then Ajax, shudd'ring, on his brother call'd:
"Good Teucer, we have lost a faithful friend,
The son of Mastor, our Cytheran guest,
Whom as a father all rever'd; who now
Lies slain by noble Hector. Where are then
Thine arrows, swift-wing'd messengers of fate,
And where thy trusty bow, Apollo's gift?"
Thus Ajax; Teucer heard, and ran in haste,
And stood beside him, with his bended bow,
And well-stor'd quiver: on the Trojans fast
He pour'd his shafts; and struck Pisenor's son,
Clitus, the comrade of Polydamas,
The noble son of Panthöus; he the reins
Held in his hand, and all his care bestow'd
To guide his horses; for, where'er the throng

Was thickest, there in Hector's cause, and Troy's,
He still was found; but o'er him hung the doom
Which none might turn aside; for from behind
The fateful arrow struck him through the neck;
Down from the car he fell; swerving aside,
The startled horses whirl'd the empty car.
Them first the King Polydamas beheld,
And stay'd their course; to Protiaon's son,
Astynöus, then he gave them, with command
To keep good watch, and still be near at hand;
Then 'mid the foremost join'd again the fray.
Again at Hector of the brazen helm
An arrow Teucer aim'd; and had the shaft
The life of Hector quench'd in mid career,
Not long the fight had rag'd around the ships:
But Jove's all-seeing eye beheld, who watch'd
O'er Hector's life, and Teucer's hopes deceiv'd.
The bow's well-twisted string he snapp'd in twain,
As Teucer drew; the brass-tipp'd arrow flew
Wide of the mark, and dropp'd his hand the bow.
Then to his brother, all aghast, he cried:
"O Heav'n, some God our best-laid schemes of war

Confounds, who from my hand hath wrench'd the bow,
And snapp'd the newly-twisted string, which I
But late attach'd, my swift-wing'd shafts to bear."

Whom answer'd thus great Ajax Telamon:
"O friend, leave there thine arrows and thy bow,
Marr'd by some God who grudges our renown;
But take in hand thy pond'rous spear, and cast
Thy shield about thy shoulders, and thyself
Stand forth, and urge the rest, to face the foe.
Let us not tamely yield, if yield we must,
Our well-built ships, but nobly dare the fight."

Thus Ajax spoke; and Teucer in the tent
Bestow'd his bow, and o'er his shoulders threw
His fourfold shield; and on his firm-set head
A helm he plac'd, well-wrought, with horsehair plume,
That nodded, fearful, o'er his brow; his hand
Grasp'd the firm spear, with sharpen'd point of brass:
Then ran, and swiftly stood by Ajax' side.
Hector meanwhile, who saw the weapon marr'd,
To Trojans and to Lycians call'd aloud:

"Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans fam'd
In close encounter, quit ye now like men;

Against the ships your wonted valour show.
E'en now, before our eyes, hath Jove destroy'd
A chieftain's weapon. Easy 'tis to trace
O'er human wars th' o'erruling hand of Jove,
To whom he gives the prize of victory,
And whom, withholding aid, he minishes,
As now the Greeks, while we his favour gain.
Pour then your force united on the ships;
And if there be among you, who this day
Shall meet his doom, by sword or arrow slain,
E'en let him die! a glorious death is his
Who for his country falls; and dying, leaves
Preserv'd from danger, children, wife, and home,
His heritage uninjur'd, when the Greeks
Embarking hence shall take their homeward way."

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast.
Ajax, on th' other side, address'd the Greeks:

"Shame on ye, Greeks! this very hour decides
If we must perish, or be sav'd, and ward
Destruction from our ships; and can ye hope
That each, if Hector of the glancing helm
Shall burn our ships, on foot can reach his home?

Or hear ye not, how, burning to destroy
Our vessels, Hector cheers his forces on?
Not to the dance, but to the fight he calls;
Nor better counsel can for us be found,
Than in close fight with heart and hand to join.
'Twere better far at once to die, than live
Hemm'd in and straiten'd thus, in dire distress,
Close to our ships, by meaner men beset."
His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast.
Then Hector Schedius, Perimedes' son,
The Thracian leader, slew; on th' other side
Ajax the captain of the foot o'ercame,
Laödamas, Antenor's noble son;
While of his arms Polydamas despoil'd
Cyllenian Otus, friend of Phyleus' son,
The proud Epeians' leader; Meges saw,
And rush'd upon him; but Polydamas,
Stooping, the blow evaded; him he miss'd;
For Phœbus will'd not Panthöus' son should fall
In the front rank contending; but the spear
Smote Crœsmus through the breast; thund'ring he fell,
And from his corpse the victor stripp'd his arms.

Him Dolops, son of Lampus, spearman skill'd,
Well train'd in ev'ry point of war, assail'd
(The son of Lampus he, the prince of men,
Son of Laomedon); from close at hand
Forward he sprang, and thrust at Meges' shield;
But him the solid corslet which he wore,
With breast and back-piece fitted, sav'd from harm:
The corslet Phyleus brought from Ephyra,
By Selles' stream; Euphetes, King of men,
Bestow'd it as a friendly gift, to wear
In battle for a guard from hostile spears;
Which from destruction now preserv'd his son.
Next Meges struck, with keen-edg'd spear, the crown
Of Dolops' brass-bound, horsehair-crested helm,
Sev'ring the horsehair plume, which, brilliant late
With crimson dye, now lay defil'd in dust.
Yet fought he on, and still for vict'ry hop'd;
But warlike Menelaüs to the aid
Of Meges came; of Dolops unobserv'd
He stood, and from behind his shoulder pierc'd;
The point, its course pursuing, through his breast
Was driv'n, and headlong on his face he fell.

Forthwith advanc'd the two to seize the spoils;
But loudly Hector on his kinsmen call'd;
On all, but chief on Icetäon's son,
The valiant Melanippus; he erewhile,
In far Percote, ere the foes appear'd,
Pastur'd his herds; but when the ships of Greece
Approach'd the shore, to Ilium back he came;
There, 'mid the Trojans eminent, he dwelt
In Priam's house, belov'd as Priam's son.
Him Hector call'd by name, and thus address'd:
"Why, Melanippus, stand we idly thus?
Doth not thy slaughter'd kinsmen touch thy heart?
See how they rush on Dolops' arms to seize;
Then on! no distant war must now be wag'd,
But hand to hand, till or the Greeks be slain,
Or lofty Troy, with all her children, fall."
He said, and led the way; him follow'd straight
The godlike chief; great Ajax Telamon
Meanwhile the Greeks encourag'd to the fight,
And cried, "Brave comrades, quit ye now like men;
Bear a stout heart; and in the stubborn fight
Let each to other mutual succour give;

By mutual succour more are sav'd than fall;
In timid flight nor fame nor safety lies."

He said; and pond'ring well his words, they stood,
Firm in defence; as with a wall of brass
The ships they guarded; though against them Jove
Led on the Trojans; Menelaus then
With stirring words Antilochus address'd:
"Antilochus, than thou, of all the Greeks
Is none more active, or more light of foot;
None stronger hurls the spear; then from the crowd
Spring forth, and aim to reach some Trojan's life."

Thus saying, he withdrew; fir'd by his words,
Forth sprang the youth, and pois'd his glitt'ring spear,
Glancing around him; back the Trojans drew
Before his aim; nor flew the spear in vain;
But through the breast it pierc'd, as on he came,
Brave Melanippus, Icetaon's son.
Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang.
Forth sprang Antilochus, as springs a hound
Upon a fawn, which from its lair disturb'd
A hunter's shaft has struck, and quell'd its pow'rs;
So, Melanippus, sprang to seize thy spoils

The stout Antilochus; but not unmark'd
Of Hector's eye, who, hast'ning through the press,
Advanc'd to meet him; waited not th' attack,
Bold warrior as he was, Antilochus,
But trembling fled: as when a beast of prey,
Conscious of evil deed, amid the herd
The guardian dog or herdsman's self has slain,
And flies, ere yet th' avenging crowd collect;
So fled the son of Nestor; onward press'd,
By Hector led, the Trojans; loud their shouts,
As on the Greeks their murd'rous shafts they pour'd:
Yet turn'd he, when his comrades' ranks he reach'd.
Then on the ships, as rav'ning lions, fell
The Trojans: they but work'd the will of Jove,
Who still their courage rais'd, and quell'd the Greeks;
Of vict'ry these debarr'd, and those inspir'd;
For so he will'd, that Hector, Priam's son,
Should wrap in fire the beakèd ships of Greece,
And Thetis to the uttermost obtain
Her over-bold petition; yet did Jove,
The Lord of counsel, wait but to behold
The flames ascending from the blazing ships:

For from that hour the Trojans, backward driv'n,
Should to the Greeks the final triumph leave.
With such design, to seize the ships, he fir'd
Th' already burning zeal of Priam's son;
Fiercely he rag'd, as terrible as Mars
With brandish'd spear; or as a raging fire
'Mid the dense thickets on the mountain side.
The foam was on his lips; bright flash'd his eyes
Beneath his awful brows, and terribly
Above his temples wav'd amid the fray
The helm of Hector; Jove himself from Heav'n
His guardian hand extending, him alone
With glory crowning 'mid the host of men;
But short his term of glory: for the day
Was fast approaching, when, with Pallas' aid,
The might of Peleus' son should work his doom.
Oft he essay'd to break the ranks, where'er
The densest and throng noblest arms he saw;
But strenuous though his efforts, all were vain:
They, mass'd in close array, his charge withstood;
Firm as a craggy rock, upstanding high,
Close by the hoary sea, which meets unmov'd

The boist'rous currents of the whistling winds,
And the big waves that bellow round its base;
So stood unmov'd the Greeks, and undismay'd.
At length, all blazing in his arms, he sprang
Upon the mass; so plunging down, as when
On some tall vessel, from beneath the clouds
A giant billow, tempest-nurs'd, descends;
The deck is drench'd in foam; the stormy wind
Howls in the shrouds; th' affrighted seamen quail
In fear, but little way from death remov'd;
So quail'd the spirit in ev'ry Grecian breast.
As when a rav'ning lion on a herd
Of heifers falls, which on some marshy mead
Feed numberless, beneath the care of one,
Unskill'd from beasts of prey to guard his charge;
And while beside the front or rear he walks,
The lion on th' unguarded centre springs,
Seizes on one, and scatters all the rest;
So Hector, led by Jove, in wild alarm
Scatter'd the Grecians all; but one alone,
Brave Periphetes, of Mycenæ, slew;
The son of Copreus, whom Eurystheus sent

His envoy to the might of Hercules;
Far nobler than the father was the son;
In speed of foot, in warlike might, in mind,
In all, among Mycenians foremost he;
Who now on Hector fresh renown conferr'd;
For, backward as he stepp'd, against the rim
Of the broad shield which for defence he bore,
Down reaching to his feet, he tripp'd, and thus
Entangled, backward fell; and as he fell,
Around his temples clatter'd loud his helm.
Hector beheld, and o'er him stood in haste,
And with his spear transfix'd his breast, and slew
Before his comrades' eyes; yet dar'd not one,
Though grieving for their comrade's loss, advance
To rescue; such of Hector was their awe.
They fronted now the ships; the leading prows
Which first were drawn on shore, still barr'd their way;
Yet on they stream'd; and from the foremost ships,
Now hardly press'd, the Greeks perforce retir'd;
But closely mass'd before the tents they stood,
Not scatter'd o'er the camp; by shame restrain'd,
And fear; and loudly each exhorted each.

Gerenian Nestor chief, the prop of Greece,
Thus by their fathers singly each adjur'd:
"Quit ye like men, dear friends; and think it shame
To forfeit now the praise of other men;
Let each man now his children and his wife,
His fortunes and his parents, bear in mind;
And not the living only, but the dead;
For them, the absent, I, your suppliant, pray,
That firm ye stand, and scorn disgraceful flight."
His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast;
And from their eyeballs Pallas purg'd away
The film of darkness; and on ev'ry side,
Both tow'rd the ships and tow'rd the level fight,
Clear light diffus'd; there Hector they discern'd,
And all his comrades, those who stood aloof,
And those who near the ships maintain'd the war.
Then was not Ajax' mighty soul content
To stand where stood the other sons of Greece;
Along the vessels' lofty decks he mov'd
With haughty stride; a pond'rous boarding-pike,
Well polish'd, and with rivets well secur'd,
Of two and twenty cubits' length, he bore.

As one well-skill'd in feats of horsemanship,
Who from a troop of horses on the plain
Has parted four, and down the crowded road,
While men and women all in wonder gaze,
Drives tow'rd the city; and with force untir'd
From one to other springs, as on they fly;
O'er many a vessel's deck so Ajax pass'd
With lofty stride, and voice that reach'd to Heav'n,
As loudly shouting on the Greeks he call'd
To save their ships and tents: nor Hector stay'd
Amid the closely buckler'd Trojan ranks;
But, as upon a flock of birds, that feed
Beside a river's bank, or geese, or cranes,
Or long-neck'd swans, a fiery eagle swoops;
So on the dark-prow'd ship with furious rush
Swept Hector down; him Jove with mighty hand
Sustain'd, and with him forward urg'd the crowd.
Fierce round the ships again the battle rag'd;
Well might ye deem no previous toil had worn
Their strength, who in that dread encounter met;
With edge so keen, and stubborn will they fought.
But varying far their hopes and fears: the Greeks

Of safety and escape from death despair'd;
While high the hopes in ev'ry Trojan's breast,
To burn the ships, and slay the warlike Greeks;
So minded each, oppos'd in arms they stood.
On a swift-sailing vessel's stern, that bore
Protesiläus to the coast of Troy,
But to his native country bore not thence,
Hector had laid his hand; around that ship
Trojans and Greeks in mutual slaughter join'd.
The arrow's or the jav'lin's distant flight
They waited not, but, fir'd with equal rage,
Fought hand to hand, with axe and hatchet keen,
And mighty swords, and double-pointed spears.
Many a fair-hilted blade, with iron bound,
Dropp'd from the hands, or from the sever'd arms,
Of warrior chiefs; the dark earth ran with blood:
Yet loos'd not Hector of the stern his hold,
But grasp'd the poop, and on the Trojans call'd;
"Bring fire, and all together loud and clear
Your war-cry raise; this day will Jove repay
Our labours all, with capture of those ships,
Which hither came, against the will of Heav'n,

And which on us unnumber'd ills have brought,
By our own Elders' fault, who me, desiring
Ev'n at their vessels' sterns to urge the war,
Withheld, and to the town the troops confin'd.
But Jove all-seeing, if he then o'errul'd
Our better mind, himself is now our aid."
Thus he: they onward press'd with added zeal;
Nor Ajax yet endur'd, by hostile spears
Now sorely gall'd; yet but a little space,
Back to the helmsman's sev'n-foot board he mov'd,
Expecting death; and left the lofty deck,
Where long he stood on guard; but still his spear
The Trojans kept aloof, whoe'er essay'd
Amid the ships to launch th' unwearied flames;
And, loudly shouting, to the Greeks he call'd:
"Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars,
Quit ye like men! dear friends, remember now
Your wonted valour! think ye in your rear
To find supporting forces, or some fort
Whose walls may give you refuge from your foe?
No city is nigh, whose well-appointed tow'rs,
Mann'd by a friendly race, may give us aid;

But here, upon the well-arm'd Trojans' soil,
And only resting on the sea, we lie
Far from our country; not in faint retreat,
But in our own good arms, our safety lies."
He said; and with his sharp-edg'd spear his words
He follow'd up; if any Trojan dar'd,
By Hector's call inspir'd, with fiery brand
To assail the ships, him with his ponderous spear
Would Ajax meet; and thus before the ships
Twelve warriors, hand to hand, his prowess felt.

ARGUMENT.

THE SIXTH BATTLE; THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

BOOK XVI.

THUS round the well-mann'd ship they wag'd the war:
Meanwhile by Peleus' son Patroclus stood,
Weeping hot tears; as some dark-water'd fount
Pours o'er a craggy rock its gloomy stream;
Achilles, swift of foot, with pity saw,
And to his friend these wingèd words address'd:
"Why weeps Patroclus, like an infant girl,
That prays her mother, by whose side she runs,
To take her up; and, clinging to her gown,
Impedes her way, and still with tearful eyes
Looks in her face, until she take her up?
Ev'n as that girl, Patroclus, such art thou,
Shedding soft tears: hast thou some tidings brought
Touching the gen'ral weal, or me alone?
Or have some evil news from Phthia come,
Known but to thee? Menœtius, Actor's son,
Yet surely lives; and 'mid his Myrmidons

Lives aged Peleus, son of Æacus:
Their deaths indeed might well demand our tears:
Or weep'st thou for the Greeks, who round their ships
By death their former insolence repay?
Speak out, that I may know thy cause of grief."
To whom, with bitter groans, Patroclus thus:
"O son of Peleus, noblest of the Greeks,
Achilles, be not wroth! such weight of woe
The Grecian camp oppresses; in their ships
They who were late their bravest and their best,
Sore wounded all by spear or arrow lie;
The valiant son of Tydeus, Diomed,
Pierc'd by a shaft, Ulysses by a spear,
And Agamemnon's self; Eurypylus
By a sharp arrow through the thigh transfix'd;
For these, the large resources of their art
The leeches ply, and on their wounds attend;
While thou, Achilles, still remain'st unmov'd.
Oh, be it never mine to nurse such hate
As thou retain'st, inflexibly severe!
Who e'er may hope in future days by thee
To profit, if thou now forbear to save

The Greeks from shame and loss? Unfeeling man!
Sure Peleus, horseman brave, was ne'er thy sire,
Nor Thetis bore thee; from the cold grey sea
And craggy rocks thou hadst thy birth; so hard
And stubborn is thy soul. But if the fear
Of evil prophesied thyself restrain,
Or message by thy Goddess-mother brought
From Jove, yet send me forth with all thy force
Of Myrmidons, to be the saving light
Of Greece; and let me to the battle bear
Thy glitt'ring arms, if so the men of Troy,
Scar'd by thy likeness, may forsake the field,
And breathing-time afford the sons of Greece,
Toil-worn; for little pause has yet been theirs.
Fresh and unwearied, we may drive with ease
To their own city, from our ships and tents,
The Trojans, worn and battle-wearied men."

Thus pray'd he, all unwisely; for the pray'r
He utter'd, to himself was fraught with death;
To whom, much griev'd, Achilles, swift of foot:
"Heav'n-born Patroclus, oh, what words are these!
Of prophecy I reck not, though I know;

Nor message hath my mother brought from Jove;
But it afflicts my soul, when one I see
That basely robs his equal of his prize,
His lawful prize, by highest valour won;
Such grief is mine, such wrong have I sustain'd.
Her, whom the sons of Greece on me bestow'd,
Prize of my spear, the well-wall'd city storm'd,
The mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Hath borne by force away, as from the hands
Of some dishonour'd, houseless vagabond.
But let the past be past; I never meant
My wrath should have no end; yet had not thought
My anger to abate, till my own ships
Should hear the war-cry, and the battle bear.
But go, and in my well-known armour clad,
Lead forth the valiant Myrmidons to war,
Since the dark cloud of Trojans circles round
The ships in force; and on the shingly beach,
Pent up in narrow limits, lie the Greeks;
And all the city hath pour'd its numbers forth
In hope undoubting; for they see no more
My helm among them flashing; else in flight

Their dead would choke the streams, if but to me
Great Agamemnon bore a kindly mind:
But round the camp the battle now is wag'd.
No more the hands of valiant Diomed,
The Greeks protecting, hurl his fiery spear;
Nor hear I now, from his detested lips,
The shout of Agamemnon; all around
Is heard the warrior-slayer Hector's voice,
Cheering his Trojans; with triumphant cries
They, from the vanquish'd Greeks, hold all the plain.
Nathless do thou, Patroclus, in defence
Fall boldly on, lest they with blazing fire
Our ships destroy, and hinder our retreat.
But hear, and ponder well the end of all
I have to say, and so for me obtain
Honour and glory in the eyes of Greece;
And that the beauteous maiden to my arms
They may restore, with costly gifts to boot.
The ships reliev'd, return forthwith; and though
The Thund'rer, Juno's Lord, should crown thine arms
With triumph, be not rash, apart from me,
In combat with the warlike sons of Troy;

(So should my name in less repute be held;)
Nor, in the keen excitement of the fight
And slaughter of the Trojans, lead thy troops
On tow'rd the city, lest thou find thyself
By some one of th' immortal Gods oppos'd;
For the far-darting Phœbus loves them well;
But when in safety thou hast plac'd the ships,
Delay not to return, and leave the rest
To battle on the plain: for would to Jove,
To Pallas and Apollo, that not one,
Or Greek or Trojan, might escape from death,
Save only thou and I; that so we two
Alone might raze the sacred tow'rs of Troy."

Such converse held they; while by hostile spears
Hard press'd, no longer Ajax might endure;
At once by Jove's high will and Trojan foes
O'ermaster'd; loud beneath repeated blows
Clatter'd around his brow the glitt'ring helm,
As on the well-wrought crest the weapons fell;
And his left arm grew faint, that long had borne
The burthen of his shield; yet nought avail'd
The press of spears to drive him from his post;

Lab'ring he drew his breath, his ev'ry limb
With sweat was reeking; breathing space was none;
Blow follow'd blow, and ills were heap'd on ill.
Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,
How first the fire assail'd the Grecian ships.
Hector approach'd, and on the ashen spear
Of Ajax, close behind the head, let fall
His mighty sword; right through he clove the wood;
And in his hand the son of Telamon
The headless shaft held bootless; far away,
Loud ringing, fell to earth the brazen point.
Ajax, dismayed, perceived the hand of Heaven,
And knew that Jove the Thunderer had decreed
To thwart his hopes, and victory give to Troy.
Slow he retir'd; and to the vessel they
The blazing torch applied; high rose the flame
Unquenchable, and wrapp'd the poop in fire.
The son of Peleus saw, and with his palm
Smote on his thigh, and to Patroclus call'd:
"Up, nobly born Patroclus, car-borne chief!
Up, for I see above the ships ascend

The hostile fires; and lest they seize the ships,
And hinder our retreat, do thou in haste
Thine armour don, while I arouse the troops."
He said: his dazzling arms Patroclus donn'd:
First on his legs the well-wrought greaves he fix'd,
Fasten'd with silver clasps; his ample chest
The breastplate of Achilles, swift of foot,
Star-spangled, richly wrought, defended well;
Around his shoulders slung, his sword he bore,
Brass-bladed, silver-studded; next his shield
Weighty and strong; and on his firm-set head
A helm he wore, well-wrought, with horsehair plume
That nodded, fearful, o'er his brow; his hand
Grasp'd two stout spears, familiar to his hold.
One spear Achilles had, long, pond'rous, tough;
But this he touch'd not; none of all the Greeks,
None, save Achilles' self, that spear could poise;
The far-fam'd Pelian ash, which to his sire,
On Pelion's summit fell'd, to be the bane
Of mightiest chiefs, the Centaur Chiron gave.
Then to Automedon he gave command
To yoke the horses: him he honour'd most,

Next to Achilles' self; the trustiest he
In battle to await his chief's behest.
The flying steeds he harness'd to the car,
Xanthus and Balius, fleeter than the winds;
Whom, grazing in the marsh by ocean's stream,
Podarge, swift of foot, to Zephyr bore:
And by their side the matchless Pedasus,
Whom from the capture of Eëtion's town
Achilles bore away; a mortal horse,
But with immortal coursers meet to vie.

Meantime Achilles, through their several tents,
Summon'd to arms the warlike Myrmidons.
They all, like rav'ning wolves, of courage high,
That on the mountain side have hunted down
An antler'd stag, and batten'd on his flesh:
Their chaps all dyed with blood, in troops they go,
With their lean tongues from some black-water'd fount
To lap the surface of the dark cool wave,
Their jaws with blood yet reeking, unsubdued
Their courage, and their bellies gorg'd with flesh;
So round Pelides' valiant follower throng'd
The chiefs and rulers of the Myrmidons.

Achilles in the midst to charioteers
And buckler'd warriors issued his commands.
Fifty swift ships Achilles, dear to Jove,
Led to the coast of Troy; and rang'd in each
Fifty brave comrades mann'd the rowers' seats.
O'er these five chiefs, on whom he most relied,
He plac'd, himself the Sov'reign Lord of all.
One band Menestheus led, with glancing mail,
Son of Sperchius, Heav'n-descended stream;
Him Peleus' daughter, Polydora fair,
A mortal in a God's embrace compress'd,
To stout Sperchius bore; but, by repute,
To Borus, Perieres' son, who her
In public, and with ample dow'r, espous'd.
The brave Eudorus led the second band,
Whom Phylas' daughter, Polymele fair,
To Hermes bore; the maid he saw, and lov'd,
Amid the virgins, mingling in the dance
Of golden-shafted Dian, Huntress-Queen;
He to her chamber access found, and gain'd
By stealth her bed; a valiant son she bore,
Eudorus, swift of foot, in battle strong.

But when her infant, by Lucina's aid,
Was brought to light, and saw the face of day,
Her to his home, with ample dow'r enrich'd,
Echecles, son of Actor, bore away;
While him the aged Phylas kept, and nurs'd
With tender care, and cherish'd as his own.
The brave Peisander, son of Mæmalus,
The third commanded; of the Myrmidons,
Next to Pelides' friend, the noblest spear.
The fourth, the aged warrior Phœnix led;
The fifth, Alcimedon, Laerces' son:
These in their order due Achilles first
Array'd, and next with stirring words address'd:
"Ye Myrmidons, forget not now the vaunts
Which, while my wrath endur'd, ye largely pour'd
Upon the Trojans; me ye freely blam'd;
'Ill-omen'd son of Peleus, sure in wrath
Thou wast conceiv'd, implacable, who here
In idleness enforc'd thy comrades keep'st!
'Twere better far our homeward way to take,
If such pernicious rancour fill thy soul!'
Thus ye reproach'd me oft! Lo! now ye have

The great occasion which your souls desir'd!
Then on, and with brave hearts the Trojans meet!"
His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast,
And more compact, beneath their monarch's eye,
Their ranks were form'd; as when the builder lays
The closely-fitting stones, to form the wall
Of some great house, and brave the winds of Heav'n;
So close were fitted helm and bossy shield;
Buckler on buckler press'd, and helm on helm,
And man on man; the horsehair plumes above,
That nodded, fearful, from the warriors' brows,
Each other touch'd; so closely mass'd they stood.
Before them all stood prominent in arms
Two chiefs, Patroclus and Automedon,
Both with one thought possess'd, to lead the fight
In the fore-front of all the Myrmidons.
Achilles then within his tent withdrew,
And of a gorgeous coffer rais'd the lid,
Well-wrought, by silver-footed Thetis plac'd
On board his ship, and fill'd with rich attire,
With store of wind-proof cloaks, and carpets soft.
There lay a goblet, richly chas'd, whence none,

But he alone, might drink the ruddy wine,
Nor might libations thence to other Gods
Be made, save only Jove: this brought he forth,
And first with sulphur purified, and next
Wash'd with pure water; then his hands he wash'd,
And drew the ruddy wine; then standing forth
Made in the centre of the court his pray'r,
And as he pour'd the wine, look'd up to Heav'n,
Not unbeheld of Jove, the lightning's Lord:
"Great King, Dodona's Lord, Pelasgian Jove,
Who dwell'st on high, and rul'st with sov'reign sway
Dodona's wintry heights; where dwell around
Thy Sellian priests, men of unwashen feet,
That on the bare ground sleep; thou once before
Hast heard my pray'r, and me with honour crown'd,
And on the Greeks inflicted all thy plagues;
Hear yet again, and this my boon accord.
I 'mid the throng of ships myself remain;
But with a num'rous force of Myrmidons
I send my comrade in my stead to fight:
On him, all-seeing Jove, thy favour pour;
Strengthen his heart, that Hector's self may learn

If, e'en alone, my follower knows to fight,
Or only then resistless pow'r displays,
When I myself the toil of battle share.
And from our vessels when the foe is driv'n,
Grant that with all his arms and comrades true
He may in safety to the ships return."
Thus pray'd he; Jove, the Lord of counsel, heard,
And half his pray'r he granted, half denied:
For from the ships the battle to repel
He granted; but denied his safe return.
His pray'rs and off'rings ended, to the tent
Achilles turn'd again, and in the chest
Replac'd the cup; then issuing forth, he stood
Before the tent; for much he long'd to see
The Greeks and Trojans join in battle strife.
They who in arms round brave Patroclus stood
Their line of battle form'd, with courage high
To dash upon the Trojans; and as wasps
That have their nest beside the public road,
Which boys delight to vex and irritate
In wanton play, but to the gen'ral harm;
Them if some passing trav'ller unawares

Disturb, with angry courage forth they rush
In one continuous swarm, to guard their nest:
E'en with such courage pour'd the Myrmidons
Forth from the ships; then uproar wild arose,
And loud Patroclus on his comrades call'd:
"Ye valiant Myrmidons, who boast yourselves
Achilles' comrades, quit ye now like men;
Your ancient valour prove; to Peleus' son,
Of all the Greeks the noblest, so shall we,
His faithful followers, highest honour give;
And Agamemnon's haughty self shall mourn
The slight on Grecia's bravest warrior cast."
His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast.
Thick on the Trojan host their masses fell;
While loud the fleet re-echoed to the sound
Of Grecian cheers; but when the Trojans saw,
Blazing in arms, Menœtius' godlike son,
Himself, and follower; quail'd the spirits of all;
Their firm-set ranks were shaken; for they deem'd
Achilles had beside the ships exchang'd
His wrath for friendship; and each sev'ral man
Look'd round, to find his own escape from death.

Then first Patroclus aim'd his glitt'ring spear
Amid the crowd, where thickest round the ships
Of brave Protesiläus, raged the war;
And struck Pyræchmes, who from Amydon,
From the wide-flowing stream of Axius, led
The horsehair-crested Pæons; him he struck
Through the right shoulder; backwards in the dust,
Groaning, he fell; around him quail'd with fear
His Pæons all, such terror in their ranks
Patroclus threw, their bravest leader slain,
The foremost in the fight; the crowd he drove
Far from the ships, and quench'd the blazing fire.
There lay the half-burnt ship; with shouts confus'd
The Trojans fled; and from amid the ships
Forth pour'd the Greeks; and loud the clamour rose.
As when around a lofty mountain's top
The lightning's Lord dispels a mass of cloud,
And ev'ry crag, and ev'ry jutting peak
Is plainly seen, and ev'ry forest glade;
And the deep vault of Heav'n is open'd wide;
So when the Greeks had clear'd the ships of fire,
They breath'd awhile; yet ceas'd not so the strife;

For not in headlong panic from the ships
The Trojans by the valiant Greeks were driv'n,
But, though perforce retiring, still made head.
Then of the chiefs, as wider spread the fight,
Each singled each; Menœtius' noble son
First threw his pointed spear, and on the thigh
Struck Arëilochus, in act to turn;
Right through the point was driv'n; the weighty spear
Shatter'd the bone, and prone to earth he fell.
The warlike Meneläus aim'd his spear
Where Thoas' breast, unguarded by his shield,
Was left expos'd; and slack'd his limbs in death.
Phyleus' brave son, as rush'd Amphiclus on,
Stood firm, with eye observant; then th' attack
Preventing, through his thigh, high up, where lie
The strongest muscles, smote; the weapon's point
Sever'd the tendons; darkness clos'd his eyes.
Of Nestor's sons, Antilochus, the first,
Atymnius wounded, driving through his flank
The brazen spear; prone on his face he fell.
Then, burning to avenge his brother's death,
Stood Maris o'er the corpse, and hand to hand

Engaged Antilochus; but ere a blow
Was struck, the godlike Thrasymedes drove
Through his right shoulder, with unerring aim,
His glitt'ring spear; the point his upper arm
Tore from the muscles, shatt'ring all the bone:
Thund'ring he fell, and darkness clos'd his eyes.
So to the shades, by those two brethren's hands
Subdued, Sarpedon's comrades brave were sent,
The sons of Amisodarus, who rear'd
The dread Chimæra, bane of mortal men.
On Cleobulus, wounded in the press,
Ajax Oïleus sprang, and captive took,
Alive; but sudden on his neck let fall
His hilted sword, and quench'd the fire of life.
The hot blood dyed the sword; the darkling shades
Of death, and rig'rous fate, his eyes o'erspread.
Then Peneleus and Lycon, hand to hand,
Engag'd in combat; both had miss'd their aim,
And bootless hurl'd their weapons; then with swords
They met; first Lycon on the crested helm
Dealt a fierce blow; but in his hand the blade
Up to the hilt was shiver'd; then the sword

Of Peneleus his neck, below the ear,
Dissever'd; deeply in his throat the blade
Was plung'd, and by the skin alone was stay'd;
Down droop'd his head, his limbs relax'd in death.
Meriones by speed of foot o'ertook,
And, as his car he mounted, Acamas
Though the right shoulder pierc'd; down from the car
He fell; the shades of death his eyes o'erspread.
Full on the mouth of Erymas was thrust
The weapon of Idomeneus; right through,
The white bones crashing, pass'd the brazen spear
Below the brain; his teeth were shatter'd all;
With blood, which with convulsive sobs he blew
From mouth and nostril, both his eyes were fill'd;
And death's dark cloud encompass'd him around.
Thus slew the Grecian leaders each his man.

As rav'ning wolves, that lambs or kids assail,
Stray'd from their dams, by careless shepherds left
Upon the mountain scatter'd; these they see,
And tear at once their unresisting prey;
So on the Trojans fell the Greeks; in rout
Disastrous they, unmann'd by terror, fled.

Great Ajax still, unwearied, long'd to hurl
His spear at Hector of the brazen helm;
But he, well skill'd in war, his shoulders broad
Protected by his shield of tough bull's hide,
Watch'd for the whizzing shafts, and jav'lins' whirr.
Full well he knew the tide of battle turn'd,
Yet held his ground, his trusty friends to save.
As from Olympus, o'er the clear blue sky
Pour the dark clouds, when Jove the vault of Heav'n
O'erspreads with storm and tempest, from the ships
So pour'd with panic cries the flying host,
And in disorder'd rout recross'd the trench.
Then Hector's flying coursers bore him safe
Far from the struggling masses, whom the ditch
Detain'd perforce; there many a royal car
With broken pole th' unharness'd horses left.
On, shouting to the Greeks, Patroclus press'd
The flying Trojans; they, with panic cries,
Dispers'd, the roads encumber'd; high uprose
The storms of dust, as from the tents and ships
Back to the city stretch'd the flying steeds;
And ever where the densest throng appear'd

With furious threats Patroclus urg'd his course;
His glowing axle trac'd by prostrate men
Hurl'd from their cars, and chariots overthrown.
Flew o'er the deep-sunk trench th' immortal steeds,
The noble prize the Gods to Peleus gave,
Still onward straining; for he long'd to reach,
And hurl his spear at Hector; him meanwhile
His flying steeds in safety bore away.
As in th' autumnal season, when the earth
With weight of rain is saturate; when Jove
Pours down his fiercest storms in wrath to men,
Who in their courts unrighteous judgments pass,
And justice yield to lawless violence,
The wrath of Heav'n despising; ev'ry stream
Is brimming o'er: the hills in gullies deep
Are by the torrents seam'd, which, rushing down
From the high mountains to the dark-blue sea,
With groans and tumult urge their headlong course,
Wasting the works of man; so urg'd their flight,
So, as they fled, the Trojan horses groan'd.
The foremost ranks cut off, back tow'rd the ships
Patroclus drove them, baffling their attempts

To gain the city; and in middle space
Between the ships, the stream, and lofty wall,
Dealt slaughter round him, and of many a chief
The bitter penalty of death requir'd.
Then Pronöus with his glitt'ring spear he struck,
Where by the shield his breast was left expos'd,
And slack'd his limbs in death; thund'ring he fell.
Next Thestor, son of Œnops, he assail'd;
He on his polish'd car, down-crouching, sat,
His mind by fear disorder'd; from his hands
The reins had dropp'd; him, thrusting with the spear,
Through the right cheek and through the teeth he smote,
Then dragg'd him, by the weapon, o'er the rail.
As when an angler on a prominent rock
Drags from the sea to shore with hook and line
A weighty fish; so him Patroclus dragg'd,
Gaping, from off the car; and dash'd him down
Upon his face; and life forsook his limbs.
Next Eryalus, eager for the fray,
On the mid forehead with a mighty stone
He struck; beneath the pond'rous helmet's weight
The skull was split in twain; prostrate he fell,

By life-consuming death encompass'd round.
Forthwith Amphoterus, and Erymas,
Epaltes, Echius, and Tlepolemus,
Son of Damastor, Pyris, Ipheus brave,
Euippus, Polymelus, Argeas' son,
In quick succession to the ground he brought.
Sarpedon his ungirdled forces saw
Promiscuous fall before Menœtius' son,
And to the Lycians call'd in loud reproof:
"Shame, Lycians! whither fly ye? why this haste?
I will myself this chief confront, and learn
Who this may be of bearing proud and high,
Who on the Trojans grievous harm hath wrought,
And many a warrior's limbs relax'd in death."
He said, and from his car, accoutred, sprang;
Patroclus saw, and he too leap'd to earth.
As on a lofty rock, with angry screams,
Hook-beak'd, with talons curv'd, two vultures fight;
So with loud shouts these two to battle rush'd.
The son of Saturn pitying saw, and thus
To Juno spoke, his sister and his wife:
"Woe, woe! that fate decrees my best-belov'd,

Sarpedon, by Patroclus' hand to fall;
E'en now conflicting thoughts my soul divide,
To bear him from the fatal strife unhurt,
And set him down on Lycia's fertile plains,
Or leave him by Patroclus' hand to fall."
Whom answer'd thus the stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n:
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?
Wouldst thou a mortal man from death withdraw
Long since by fate decreed? Do what thou wilt;
Yet cannot we, the rest, applaud thine act.
This too I say, and turn it in thy mind:
If to his home Sarpedon thou restore
Alive, bethink thee, will not other Gods
Their sons too from the stubborn fight withdraw?
For in the field around the walls of Troy
Are many sons of Gods, in all of whom
This act of thine will angry feelings rouse.
But if thou love him, and thy soul deplore
His coming doom, yet in the stubborn fight
Leave him beneath Patroclus' hand to fall:
Then, when his spirit hath fled, the charge assign
To Death and gentle Sleep, that in their arms

They bear him safe to Lycia's wide-spread plains:
There shall his brethren and his friends perform
His fun'ral rites, and mound and column raise,
The fitting tribute to the mighty dead."
Thus she; the Sire of Gods and men complied:
But to the ground some drops of blood let fall,
In honour of his son, whom fate decreed,
Far from his country, on the fertile plains
Of Troy to perish by Patroclus' hand.
As near the champions drew, Patroclus first
His weapon hurl'd, and Thrasymedes brave,
The faithful follower of Sarpedon, struck
Below the waist, and slack'd his limbs in death.
Thrown in his turn, Sarpedon's glitt'ring spear
Flew wide; and Pedasus, the gallant horse,
Through the right shoulder wounded; with a scream
He fell, and in the dust breath'd forth his life,
As, shrieking loud, his noble spirit fled.
This way and that his two companions swerv'd;
Creak'd the strong yoke, and tangled were the reins,
As in the dust the prostrate courser lay.
Automedon the means of safety saw;

And drawing from beside his brawny thigh
His keen-edg'd sword, with no uncertain blow
Cut loose the fallen horse; again set straight,
The two, extended, stretch'd the tightened rein.
Again in mortal strife the warriors clos'd:
Once more Sarpedon hurl'd his glitt'ring spear
In vain; above Patroclus' shoulder flew
The point, innocuous; from his hand in turn
The spear not vainly thrown, Sarpedon struck
Where lies the diaphragm, below the heart.
He fell; as falls an oak, or poplar tall,
Or lofty pine, which on the mountain top
For some proud ship the woodman's axe hath hewn:
So he, with death-cry sharp, before his car
Extended lay, and clutch'd the blood-stain'd soil.
As when a lion on the herd has sprung,
And, 'mid the heifers seiz'd, the lordly bull
Lies bellowing, crush'd between the lion's jaws;
So by Patroclus slain, the Lycian chief,
Undaunted still, his faithful comrade call'd:
"Good Glaucus, warrior tried, behoves thee now
Thy spearmanship to prove, and warlike might.

Welcome the fray; put forth thine utmost speed;
Call on the Lycian chiefs, on ev'ry side,
To press around, and for Sarpedon fight;
Thou too thine arms for my protection wield;
For I to thee, through all thy future days,
Shall be a ceaseless scandal and reproach,
If me, thus slain before the Grecian ships,
The Greeks be suffer'd of my arms to spoil:
But stand thou fast, and others' courage raise."
Thus as he spoke, the shades of death o'erspread
His eyes and nostrils; then with foot firm-set
Upon his chest, Patroclus from the corpse
Drew, by main force, the fast-adhering spear;
The life forth issuing with the weapon's point.
Loos'd from the royal car, the snorting steeds,
Eager for flight, the Myrmidons detain'd.
Deep-grieving, Glaucus heard his voice: and chafed
His spirit within him, that he lacked the power
To aid his comrade; with his hand he grasp'd
His wounded arm, in torture from the shaft
By Teucer shot, to save the Greeks from death,
As on he pressed to scale the lofty wall:

Then to Apollo thus address'd his pray'r:

"Hear me, great King, who, as on Lycia's plains,
Art here in Troy; and hear'st in ev'ry place
Their voice who suffer, as I suffer now.
A grievous wound I bear, and sharpest pangs
My arm assail, nor may the blood be stanch'd:
The pain weighs down my shoulder; and my hand
Hath lost its pow'r to fight, or grasp my spear.
Sarpedon, bravest of the brave, is slain,
The son of Jove; yet Jove preserv'd him not.
But thou, O King, this grievous wound relieve;
Assuage the pain, and give me strength to urge
My Lycian comrades to maintain the war,
And fight myself to guard the noble dead."

Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r Apollo heard,
Assuag'd his pains, and from the grievous wound
Stanch'd the dark blood, and fill'd his soul with strength.
Glaucus within himself perceiv'd, and knew,
Rejoicing, that the God had heard his pray'r.
The Lycian leaders first on ev'ry side
He urg'd to hasten for their King to fight:
Then 'mid the Trojans went with lofty step,

And first to Panthöus' son, Polydamas,
To brave Agenor and Æneas next;
Then Hector of the brazen helm himself
Approaching, thus with wingèd words address'd:
"Hector, forgett'st thou quite thy brave allies,
Who freely in thy cause pour forth their lives,
Far from their home and friends? but they from thee
No aid receive; Sarpedon lies in death,
The leader of the buckler'd Lycian bands,
Whose justice and whose pow'r were Lycia's shield;
Him by Patroclus' hand hath Mars subdued.
But, friends, stand by me now! with just revenge
Inspir'd, determine that the Myrmidons
Shall not, how griev'd soe'er for all the Greeks
Who by our spears beside the ships have fall'n,
Our dead dishonour, and his arms obtain."
He said; and through the Trojans thrill'd the sense
Of grief intolerable, unrestrain'd;
For he, though stranger-born, was of the State
A mighty pillar; and his followers
A num'rous host; and he himself in fight
Among the foremost; so, against the Greeks,

With fiery zeal they rush'd, by Hector led,
Griev'd for Sarpedon's loss; on th' other side
Patroclus' manly heart the Greeks arous'd,
And to th' Ajaces first, themselves inflamed
With warlike zeal, he thus address'd his speech:
"Ye sons of Ajax, now is come the time
Your former fame to rival, or surpass:
The man hath fall'n, who first o'erleap'd our wall,
Sarpedon; now remains, that, having slain,
We should his corpse dishonour, and his arms
Strip off; and should some comrade dare attempt
His rescue, him too with our spears subdue."
He said; and they, with martial ardour fir'd,
Rush'd to the conflict. When on either side
The reinforc'd battalions were array'd,
Trojans and Lycians, Myrmidons and Greeks
Around the dead in sternest combat met,
With fearful shouts; and loud their armour rang.
Then, to enhance the horror of the strife
Around his son, with darkness Jove o'erspread
The stubborn fight: the Trojans first drove back
The keen-ey'd Greeks; for first a warrior fell,

Not of the meanest 'mid the Myrmidons,
Epegeus, son of valiant Agacles;
Who in Budæum's thriving state bore rule
Erewhile; but flying for a kinsman slain,
To Peleus and the silver-footed Queen
He came a suppliant; with Achilles thence
To Ilium sent, to join the war of Troy.
Him, as he stretch'd his hand to seize the dead,
Full on the forehead with a massive stone
Great Hector smote; within the pond'rous helm
The skull was split in twain; prone on the corpse
He fell, by life-destroying death subdued.
Griev'd was Patroclus for his comrade slain;
Forward he darted, as a swift-wing'd hawk,
That swoops amid the starlings and the daws;
So swift didst thou, Patroclus, car-borne chief,
Upon the Trojans and the Lycians spring,
Thy soul with anger for thy comrade fill'd.
A pond'rous stone he hurl'd at Sthenelas,
Son of Ithæmenes; the mighty mass
Fell on his neck, and all the muscles crush'd.
Back drew great Hector and the chiefs of Troy;

Far as a jav'lin's flight, in sportive strife,
Or in the deadly battle, hurl'd by one
His utmost strength exerting; back so far
The Trojans drew, so far the Greeks pursued.
Glaucus, the leader of the Lycian spears,
First turning, slew the mighty Bathycles,
The son of Chalcon; he in Hellas dwelt,
In wealth surpassing all the Myrmidons.
Him, as he gain'd upon him in pursuit,
Quick turning, Glaucus through the breast transfix'd;
Thund'ring he fell; deep grief possess'd the Greeks
At loss of one so valiant; fiercely joy'd
The Trojans, and around him crowded thick;
Nor of their wonted valour were the Greeks
Oblivious, but still onward held their course.
Then slew Meriones a crested chief,
The bold Laogonus, Onetor's son;
Onetor, of Idæan Jove the priest,
And by the people as a God rever'd.
Below the ear he struck him; from his limbs
The spirit fled, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Then at Meriones Æneas threw

His brazen spear, in hopes beneath his shield
To find a spot unguarded; he beheld,
And downward stooping, shunn'd the brazen death;
Behind him far, deep in the soil infix'd,
The weapon stood; there Mars its impulse stay'd;
So, bootless hurl'd, though by no feeble hand,
Æneas' spear stood quiv'ring in the ground;
Then thus in wrath he cried: "Meriones,
Had it but struck thee, nimble as thou art,
My spear had brought thy dancing to a close."
To whom the spearman skill'd, Meriones:
"Brave as thou art, Æneas, 'tis too much
For thee to hope the might of all to quell,
Who dare confront thee; thou art mortal too!
And if my aim be true, and should my spear
But strike thee fair, all valiant as thou art,
And confident, yet me thy fall shall crown
With triumph, and thy soul to Hades send."
He said; and him Menœtius' noble son
Address'd with grave rebuke: "Meriones,
Brave warrior, why thus waste the time in words?
Trust me, good friend, 'tis not by vaunting speech,

Unseconded by deeds, that we may hope
To scare away the Trojans from the slain:
Hands are for battle, words for council meet;
Boots it not now to wrangle, but to fight."
He said, and led the way; him follow'd straight
The godlike chief; forthwith, as loudly rings,
Amid the mountain forest's deep recess,
The woodman's axe, and far is heard the sound;—
So from the wide-spread earth their clamour rose,
As brazen arms, and shields, and tough bull's-hide
Encounter'd swords and double-pointed spears.
Nor might the sharpest sight Sarpedon know,
From head to foot with wounds and blood and dust
Disfigur'd; thickly round the dead they swarm'd.
As when at spring-tide in the cattle-sheds
Around the milk-cans swarm the buzzing flies,
While the warm milk is frothing in the pail;
So swarm'd they round the dead; nor Jove the while
Turn'd from the stubborn fight his piercing glance;
But still look'd down with gaze intent, and mus'd
Upon Patroclus' coming fate, in doubt,
If he too there beside Sarpedon slain,

Should perish by illustrious Hector's hand,
Spoil'd of his arms; or yet be spared awhile
To swell the labours of the battle-field.
He judg'd it best at length, that once again
The gallant follower of Peleus' son
Should tow'rd the town with fearful slaughter drive
The Trojans, and their brazen-helmèd chief.
First Hector's soul with panic fear he fill'd;
Mounting his car, he fled, and urg'd to flight
The Trojans; for he saw the scales of Jove.
Then nor the valiant Lycians held their ground;
All fled in terror, as they saw their King
Pierc'd through the heart, amid a pile of dead;
For o'er his body many a warrior fell,
When Saturn's son the conflict fierce inflam'd.
Then from Sarpedon's breast they stripp'd his arms,
Of brass refulgent; these Menœtius' son
Sent by his comrades to the ships of Greece.
To Phœbus then the Cloud-compeller thus:
"Hie thee, good Phœbus, from amid the spears
Withdraw Sarpedon, and from all his wounds
Cleanse the dark gore; then bear him far away,

And lave his body in the flowing stream;
Then with divine ambrosia all his limbs
Anointing, clothe him in immortal robes.
To two swift bearers give him then in charge,
To Sleep and Death, twin brothers, in their arms
To bear him safe to Lycia's wide-spread plains:
There shall his brethren and his friends perform
His fun'ral rites, and mound and column raise,
The fitting tribute to the mighty dead."
He said; obedient to his father's words,
Down to the battle-field Apollo sped
From Ida's height; and from amid the spears
Withdrawn, he bore Sarpedon far away,
And lav'd his body in the flowing stream;
Then with divine ambrosia all his limbs
Anointing, cloth'd him in immortal robes;
To two swift bearers gave him then in charge,
To Sleep and Death, twin brothers; in their arms
They bore him safe to Lycia's wide-spread plains.
Then to Automedon Patroclus gave
His orders, and the flying foe pursued.
Oh much deceiv'd, insensate! had he now

But borne in mind the words of Peleus' son,
He might have 'scap'd the bitter doom of death.
But still Jove's will the will of man o'errules:
Who strikes with panic, and of vict'ry robs
The bravest; and anon excites to war;
Who now Patroclus' breast with fury fill'd.
Whom then, Patroclus, first, whom slew'st thou last,
When summon'd by the Gods to meet thy doom?
Adrastus, and Autonöus, Perimus
The son of Meges, and Echeclus next;
Epistor, Melanippus, Elasus,
And Mulius, and Pylartes; these he slew;
The others all in flight their safety found.
Then had the Greeks the lofty-gated town
Of Priam captur'd by Patroclus' hand,
So forward and so fierce he bore his spear;
But on the well-built tow'r Apollo stood,
On his destruction bent, and Troy's defence
The jutting angle of the lofty wall
Patroclus thrice assail'd; his onset thrice
Apollo, with his own immortal hands
Repelling, backward thrust his glitt'ring shield.

But when again, with more than mortal force
He made his fourth attempt, with awful mien
And threat'ning voice the Far-destroyer spoke:
"Back, Heav'n-born chief, Patroclus! not to thee
Hath fate decreed the triumph to destroy
The warlike Trojans' city; no, nor yet
To great Achilles, mightier far than thou."
Thus as he spoke, Patroclus backward stepp'd,
Shrinking before the Far-destroyer's wrath.
Still Hector kept before the Scæan gates
His coursers; doubtful, if again to dare
The battle-throng, or summon all the host
To seek the friendly shelter of the wall.
Thus as he mus'd, beside him Phœbus stood,
In likeness of a warrior stout and brave,
Brother of Hecuba, the uncle thence
Of noble Hector, Asius, Dymas' son;
Who dwelt in Phrygia, by Sangarius' stream;
His form assuming, thus Apollo spoke:
"Hector, why shrink'st thou from the battle thus?
It ill beseems thee! Would to Heav'n that I
So far thy greater were, as thou art mine;

Then sorely shouldst thou rue this abstinence.
But, forward thou! against Patroclus urge
Thy fiery steeds, so haply by his death
Apollo thee with endless fame may crown."
This said, the God rejoin'd the strife of men;
And noble Hector bade Cebriones
Drive 'mid the fight his car; before him mov'd
Apollo, scatt'ring terror 'mid the Greeks,
And lustre adding to the arms of Troy.
All others Hector pass'd unnotic'd by,
Nor stay'd to slay; Patroclus was the mark
At which his coursers' clatt'ring hoofs he drove.
On th' other side, Patroclus from his car
Leap'd to the ground: his left hand held his spear;
And in the right a pond'rous mass he bore
Of rugged stone, that fill'd his ample grasp:
The stone he hurl'd; not far it miss'd its mark,
Nor bootless flew; but Hector's charioteer
It struck, Cebriones, a bastard son
Of royal Priam, as the reins he held.
Full on his temples fell the jagged mass,
Drove both his eyebrows in, and crush'd the bone;

Before him in the dust his eyeballs fell;
And, like a diver, from the well-wrought car
Headlong he plung'd; and life forsook his limbs.
O'er whom Patroclus thus with bitter jest:
"Heav'n! what agility! how deftly thrown
That somersault! if only in the sea
Such feats he wrought, with him might few compete,
Diving for oysters, if with such a plunge
He left his boat, how rough soe'er the waves,
As from his car he plunges to the ground:
Troy can, it seems, accomplish'd tumblers boast."
Thus saying, on Cebriones he sprang,
As springs a lion, through the breast transfix'd,
In act the sheepfold to despoil, and dies
The victim of his courage; so didst thou
Upon Cebriones, Patroclus, spring.
Down from his car too Hector leap'd to earth.
So, o'er Cebriones, oppos'd they stood;
As on the mountain, o'er a slaughter'd stag,
Both hunger-pinch'd, two lions fiercely fight,
So o'er Cebriones two mighty chiefs,
Menœtius' son and noble Hector, strove,

Each in the other bent to plunge his spear.
The head, with grasp unyielding, Hector held;
Patroclus seiz'd the foot; and, crowding round,
Trojans and Greeks in stubborn conflict clos'd.
As when, encount'ring in some mountain-glen,
Eurus and Notus shake the forest deep,
Of oak, or ash, or slender cornel-tree,
Whose tap'ring branches are together thrown,
With fearful din, and crash of broken boughs;
So mix'd confus'dly, Greeks and Trojans fought,
No thought of flight by either entertain'd.
Thick o'er Cebriones the jav'lins flew,
And feather'd arrows, bounding from the string;
And pond'rous stones that on the bucklers rang,
As round the dead they fought; amid the dust
That eddying rose, his art forgotten all,
A mighty warrior, mightily he lay.
While in mid Heav'n the sun pursued his course,
Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell
On either side; but when declining day
Brought on the hour that sees the loosen'd steers,
The Greeks were stronger far; and from the darts

And Trojan battle-cry Cebriones
They drew, and from his breast his armour stripp'd.
Fiercely Patroclus on the Trojans fell:
Thrice he assail'd them, terrible as Mars,
With fearful shouts; and thrice nine foes he slew:
But when again, with more than mortal force
His fourth assault he made, thy term of life,
Patroclus, then approach'd its final close;
For Phœbus' awful self encounter'd thee,
Amid the battle-throng, of thee unseen,
For thickest darkness shrouded all his form:
He stood behind, and with extended palm
Dealt on Patroclus' neck and shoulders broad
A mighty buffet; dizzy swam his eyes,
And from his head Apollo snatch'd the helm;
Clank'd, as it roll'd beneath the horses' feet,
The visor'd helm; the horsehair plume with blood
And dust polluted; never till that day
Was that proud helmet so with dust defil'd,
That wont to deck a godlike chief, and guard
Achilles' noble head, and graceful brow:
Now by the will of Jove to Hector giv'n.

Now death was near at hand; and in his grasp
His spear was shiver'd, pond'rous, long, and tough,
Brass-pointed; with its belt, the ample shield
Fell from his shoulders; and Apollo's hand,
The royal son of Jove, his corslet loos'd.
Then was his mind bewilder'd; and his limbs
Gave way beneath him; all aghast he stood:
Him, from behind, a Dardan, Panthöus' son,
Euphorbus, peerless 'mid the Trojan youth,
To hurl the spear, to run, to drive the car,
Approaching close, between the shoulders stabb'd;
He, train'd to warfare, from his car, ere this
A score of Greeks had from their chariots hurl'd:
Such was the man who thee, Patroclus, first
Wounded, but not subdued; the ashen spear
He, in all haste, withdrew; nor dar'd confront
Patroclus, though disarm'd, in deadly strife.
Back to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks retir'd,
From certain death, Patroclus: by the stroke
Of Phœbus vanquish'd, and Euphorbus' spear:
But Hector, when Patroclus from the fight
He saw retreating, wounded, through the ranks

Advancing, smote him through the flank; right through
The brazen spear was driv'n; thund'ring he fell;
And deeply mourn'd his fall the Grecian host.
As when a lion hath in fight o'erborne
A tuskèd boar, when on the mountain top
They two have met, in all their pride of strength,
Both parch'd with thirst, around a scanty spring;
And vanquish'd by the lion's force, the boar
Hath yielded, gasping; so Menœtius' son,
Great deeds achiev'd, at length beneath the spear
Of noble Hector yielded up his life;
Who o'er the vanquish'd, thus exulting, spoke:
"Patroclus, but of late thou mad'st thy boast
To raze our city walls, and in your ships
To bear away to your far-distant land,
Their days of freedom lost, our Trojan dames:
Fool that thou wast! nor knew'st, in their defence,
That Hector's flying coursers scour'd the plain;
From them, the bravest of the Trojans, I
Avert the day of doom; while on our shores
Thy flesh shall glut the carrion birds of Troy.
Poor wretch! though brave he be, yet Peleus' son

Avail'd thee nought, when, hanging back himself,
With sage advice he sent thee forth to fight:
'Come not to me, Patroclus, car-borne chief,
Nor to the ships return, until thou bear
The warrior-slayer Hector's bloody spoils,
Torn from his body;' such were, I suppose,
His counsels; thou, poor fool, becam'st his dupe."
To whom Patroclus thus in accents faint:
"Hector, thou boastest loudly now, that Jove,
With Phœbus join'd, hath thee with vict'ry crown'd:
They wrought my death, who stripp'd me of my arms.
Had I to deal with twenty such as thee,
They all should perish, vanquish'd by my spear:
Me fate hath slain, and Phœbus; and, of men,
Euphorbus; thou wast but the third to strike.
This too I say, and bear it in thy mind;
Not long shalt thou survive me; death e'en now
And final doom hangs o'er thee, by the hand
Of great Achilles, Peleus' matchless son."
Thus as he spoke, the gloom of death his eyes
O'erspread, and to the shades his spirit fled,
Mourning his fate, his youth and strength cut off.

To whom, though dead, the noble Hector thus:
"Patroclus, why predict my coming fate?
Or who can say but fair-hair'd Thetis' son,
Achilles, by my spear may first be slain?"
He said, and planting firm his foot, withdrew
The brazen spear, and backward drove the dead
From off the weapon's point; then, spear in hand,
Intent to slay, Automedon pursued,
The godlike follower of Æacides:
But him in safety bore th' immortal steeds,
The noble prize the Gods to Peleus gave.

ARGUMENT.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS.—THE ACTS OF MENELAUS.

Menelăus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy; Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelăus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus; Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness; the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelăus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaces, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight-and-twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

BOOK XVII.

NOR was Patroclus' fall, by Trojans slain,
Of warlike Meneläus unobserv'd;
Forward he sprang, in dazzling arms array'd,
And round him mov'd, as round her new-dropp'd calf
Her first, a heifer moves with plaintive moan:
So round Patroclus Meneläus mov'd,
His shield's broad orb and spear before him held,
To all who might oppose him threat'ning death.
Nor, on his side, was Panthöus' noble son
Unmindful of the slain; but, standing near,
The warlike Meneläus thus address'd:
"Illustrious son of Atreus, Heav'n-born chief,
Quit thou the dead; yield up the bloody spoils:
For, of the Trojans and their fam'd Allies,
Mine was the hand that in the stubborn fight
First struck Patroclus; leave me then to wear
Among the men of Troy my honours due,

Lest by my spear thou lose thy cherish'd life."
To whom in anger Meneläus thus:
"O Father Jove, how ill this vaunting tone
Beseems this braggart! In their own esteem,
With Panthöus' sons for courage none may vie;
Nor pard, nor lion, nor the forest boar,
Fiercest of beasts, and proudest of his strength.
Yet nought avail'd to Hyperenor's might
His youthful vigour, when he held me cheap,
And my encounter dar'd; of all the Greeks
He deem'd my prowess least; yet he, I ween,
On his own feet return'd not, to rejoice
His tender wife's and honour'd parents' sight.
So shall thy pride be quell'd, if me thou dare
Encounter; but I warn thee, while 'tis time,
Ere ill betide thee, 'mid the gen'ral throng
That thou withdraw, nor stand to me oppos'd.
After th' event may e'en a fool be wise."
He spoke in vain; Euphorbus thus replied:
"Now, Heav'n-born Meneläus, shalt thou pay
The forfeit for my brother's life, o'er whom,
Slain by thy hand, thou mak'st thy boasting speech.

Thou in the chambers of her new-found home
Hast made his bride a weeping widow; thou
Hast fill'd with bitt'rest grief his parents' hearts:
Some solace might those hapless mourners find,
Could I thy head and armour in the hands
Of Panthöus and of honour'd Phrontis place;
Nor uncontested shall the proof remain,
Nor long deferr'd, of vict'ry or defeat."

He said, and struck the centre of the shield,
But broke not through; against the stubborn brass
The point was bent; then with a pray'r to Jove
The son of Atreus in his turn advanc'd;
And, backward as he stepp'd, below his throat
Took aim, and pressing hard with stalwart hand
Drove through the yielding neck the pond'rous spear:
Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang.
Those locks, that with the Graces' hair might vie,
Those tresses bright, with gold and silver bound,
Were dabbled all with blood. As when a man
Hath rear'd a fair and vig'rous olive plant,
In some lone spot, by copious-gushing springs,
And seen expanding, nurs'd by ev'ry breeze,

Its whit'ning blossoms; till with sudden gust
A sweeping hurricane of wind and rain
Uproots it from its bed, and prostrate lays;
So lay the youthful son of Panthöus, slain
By Atreus' son, and of his arms despoil'd.
And as a lion, in the mountains bred,
In pride of strength, amid the pasturing herd
Seizes a heifer in his pow'rful jaws,
The choicest; and, her neck first broken, rends,
And, on her entrails gorging, laps the blood;
Though with loud clamour dogs and herdsmen round
Assail him from afar, yet ventures none
To meet his rage, for fear is on them all;
So none was there so bold, with dauntless breast
The noble Meneläus' wrath to meet.
Now had Atrides borne away with ease
The spoils of Panthöus' son; but Phœbus grudg'd
His prize of vict'ry, and against him launch'd
The might of Hector, terrible as Mars:
To whom his wingèd words, in Mentes' form,
Chief of the Cicones, he thus address'd:

"Hector, thy labour all is vain, pursuing

Pelides' flying steeds; and hard are they
For mortal man to harness, or control,
Save for Achilles' self, the Goddess-born.
The valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son,
Defends meanwhile Patroclus; and e'en now
Hath slain a noble Trojan, Panthöus' son,
Euphorbus, and his youthful vigour quell'd."
He said, and join'd again the strife of men:
Hector's dark soul with bitter grief was fill'd;
He look'd amid the ranks, and saw the two,
One slain, the other stripping off his arms,
The blood outpouring from the gaping wound.
Forward he sprang, in dazzling arms array'd,
Loud shouting, blazing like the quenchless flames
Of Vulcan: Meneläus heard the shout,
And, troubled, commun'd with his valiant heart:
"Oh, woe is me! for should I now the spoils
Abandon, and Patroclus, who for me
And in my cause lies slain, of any Greek
Who saw me, I might well incur the blame:
And yet if here alone I dare to fight
With Hector and his Trojans, much I fear,

Singly, to be by numbers overwhelm'd;
For Hector all the Trojans hither brings.
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?
Who strives, against the will divine, with one
Belov'd of Heav'n, a bitter doom must meet.
Then none may blame me, though I should retreat
From Hector, who with Heav'n's assistance wars.
Yet could I hear brave Ajax' battle cry,
We two, returning, would the encounter dare,
E'en against Heav'n, if so for Peleus' son
We might regain, and bear away the dead:
Some solace of our loss might then be ours."
While in his mind and spirit thus he mus'd,
By Hector led, the Trojan ranks advanc'd:
Backward he mov'd, abandoning the dead;
But turning oft, as when by men and dogs
A bearded lion from the fold is driv'n
With shouts and spears; yet grieves his mighty heart,
And with reluctant step he quits the yard:
So from Patroclus Menelaus mov'd;
Yet when he reach'd his comrades' ranks, he turn'd,
And look'd around, if haply he might find

The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon.
Him on the battle's farthest left he spied,
Cheering his friends and urging to the fight,
For sorely Phœbus had their courage tried;
And hast'ning to his side, address'd him thus:
"Ajax, haste hither; to the rescue come
Of slain Patroclus; if perchance we two
May to Achilles, Peleus' son, restore
His body: his naked body, for his arms
Are prize to Hector of the glancing helm."
He said, and Ajax' spirit within him stirr'd;
Forward he sprang, and with him Atreus' son.
Hector was dragging now Patroclus' corpse,
Stripp'd of its glitt'ring armour, and intent
The head to sever with his sword, and give
The mangled carcase to the dogs of Troy:
But Ajax, with his tow'r-like shield, approach'd;
Then Hector to his comrades' ranks withdrew,
Rush'd to his car, and bade the Trojans bear
The glitt'ring arms, his glorious prize, to Troy:
While Ajax with his mighty shield o'erspread
Menœtius' son; and stood, as for his cubs

A lion stands, whom hunters, unaware,
Have with his offspring met amid the woods.
Proud in his strength he stands; and down are drawn,
Cov'ring his eyes, the wrinkles of his brow:
So o'er Patroclus mighty Ajax stood,
And by his side, his heart with grief oppress'd,
The warlike Menelaus, Atreus' son.

Then Glaucus, leader of the Lycian host,
To Hector thus, with scornful glance, address'd
His keen reproaches: "Hector, fair of form,
How art thou wanting in the fight! thy fame,
Coward and runaway, thou hast belied.
Bethink thee now, if thou alone canst save
The city, aided but by Trojans born;
Henceforth no Lycian will go forth for Troy
To fight with Greeks; since favour none we gain
By unremitting toil against the foe.
How can a meaner man expect thine aid,
Who basely to the Greeks a prize and spoil
Sarpedon leav'st, thy comrade and thy guest?
Greatly he serv'd the city and thyself,
While yet he liv'd: and now thou dar'st not save

His body from the dogs! By my advice
If Lycians will be rul'd, we take at once
Our homeward way, and Troy may meet her doom.
But if in Trojan bosoms there abode
The daring, dauntless courage, meet for men
Who in their country's cause against the foe
Endure both toil and war, we soon should see
Patroclus brought within the walls of Troy;
Him from the battle could we bear away,
And, lifeless, bring to royal Priam's town,
Soon would the Greeks Sarpedon's arms release,
And we to Ilium's heights himself might bear:
For with his valiant comrades there lies slain
The follower of the bravest chief of Greece.
But thou before the mighty Ajax stood'st
With downcast eyes, nor durst in manly fight
Contend with one thy better far confess'd."

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,
With stern regard, replied: "Why, Glaucus, speak,
Brave as thou art, in this o'erbearing strain?
Good friend, I heretofore have held thee wise
O'er all who dwell in Lycia's fertile soil;

But now I change, and hold thy judgment cheap,
Who chargest me with flying from the might
Of giant Ajax; never have I shrunk
From the stern fight, and clatter of the cars;
But all o'erruling is the mind of Jove,
Who strikes with panic, and of vict'ry robs
The bravest; and anon excites to war.
Stand by me now, and see if through the day
I prove myself the coward that thou say'st,
Or suffer that a Greek, how brave soe'er,
Shall rescue from my hands Patroclus' corpse."
He said, and loudly on the Trojans call'd:
"Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans, fam'd
In close encounter, quit ye now like men;
Maintain awhile the stubborn fight, while I
The splendid armour of Achilles don,
My glorious prize from slain Patroclus torn."
So saying, Hector of the glancing helm,
Withdrawing from the field, with rapid steps
His comrades follow'd, and ere long o'ertook,
Who tow'rd the town Achilles' armour bore;
Then standing from the bloody fight aloof

The armour he exchang'd; his own he bade
The warlike Trojans to the city bear;
While he, of Peleus' son, Achilles, donn'd
The heav'nly armour, which th' immortal Gods
Gave to his sire; he to his son convey'd;
Yet in that armour grew not old that son.

Him when apart the Cloud-compeller saw
Girt with the arms of Peleus' godlike son,
He shook his head, and inly thus he mus'd:
"Ah hapless! little deem'st thou of thy fate,
Though now so nigh! Thou of the prime of men,
The dread of all, hast donn'd th' immortal arms,
Whose comrade, brave and good, thy hand hath slain;
And sham'd him, stripping from his head and breast
Helmet and cuirass; yet thy latest hours
Will I with glory crown; since ne'er from thee,
Return'd from battle, shall Andromache
Receive the spoils of Peleus' godlike son."

He said, and nodded with his shadowy brows;
Then with the armour, fitted to his form
By Jove himself, was Hector girt by Mars
The fierce and terrible; with vig'rous strength

His limbs were strung, as 'mid his brave allies
He sprang, loud-shouting; glitt'ring in his arms,
To all he seem'd Achilles' godlike self.
To each and all in cheering tones he spoke,
Mesthles and Glaucus and Thersilochus,
Asteropæus and Hippothöus,
Medon, Deisenor, Phorcys, Chromius,
And Ennomus the seer: to all of these
His wingèd words he cheeringly address'd:
"Hear me, ye countless tribes, that dwelling round
Assist our cause! You from your sev'ral homes
Not for display of numbers have I call'd,
But that with willing hearts ye should defend
Our wives and infants from the warlike Greeks:
For this I drain my people's stores, for food
And gifts for you, exalting your estate;
Then, who will boldly onward, he may fall,
Or safe escape, such is the chance of war;
But who within our valiant Trojans' ranks
Shall but the body of Patroclus bring,
Despite the might of Ajax; half the spoils
To him I give, the other half myself

Retaining; and his praise shall equal mine."
He said; and onward, with uplifted spears,
They march'd upon the Greeks; high rose their hopes
From Ajax Telamon to snatch the dead;
Vain hopes, which cost them many a life! Then thus
To valiant Meneläus Ajax spoke;
"O Heav'n-born Meneläus, noble friend,
For safe return I dare no longer hope:
Not for Patroclus' corpse so much I fear,
Which soon will glut the dogs and birds of Troy,
As for my life and thine I tremble now:
For, like a war-cloud, Hector's might I see
O'ershadowing all around; now is our doom
Apparent; but do thou for succour call
On all the chiefs, if haply they may hear."
Thus Ajax spoke: obedient to his word,
On all the chiefs Atrides call'd aloud:
"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,
All ye that banquet at the gen'ral cost
With Atreus' sons, and o'er your sev'ral states
Dominion hold; whose honour is of Jove;
'Twere hard to call by name each single man,

So fierce the combat rages; but let each
And all their aid afford, and deem it shame
Patroclus' corpse should glut the dogs of Troy."
He said: first heard Oïleus' active son,
And hast'ning through the fray, beside him stood.
Next him Idomeneus, with whom there came,
Valiant as Mars, his friend Meriones.
But who can know or tell the names of all,
Who, following, swell'd the battle of the Greeks?
Onward the Trojans press'd, by Hector led:
With such a sound, as when the ocean wave
Meets on the beach th' outpouring of a stream,
Swoll'n by the rains of Heav'n: the lofty cliffs
Resound, and bellows the big sea without;
With such a sound advanc'd the Trojan host:
While round Patroclus, with one heart and mind,
The Greeks a fence of brass-clad bucklers rais'd.
O'er their bright helms the son of Saturn shed
A veil of darkness; for Menœtius' son,
Achilles' faithful friend, while yet he liv'd
Jove hated not, nor would that now his corpse
Should to the dogs of Troy remain a prey,

But to the rescue all his comrades stirr'd.
At first the Trojans drove the keen-ey'd Greeks;
Leaving the corpse, they fled; nor with their spears
The valiant Trojans reach'd a single Greek;
But on the dead they seiz'd; yet not for long
Endur'd their flight; them Ajax rallied soon,
In form pre-eminent, and deeds of arms,
O'er all the Greeks, save Peleus' matchless son.
Onward he sprang, as springs a mountain boar,
Which, turning in the forest glade to bay,
Scatters with ease both dogs and stalwart youths;
So Ajax scatter'd soon the Trojan ranks,
That round Patroclus closing, hop'd to bear,
With glory to themselves, his corpse to Troy.
Hippothöus, Pelasgian Lethus' son,
Was dragging by the feet the noble dead,
A leathern belt around his ancles bound,
Seeking the favour of the men of Troy;
But on himself he brought destruction down,
Which none might turn aside; for from the crowd
Outsprang the son of Telamon, and struck,
In close encounter, on the brass-cheek'd helm;

The plumèd helm was shiver'd by the blow,
Dealt by a weighty spear and stalwart hand;
Gush'd from the wound the mingled blood and brain,
His vital spirit quench'd; and on the ground
Fell from his pow'rless grasp Patroclus' foot;
While he himself lay stretch'd beside the dead,
Far from his own Larissa's teeming soil:
Not destin'd he his parents to repay
Their early care; for short his term of life,
By godlike Ajax' mighty spear subdu'd.
At Ajax Hector threw his glitt'ring spear:
He saw, and narrowly the brazen death
Escap'd; but Schedius, son of Iphitus,
(The bravest of the Phocian chiefs, who dwelt
In far-fam'd Panopeus, the mighty Lord
Of num'rous hosts,) below the collar-bone
It struck, and passing through, the brazen point
Came forth again beneath his shoulder-blade:
Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang.
As Phorcys, son of Phænops, kept his watch
O'er slain Hippothöus, him Ajax smote
Below the waist; the weighty spear broke through

The hollow breastplate, and th' intestines tore;
Prone in the dust he fell, and clutch'd the ground.
At this the Trojan chiefs and Hector's self
'Gan to give way; the Greeks, with joyful shouts,
Seiz'd both the dead, and stripp'd their armour off.
To Ilium now, before the warlike Greeks,
O'ercome by panic, had the Trojans fled;
And now had Greeks, despite the will of Jove,
By their own strength and courage, won the day,
Had not Apollo's self Æneas rous'd,
In likeness of a herald, Periphas,
The son of Epytus, now aged grown
In service of Æneas' aged sire,
A man of kindliest soul: his form assum'd
Apollo, and Æneas thus address'd:
"Æneas, how, against the will of Heav'n,
Could ye defend your city, as others now
In their own strength and courage confident,
Their numbers, and their troops' undaunted hearts,
I see their cause maintaining; if when Jove
Rather to us than them the vict'ry wills,
With fear unspeakable ye shun the fight?"

He said: the presence of the Archer-God
Æneas knew, and loud to Hector call'd:
"Hector, and all ye other chiefs of Troy,
And brave Allies, foul shame it were that we,
O'ercome by panic, should to Ilium now
In flight be driv'n before the warlike Greeks;
And by my side, but now, some God there stood,
And told how Jove, the sov'reign arbiter
Of battle, on our side bestow'd his aid;
On then! nor undisturbed allow the Greeks
To bear Patroclus' body to their ships."
He said, and far before the ranks advanc'd;
They rallying turn'd, and fac'd again the Greeks.
Then first Æneas' spear the comrade brave
Of Lycomedes struck, Laocritus,
Son of Arisbas; Lycomedes saw
With pitying eyes his gallant comrade's fall;
And standing near, his glitt'ring spear he threw,
And through the midriff Apisaon struck,
His people's guardian chief, the valiant son
Of Hippasus, and slack'd his limbs in death.
He from Pæonia's fertile fields had come,

O'er all his comrades eminent in fight,
All save Asteropæus, who with eyes
Of pity saw his gallant comrade's fall,
And forward sprang to battle with the Greeks;
Yet could not force his way; for all around
Patroclus rose a fence of serried shields,
And spears projecting: such the orders giv'n
By Ajax, and with earnest care enforc'd;
That from around the dead should none retire,
Nor any to the front advance alone
Before his fellows; but their steady guard
Maintain, and hand to hand the battle wage.
So order'd Ajax; then with crimson blood
The earth was wet; and hand to hand they fell,
Trojans alike, and brave Allies, and Greeks;
For neither these a bloodless fight sustain'd,
Though fewer far their losses; for they stood
Of mutual succour mindful, and support.
Thus, furious as the rage of fire, they fought;
Nor might ye deem the glorious sun himself
Nor moon was safe; for darkest clouds of night
O'erspread the warriors, who the battle wag'd

Around the body of Menœtius' son:
Elsewhere the Trojans and the well-greav'd Greeks
Fought, undisturb'd, in the clear light of day;
The sun's bright beams were shed abroad; no cloud
Lay on the face of earth or mountain tops;
They but by fits, at distant intervals,
And far apart, each seeking to avoid
The hostile missiles, fought; but in the midst
The bravest all, in darkness and in strife
Sore press'd, toil'd on beneath their armour's weight.
As yet no tidings of Patroclus' fall
Had reach'd two valiant chiefs, Antilochus
And Thrasymedes; but they deem'd him still
Alive, and fighting in the foremost ranks.
They, witnessing their comrades' flight and death,
Fought on apart, by Nestor so enjoin'd,
When from the ships he bade them join the fray.
Great was meanwhile their labour, who sustain'd,
Throughout the livelong day, that weary fight;
Reek'd with continuous toil and sweat, the knees,
And legs and feet, the arms, and eyes, of all
Who round Achilles' faithful comrade fought.

As when a chief his people bids to stretch
A huge bull's hide, all drench'd and soak'd with grease;
They in a circle rang'd, this way and that,
Pull the tough hide, till ent'ring in, the grease
Is all absorb'd; and dragg'd by num'rous hands
The supple skin to th' utmost length is stretch'd;
So these in narrow space this way and that
The body dragg'd; and high the hopes of each
To bear it off in triumph; to their ships
The Greeks, to Troy the Trojans; fiercely rag'd
The struggle; spirit-stirring Mars himself,
Or Pallas to her utmost fury rous'd,
Had not that struggle with contempt beheld:
Such grievous labour o'er Patroclus' corpse
Had Jove to horses and to men decreed.

But of Patroclus' fall no tidings yet
Had reach'd Achilles; for the war was wag'd
Far from the ships, beneath the walls of Troy;
Nor look'd he of his death to hear, but deem'd
That when the Trojans to their gates were driv'n,
He would return in safety; for no hope
Had he of taking by assault the town,

With, or without, his aid; for oft apart
His Goddess-mother had his doom foretold,
Revealing to her son the mind of Jove;
Yet ne'er had warn'd him of such grief as this,
Which now befell, his dearest comrade's loss.

Still round the dead they held their pointed spears,
Fought hand to hand, and mutual slaughter dealt;
And thus perchance some brass-clad Greek would say:
"O friends, 'twere shameful should we to the ships
Ingloriously return; ere that should be,
Let earth engulph us all; so better far
Than let these Trojans to their city bear
Our dead, and boast them of their triumph gain'd."
On th' other hand some valiant Trojan thus
Would shout: "O friends, tho' fate decreed that here
We all should die, yet let not one give way."

Thus, cheering each his comrades, would they speak,
And thus they fought; the iron clangour pierc'd
The empty air, and brazen vault of Heav'n.
But, from the fight withdrawn, Achilles' steeds
Wept, as they heard how in the dust was laid
Their charioteer, by Hector's murd'rous hand.

Automedon, Diores' valiant son,
Essay'd in vain to rouse them with the lash,
In vain with honey'd words, in vain with threats;
Nor to the ships would they return again
By the broad Hellespont, nor join the fray;
But as a column stands, which marks the tomb
Of man or woman, so immovable
Beneath the splendid car they stood, their heads
Down-drooping to the ground, while scalding tears
Dropp'd earthward from their eyelids, as they mourn'd
Their charioteer; and o'er the yoke-band shed
Down stream'd their ample manes, with dust defil'd.
The son of Saturn pitying saw their grief,
And sorrowing shook his head, as thus he mus'd:
"Ah, hapless horses! wherefore gave we you
To royal Peleus, to a mortal man,
You that from age and death are both exempt!
Was it that you the miseries might share
Of wretched mortals? for of all that breathe,
And walk upon the earth, or creep, is nought
More wretched than th' unhappy race of man.
Yet shall not ye, nor shall your well-wrought car,

By Hector, son of Priam, be controll'd;
I will not suffer it; enough for him
To hold, with vaunting boast, Achilles' arms;
But to your limbs and spirits will I impart
Such strength, that from the battle to the ships
Ye shall in safety bear Automedon;
For yet I will the Trojans shall prevail,
And slay, until they reach the well-mann'd ships,
Till sets the sun, and darkness shrouds the earth."
He said, and in their breasts fresh spirit infus'd;
They, shaking from their manes the dust, the car
Amid the Greeks and Trojans lightly bore.
Then, as a vulture 'mid a flock of geese,
Amid the battle rush'd Automedon,
His horses' course directing, and their speed
Exciting, though he mourn'd his comrade slain.
Swiftly he fled from out the Trojan host;
Swiftly again assail'd them in pursuit;
Yet, speedy to pursue, he could not slay;
Nor, in the car alone, had pow'r at once
To guide the flying steeds, and hurl the spear.
At length a comrade brave, Alcimedon,

Laerces' son, beheld; behind the car
He stood, and thus Automedon address'd:
"Automedon, what God has fill'd thy mind
With counsels vain, and thee of sense bereft?
That with the Trojans, in the foremost ranks,
Thou fain wouldst fight alone, thy comrade slain,
While Hector proudly on his breast displays
The glorious arms of great Æacides."
To whom Automedon, Diores' son:
"Alcimedon, since none of all the Greeks
May vie with thee, the mettle to control
Of these immortal horses, save indeed,
While yet he liv'd, Patroclus, godlike chief;
But him stern death and fate have overta'en;
Take thou the whip and shining reins, while I,
Descending from the car, engage in fight."
He said; and, mounting on the war-car straight,
Alcimedon the whip and reins assum'd;
Down leap'd Automedon; great Hector saw,
And thus address'd Æneas at his side:
"Æneas, prince and counsellor of Troy,
I see, committed to unskilful hands,

Achilles' horses on the battle-field:
These we may hope to take, if such thy will;
For they, methinks, will scarcely stand oppos'd,
Or dare th' encounter of our joint assault."
He said; Anchises' valiant son complied;
Forward they went, their shoulders cover'd o'er
With stout bull's-hide, thick overlaid with brass.
With them both Chromius and Aretus went;
And high their hopes were rais'd, the warriors both
To slay, and make the strong-neck'd steeds their prize:
Blind fools! nor destin'd scatheless to escape
Automedon's encounter; he his pray'r
To Jove address'd, and straight with added strength
His soul was fill'd; and to Alcimedon,
His trusty friend and comrade, thus he spoke:
"Alcimedon, do thou the horses keep
Not far away, but breathing on my neck;
For Hector's might will not, I deem, be stay'd,
Ere us he slay, and mount Achilles' car,
And carry terror 'mid the Grecian host,
Or in the foremost ranks himself be slain."
Thus spoke Automedon, and loudly call'd

On Meneläus and th' Ajaces both:
" Ye two Ajaces, leaders of the host,
And, Meneläus, with our bravest all,
Ye on the dead alone your care bestow,
To guard him, and stave off the hostile ranks;
But haste, and us, the living, save from death;
For Hector and Æneas hitherward,
With weight o'erpow'ring, through the bloody press,
The bravest of the Trojans, force their way:
Yet is the issue in the hands of Heav'n;
I hurl the spear, but Jove directs the blow."
He said, and, poising, hurl'd the pond'rous spear;
Full on Aretus' broad-orb'd shield it struck;
Nor stay'd the shield its course; the brazen point
Drove through the belt, and in his body lodg'd.
As with sharp axe in hand a stalwart man,
Striking behind the horns a sturdy bull,
Severs the neck; he, forward, plunging, falls;
So forward first he sprang, then backwards fell:
And quiv'ring, in his vitals deep infix'd,
The sharp spear soon relax'd his limbs in death.
Then at Automedon great Hector threw

His glitt'ring spear; he saw, and forward stoop'd,
And shunn'd the brazen death; behind him far
Deep in the soil infix'd, with quiv'ring shaft
The weapon stood; there Mars its impulse stay'd.
And now with swords, and hand to hand, the fight
Had been renew'd; but at their comrade's call
The two Ajaces, pressing through the throng,
Between the warriors interpos'd in haste.
Before them Hector and Æneas both,
And godlike Chromius, in alarm recoil'd;
Pierc'd through the heart, Aretus there they left;
And, terrible as Mars, Automedon
Stripp'd off his arms, and thus exulting cried:
"Of some small portion of its load of grief,
For slain Patroclus, is my heart reliev'd,
In slaying thee, all worthless as thou art."
Then, throwing on the car the bloody spoils,
He mounted, hands and feet imbrued with blood,
As 'twere a lion, fresh from his repast
Upon the carcase of a slaughter'd bull.
Again around Patroclus' body rag'd
The stubborn conflict, direful, sorrow-fraught:

From Heav'n descending, Pallas stirr'd the strife,
Sent by all-seeing Jove to stimulate
The warlike Greeks; so changed was now his will.
As o'er the face of Heav'n when Jove extends
His bright-hued bow, a sign to mortal men
Of war, or wintry storms, which bid surcease
The rural works of man, and pinch the flocks;
So Pallas, in a bright-hued cloud array'd,
Pass'd through the ranks, and rous'd each sev'ral man.
To noble Menelaus, Atreus' son,
Who close beside her stood, the Goddess first,
The form of Phœnix and his pow'rful voice
Assuming, thus her stirring words address'd:
"On thee, O Menelaus, foul reproach
Will fasten, if Achilles' faithful friend
The dogs devour beneath the walls of Troy;
Then hold thou firm, and all the host inspire."
To whom thus Menelaus, good in fight:
"O Phœnix, aged warrior, honour'd sire,
If Pallas would the needful pow'r impart,
And o'er me spread her ægis, then would I
Undaunted for Patroclus' rescue fight,

For deeply by his death my heart is touch'd;
But valiant Hector, with the strength of fire
Still rages, and destruction deals around:
For Jove is with him, and his triumph wills."
He said: the blue-ey'd Goddess heard with joy
That, chief of all the Gods, her aid he sought.
She gave fresh vigour to his arms and knees,
And to his breast the boldness of the fly,
Which, oft repell'd by man, renews th' assault
Incessant, lur'd by taste of human blood;
Such boldness in Atrides' manly breast
Pallas inspir'd; beside Patroclus' corpse
Again he stood, and pois'd his glitt'ring spear.
There was one Podes in the Trojan ranks,
Son of Eëtion, rich, of blameless life,
Of all the people most to Hector dear,
And at his table oft a welcome guest:
Him, as he turn'd to fly, beneath the waist
Atrides struck; right through the spear was driv'n;
Thund'ring he fell; and Atreus' son the corpse
Dragg'd from the Trojans 'mid the ranks of Greece.
Then close at Hector's side Apollo stood,

Clad in the form of Phænops, Asius' son,
Who in Abydos dwelt; of all th' Allies
Honour'd of Hector most, and best belov'd;
Clad in his form, the Far-destroyer spoke:
"Hector, what other Greek will scare thee next?
Who shrink'st from Meneläus, heretofore
A warrior deem'd of no repute; but now,
Alone, he robs our Trojans of their dead;
And in the foremost ranks e'en now hath slain
Podes, thine own good friend, Eëtion's son."
He said; dark grief o'erclouded Hector's brow,
As to the front in dazzling arms he sprang.
Then Saturn's son his tassell'd ægis wav'd,
All glitt'ring bright; and Ida's lofty head
In clouds and darkness shrouded; then he bade
His lightning flash, his volleying thunder roar,
That shook the mountain; and with vict'ry crown'd
The Trojan arms, and panic-struck the Greeks.
The first who turn'd to fly was Peneleus,
Bœotian chief; him, facing still the foe,
A spear had slightly on the shoulder struck,
The bone just grazing: by Polydamas,

Who close before him stood, the spear was thrown.
Then Hector Lëitus, Alectryon's son,
Thrust thro' the wrist, and quell'd his warlike might;
Trembling, he look'd around, nor hop'd again
The Trojans, spear in hand, to meet in fight;
But, onward as he rush'd on Lëitus,
Idomeneus at Hector threw his spear:
Full on his breast it struck; but near the head
The sturdy shaft was on the breastplate snapp'd:
Loud was the Trojans' shout; and he in turn
Aim'd at Idomeneus, Deucalion's son,
Upstanding on his car; his mark he miss'd,
But Cœranus he struck, the charioteer
And faithful follower of Meriones,
Who with him came from Lyctus' thriving town:
The chief had left on foot the well-trimm'd ships;
And, had not Cœranus his car in haste
Driv'n to the rescue, by his fall had giv'n
A Trojan triumph; to his Lord he brought
Safety, and rescue from unsparing death;
But fell, himself, by Hector's murd'rous hand.
Him Hector struck between the cheek and ear,

Crashing the teeth, and cutting through the tongue.
Headlong he fell to earth, and dropp'd the reins:
These, stooping from the car, Meriones
Caught up, and thus Idomeneus address'd:
"Ply now the lash, until thou reach the ships:
Thyself must see how crush'd the strength of Greece."
He said; and tow'rd the ships Idomeneus
Urg'd his fleet steeds; for fear was on his soul.
Nor did not Ajax and Atrides see
How in the Trojans' favour Saturn's son
The wav'ring scale of vict'ry turn'd; and thus
Great Ajax Telamon his grief express'd:
"O Heav'n! the veriest child might plainly see
That Jove the Trojans' triumph has decreed:
Their weapons all, by whomsoever thrown,
Or weak, or strong, attain their mark; for Jove
Directs their course; while ours upon the plain
Innocuous fall. But take we counsel now
How from the fray to bear away our dead,
And by our own return rejoice those friends
Who look with sorrow on our plight, and deem
That we, all pow'rless to resist the might

Of Hector's arm, beside the ships must fall.
Would that some comrade were at hand, to bear
A message to Achilles; him, I ween,
As yet the mournful tidings have not reach'd,
That on the field his dearest friend lies dead.
But such I see not; for a veil of cloud
O'er men and horses all around is spread.
O Father Jove, from o'er the sons of Greece
Remove this cloudy darkness; clear the sky,
That we may see our fate, and die at least,
If such thy will, in th' open light of day."
He said, and, pitying, Jove beheld his tears;
The clouds he scatter'd, and the mist dispers'd;
The sun shone forth, and all the field was clear;
Then Ajax thus to Meneläus spoke:
"Now, Heav'n-born Meneläus, look around
If haply 'mid the living thou mayst see
Antilochus, the noble Nestor's son;
And bid him to Achilles bear in haste
The tidings, that his dearest friend lies dead."
He said, nor did Atrides not comply;
But slow as moves a lion from the fold,

Which dogs and youths with ceaseless toil hath worn,
Who all night long have kept their watch, to guard
From his assault the choicest of the herd;
He, hunger-pinch'd, hath oft th' attempt renew'd,
But nought prevail'd; by spears on ev'ry side,
And jav'lins met, wielded by stalwart hands,
And blazing torches, which his courage daunt;
Till with the morn he sullenly withdraws;
So from Patroclus, with reluctant step
Atrides mov'd; for much he fear'd the Greeks
Might to the Trojans, panic-struck, the dead
Abandon; and departing, he besought
The two Ajaces and Meriones:
"Ye two Ajaces, leaders of the Greeks,
And thou, Meriones, remember now
Our lost Patroclus' gentle courtesy,
How kind and genial was his soul to all,
While yet he liv'd—now sunk, alas! in death."
Thus saying, Menelaus took his way,
Casting his glance around on ev'ry side,
Like to an eagle, fam'd of sharpest sight
Of all that fly beneath the vault of Heav'n;

Whom, soaring in the clouds, the crouching hare
Eludes not, though in leafiest covert hid;
But swooping down, he rends her life away:
So, Menelāus, through the ranks of war
Thy piercing glances ev'ry way were turn'd,
If Nestor's son, alive, thou mightst descry;
Him on the field's extremest left he found,
Cheering his friends, and urging to the fight;
He stood beside him, and address'd him thus:
"Antilochus, come hither, godlike friend,
And woful tidings hear, which would to Heav'n
I had not to impart; thyself thou seest
How Jove hath heap'd disaster on the Greeks,
And vict'ry giv'n to Troy; but one has fallen,
Our bravest, best! Patroclus lies in death;
And deeply must the Greeks his loss deplore.
But haste thee to the ships, to Peleus' son
The tidings bear, if haply he may save
The body of Patroclus from the foe;
His naked body, for his arms are now
The prize of Hector of the glancing helm."
He said; and at his words Antilochus

Astounded stood; long time his tongue in vain
For utt'rance strove; his eyes were fill'd with tears,
His cheerful voice was mute; yet not the less
To Menelāus' bidding gave his care:
Swiftly he sped; but to Laodocus,
His comrade brave, who waited with his car
In close attendance, first consign'd his arms;
Then from the field with active limbs he flew,
Weeping, with mournful news, to Peleus' son.
Nor, noble Menelāus, did thy heart
Incline thee to remain, and aid thy friends,
Where from their war-worn ranks the Pylian troops
Deplor'd the absence of Antilochus;
But these in godlike Thrasymedes' charge
He left; and to Patroclus hast'ning back,
Beside th' Ajaces stood, as thus he spoke:
"Him to Achilles, to the ships, in haste
I have despatch'd; yet fiercely as his wrath
May burn tow'rd Hector, I can scarce expect
His presence here; for how could he, unarm'd,
With Trojans fight? But take we counsel now
How from the field to bear away our dead,

And 'scape ourselves from death by Trojan hands."
Whom answer'd thus great Ajax Telamon:
"Illustrious Meneläus, all thy words
Are just and true; then from amid the press,
Thou and Meriones, take up in haste,
And bear away the body; while behind
We two, in heart united, as in name,
Who side by side have still been wont to fight,
Will Hector and his Trojans hold at bay."
He said; they, lifting in their arms the corpse,
Uprais'd it high in air; then from behind
Loud yell'd the Trojans, as they saw the Greeks
Retiring with their dead; and on they rush'd,
As dogs that in advance of hunter youths
Pursue a wounded boar; awhile they run,
Eager for blood; but when, in pride of strength,
He turns upon them, backward they recoil,
This way and that in fear of death dispers'd:
So onward press'd awhile the Trojan crowd,
With thrust of swords, and double-pointed spears;
But ever as th' Ajaces turn'd to bay,
Their colour chang'd to pale, not one so bold

As, dashing on, to battle for the corpse.
Thus they, with anxious care, from off the field
Bore tow'rd the ships their dead; but on their track
Came sweeping on the storm of battle, fierce,
As, on a sudden breaking forth, the fire
Seizes some populous city, and devours
House after house amid the glare and blaze,
While roar the flames before the gusty wind;
So fiercely pressed upon the Greeks' retreat
The clatt'ring tramp of steeds and armèd men.
But as the mules, with stubborn strength endued,
That down the mountain through the trackless waste
Drag some huge log, or timber for the ships;
And spent with toil and sweat, still labour on
Unflinching; so the Greeks with patient toil
Bore on their dead; th' Ajaces in their rear
Stemming the war, as stems the torrent's force
Some wooded cliff, far stretching o'er the plain;
Checking the mighty river's rushing stream,
And flinging it aside upon the plain,
Itself unbroken by the strength of flood:
So firmly, in the rear, th' Ajaces stemm'd

The Trojan force; yet these still onward press'd,
And, 'mid their comrades proudly eminent,
Two chiefs, Æneas, old Anchises' son,
And glorious Hector, in the van were seen.
Then, as a cloud of starlings or of daws
Fly screaming, as they see the hawk approach,
To lesser birds the messenger of death;
So before Hector and Æneas fled,
Screaming, forgetful of their warlike fame,
The sons of Greece; and scatter'd here and there
Around the ditch lay store of goodly arms,
By Greeks abandon'd in their hasty flight.
Yet still, unintermitted, rag'd the war.

ARGUMENT.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE HIM BY VULCAN.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and, lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine-and-twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles' tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

BOOK XVIII.

THUS, furious as the rage of fire, they fought.
Meantime Antilochus to Peleus' son,
Swift-footed messenger, his tidings bore.
Him by the high-beak'd ships he found, his mind
Th' event presaging, fill'd with anxious thoughts,
As thus he commun'd with his mighty heart:
"Alas! what means it, that the long-hair'd Greeks,
Chas'd from the plain, are thronging round the ships?
Let me not now, ye Gods, endure the grief
My mother once foretold, that I should live
To see the bravest of the Myrmidons
Cut off by Trojans from the light of day.
Menœtius' noble son has surely fall'n;
Foolhardy! yet I warn'd him, and besought,
Soon as the ships from hostile fires were safe,
Back to return, nor Hector's onset meet."
While in his mind and spirit thus he mus'd,

Beside him stood the noble Nestor's son,
And weeping, thus his mournful message gave:
"Alas! great son of Peleus, woful news,
Which would to Heav'n I had not to impart,
To thee I bring; Patroclus lies in death;
And o'er his body now the war is wag'd;
His naked body, for his arms are now
The prize of Hector of the glancing helm."
He said; and darkest clouds of grief o'erspread
Achilles' brow; with both his hands he seiz'd
And pour'd upon his head the grimy dust,
Marring his graceful visage; and defil'd
With black'ning ashes all his costly robes.
Stretch'd in the dust his lofty stature lay,
As with his hands his flowing locks he tore;
Loud was the wailing of the female band,
Achilles' and Patroclus' prize of war,
As round Achilles, rushing out of doors,
Beating their breasts, with tott'ring limbs they press'd.
In tears beside him stood Antilochus,
And in his own Achilles' hand he held,
Groaning in spirit, fearful lest for grief

In his own bosom he should sheathe his sword.
Loud were his moans; his Goddess-mother heard,
Beside her aged father where she sat
In the deep ocean caves; she heard, and wept:
The Nereids all, in ocean's depths who dwell,
Encircled her around; Cymodoce,*
Nesæe, Spio, and Cymothöe,
The stag-ey'd Halia, and Amphithöe,
Actæa, Limnorea, Melite,
Doris, and Galatea, Panope;
There too were Oreithyia, Clymene,
And Amathea with the golden hair,
And all the denizens of ocean's depths.
Fill'd was the glassy cave; in unison
They beat their breasts, as Thetis led the wail:
"Give ear, my sister Nereids all, and learn
How deep the grief that in my breast I bear.

* Line 45 et seqq. I hope I may be pardoned for having somewhat curtailed the list of these ladies, which in the original extends over ten lines of names only. In doing so, I have followed the example of Virgil, who represents the same ladies [G. 4. 336] in attendance on Cyrene; and has not only reduced the list, but added some slight touches illustrating their occupations and private history: a liberty permissible to an imitator, but not to a translator.

Me miserable! me, of noblest son
Unhappiest mother! me, a son who bore,
My brave, my beautiful, of heroes chief!
Like a young tree he throve: I tended him,
In a rich vineyard as the choicest plant;
Till in the beakèd ships I sent him forth
To war with Troy; him ne'er shall I behold,
Returning home, in aged Peleus' house.
E'en while he lives, and sees the light of day,
He lives in sorrow; nor, to soothe his grief,
My presence can avail; yet will I go,
That I may see my dearest child, and learn
What grief hath reach'd him, from the war withdrawn."
She said, and left the cave; with her they went,
Weeping; before them parted th' ocean wave.
But when they reach'd the fertile shore of Troy,
In order due they landed on the beach,
Where frequent, round Achilles swift of foot,
Were moor'd the vessels of the Myrmidons.
There, as he groan'd aloud, beside him stood
His Goddess-mother; weeping, in her hands
She held his head, while pitying thus she spoke:

"Why weeps my son? and what his cause of grief?
Speak out, and nought conceal; for all thy pray'r
Which with uplifted hands thou mad'st to Jove,
He hath fulfill'd, that, flying to their ships,
The routed sons of Greece should feel how much
They need thine aid, and mourn their insult past."
To whom Achilles, deeply groaning, thus:
"Mother, all this indeed hath Jove fulfill'd;
Yet what avails it, since my dearest friend
Is slain, Patroclus? whom I honour'd most
Of all my comrades, lov'd him as my soul.
Him have I lost: and Hector from his corpse
Hath stripp'd those arms, those weighty, beauteous arms,
A marvel to behold, which from the Gods
Peleus receiv'd, a glorious gift, that day
When they consign'd thee to a mortal's bed.
How better were it, if thy lot had been
Still 'mid the Ocean deities to dwell,
And Peleus had espous'd a mortal bride!
For now is bitter grief for thee in store,
Mourning thy son; whom to his home return'd
Thou never more shalt see; nor would I wish

To live, and move amid my fellow-men,
Unless that Hector, vanquish'd by my spear,
May lose his forfeit life, and pay the price
Of foul dishonour to Patroclus done."
To whom, her tears o'erflowing, Thetis thus:
"E'en as thou sayst, my son, thy term is short;
Nor long shall Hector's fate precede thine own."
Achilles, answ'ring, spoke in passionate grief:
"Would I might die this hour, who fail'd to save
My comrade slain! far from his native land
He died, sore needing my protecting arm;
And I, who ne'er again must see my home,
Nor to Patroclus, nor the many Greeks
Whom Hector's hand hath slain, have render'd aid;
But idly here I sit, cumb'ring the ground:
I, who amid the Greeks no equal own
In fight; to others, in debate, I yield.
Accurs'd of Gods and men be hateful strife
And anger, which to violence provokes
E'en temp'rate souls: though sweeter be its taste
Than dropping honey, in the heart of man
Swelling, like smoke; such anger in my soul

Hath Agamemnon kindled, King of men.
But pass we that; though still my heart be sore,
Yet will I school my angry spirit down.
In search of Hector now, of him who slew
My friend, I go; prepar'd to meet my death,
When Jove shall will it, and th' Immortals all.
From death not e'en the might of Hercules,
Though best belov'd of Saturn's son, could fly,
By fate and Juno's bitter wrath subdued.
I too, since such my doom, must lie in death;
Yet, ere I die, immortal fame will win;
And from their delicate cheeks, deep-bosom'd dames,
Dardan and Trojan, bitter tears shall wipe,
And groan in anguish; then shall all men know
How long I have been absent from the field;
Then, though thou love me, seek not from the war
To stay my steps; for bootless were thy speech."
Whom answer'd thus the silver-footed Queen:
"True are thy words, my son; and good it is,
And commendable, from the stroke of death
To save a worsted comrade; but thine arms,
Thy brazen, flashing arms, the Trojans hold:

Them Hector of the glancing helm himself
Bears on his breast, exulting; yet not long
Shall be his triumph, for his doom is nigh.
But thou, engage not in the toils of war,
Until thine eyes again behold me here;
For with to-morrow's sun will I return
With arms of heav'nly mould, by Vulcan wrought."
Thus saying, from her son she turn'd away,
And turning, to her sister Nereids spoke:
"Back to the spacious bosom of the deep
Retire ye now; and to my father's house,
The aged Ocean God, your tidings bear;
While I to high Olympus speed, to crave
At Vulcan's hand, the skill'd artificer,
A boon of dazzling armour for my son."
She said; and they beneath the ocean wave
Descended, while to high Olympus sped
The silver-footed Goddess, thence in hope
To bear the dazzling armour to her son.
She to Olympus sped; the Greeks meanwhile
Before the warrior-slayer Hector fled
With wild, tumultuous uproar, till they reach'd

Their vessels and the shore of Hellespont.
Nor had the well-greav'd Greeks Achilles' friend,
Patroclus, from amid the fray withdrawn;
For close upon him follow'd horse and man,
And Hector, son of Priam, fierce as flame;
Thrice noble Hector, seizing from behind,
Sought by the feet to drag away the dead,
Cheering his friends; thrice, clad in warlike might,
The two Ajaces drove him from his prey.
Yet, fearless in his strength, now rushing on
He dash'd amid the fray; now, shouting loud,
Stood firm; but backward not a step retir'd.
As from a carcase herdsmen strive in vain
To scare a tawny lion, hunger-pinch'd;
E'en so th' Ajaces, mail-clad warriors, fail'd
The son of Priam from the corpse to scare.
And now the body had he borne away,
With endless fame; but from Olympus' height
Came storm-swift Iris down to Peleus' son,
And bade him don his arms; by Juno sent,
Unknown to Jove, and to th' Immortals all.
She stood beside him, and address'd him thus:

"Up, son of Peleus! up, thou prince of men!
Haste to Patroclus' rescue; whom around,
Before the ships, is wag'd a fearful war,
With mutual slaughter; these the dead defending,
And those to Ilium's breezy heights intent
To bear the body; noble Hector chief,
Who longs to sever from the tender neck,
And fix upon the spikes, thy comrade's head.
Up then! delay no longer; deem it shame
Patroclus' corpse should glut the dogs of Troy,
Dishon'ring thee, if aught dishonour him."
Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot:
"Say, heav'nly Iris, of th' immortal Gods
Who bade thee seek me, and this message bring?"
To whom swift Iris thus: "To thee I come
By Juno sent, th' imperial wife of Jove;
Unknown to Saturn's son, and all the Gods
Who on Olympus' snowy summit dwell."
To whom again Achilles, swift of foot:
"How in the battle toil can I engage?
My arms are with the Trojans; and to boot
My mother warn'd me not to arm for fight,

Till I again should see her; for she hop'd
To bring me heav'nly arms by Vulcan wrought:
Nor know I well whose armour I could wear,
Save the broad shield of Ajax Telamon;
And he, methinks, amid the foremost ranks
Ev'n now is fighting o'er Patroclus' corpse."
Whom answer'd storm-swift Iris: "Well we know
Thy glorious arms are by the Trojans held;
But go thou forth, and from above the ditch
Appear before them; daunted at the sight,
Haply the Trojans may forsake the field,
And breathing-time afford the sons of Greece,
Toil-worn; for little pause has yet been theirs."
Swift Iris said, and vanish'd; then uprose
Achilles, dear to Jove; and Pallas threw
Her tassell'd ægis o'er his shoulders broad;
His head encircling with a coronet
Of golden cloud, whence fiery flashes gleam'd.
As from an island city up to Heav'n
The smoke ascends, which hostile forces round
Beleaguer, and all day with cruel war
From its own state cut off; but when the sun

Hath set, blaze frequent forth the beacon fires;
High rise the flames, and to the dwellers round
Their signal flash, if haply o'er the sea
May come the needful aid; so brightly flash'd
That fiery light around Achilles' head.
He left the wall, and stood above the ditch,
But from the Greeks apart, rememb'ring well
His mother's prudent counsel; there he stood,
And shouted loudly; Pallas join'd her voice,
And fill'd with terror all the Trojan host.
Clear as the trumpet's sound, which calls to arms
Some town, encompass'd round with hostile bands,
Rang out the voice of great Æacides.
But when Achilles' voice of brass they heard,
They quail'd in spirit; the sleek-skin'd steeds themselves,
Conscious of coming ill, bore back the cars:
Their charioteers, dismay'd, beheld the flame
Which, kindled by the blue-ey'd Goddess, blaz'd
Unquench'd around the head of Peleus' son.
Thrice shouted from the ditch the godlike chief;
Thrice terror struck both Trojans and Allies;
And there and then beside their chariots fell

Twelve of their bravest; while the Greeks, well pleas'd,
Patroclus' body from the fray withdrew,
And on a litter laid; around him stood
His comrades mourning; with them, Peleus' son,
Shedding hot tears, as on his friend he gaz'd,
Laid on the bier, and pierc'd with deadly wounds:
Him to the war with horses and with cars
He sent; but ne'er to welcome his return.
By stag-ey'd Juno sent, reluctant sank
Th' unwearied sun beneath the ocean wave;
The sun had set, and breath'd awhile the Greeks
From the fierce labours of the balanc'd field;
Nor less the Trojans, from the stubborn fight
Retiring, from the chariots loos'd their steeds;
But ere they shar'd the ev'ning meal, they met
In council; all stood up; none dar'd to sit;
For fear had fallen on all, when reappear'd
Achilles, from the battle long withdrawn.
First Panthŏus' son, the sage Polydamas,
Address'd th' assembly; his sagacious mind
Alone beheld the future and the past;
The friend of Hector, born the selfsame night;

One in debate, the other best in arms;
Who thus with prudent speech began, and said:
"Be well advis'd, my friends! my counsel is
That we regain the city, nor the morn
Here in the plain, beside the ships, await,
So far remov'd from our protecting walls.
While fiercely burn'd 'gainst Atreus' godlike son
That mighty warrior's wrath, 'twas easier far
With th' other Greeks to deal; and I rejoic'd
When by the ships we pass'd the night, in hopes
We soon might call them ours; but now, I own
Achilles, swift of foot, excites my fear.
His proud, impetuous spirit will spurn the plain,
Where Greeks and Trojans oft in warlike strife
Their balanc'd strength exert; if he come forth,
Our fight will be to guard our homes and wives.
Gain we the city; trust me, so 'twere best.
Now, for a while, ambrosial night detains
The son of Peleus; but at early morn
If issuing forth in arms he find us here,
His prowess we shall know; and happy he
Who, flying, shall in safety reach the walls

Of sacred Troy; for many a Trojan slain
Shall feed the vultures; Heav'n avert such fate!
But if, though loth, ye will by me be rul'd,
This night in council husband we our strength;
While tow'rs, and lofty gates, and folding doors
Close join'd, well-fitting, shall our city guard:
Then issuing forth in arms at early morn
Man we the tow'rs; so harder were his task
If, from the ships advancing, round the wall
He offer battle; bootless to return,
His strong-neck'd horses worn with labour vain
In coursing, purposeless, around the town.
To force an entrance, or the town destroy,
Is not his aim; and ere that end be gain'd,
The dogs of Troy upon his flesh shall feed."
To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm
With stern regard: "Polydamas, thy words
Are such as grate unkindly on mine ear,
Who fain wouldst have us to the walls retire.
What? have ye not already long enough
Been coop'd within the tow'rs? the wealth of Troy,
Its brass, its gold, were once the common theme

Of ev'ry tongue; our hoarded treasures now
Are gone, to Phrygian and Mæonian shores
For sale exported, costly merchandise,
Since on our city fell the wrath of Jove.
And now, when deep-designing Saturn's son
Such glory gives me as to gain the ships,
And, crowded by the sea, hem in the Greeks,
Fool! put not thou these timid counsels forth,
Which none will follow, nor will I allow.
But hear ye all, and do as I advise:
Share now the meal, by ranks, throughout the host;
Then set your watch, and each keep careful guard;
And whom his spoils o'erload, if such there be,
Let him divide them with the gen'ral crowd;
Better that they should hold them than the Greeks:
And with the morn, in arms, beside the ships,
Will we again awake the furious war.
But if indeed Achilles by the ships
Hath reappear'd, himself, if so he choose,
Shall be the suff'rer; from the perilous strife
I will not shrink, but his encounter meet:
So he, or I, shall gain immortal fame;

Impartial Mars hath oft the slayer slain."
Thus Hector spoke; the Trojans cheer'd aloud:
Fools, and by Pallas of their sense bereft,
Who all applauded Hector's ill advice,
None the sage counsel of Polydamas!
Then through the camp they shar'd the ev'ning meal.
Meantime the Greeks all night with tears and groans
Bewail'd Patroclus: on his comrade's breast
Achilles laid his murder-dealing hands,
And led with bitter groans the loud lament.
As when the hunters, in the forest's depth,
Have robb'd a bearded lion of his cubs;
Too late arriving, he with anger chafes;
Then follows, if perchance he may o'ertake,
Through many a mountain glen, the hunters' steps,
With grief and fury fill'd; so Peleus' son,
With bitter groans, the Myrmidons address'd:
"Vain was, alas! the promise which I gave,
Seeking the brave Menœtius to console,
To bring to Opus back his gallant son,
Rich with his share of spoil from Troy o'erthrown;
But Jove fulfils not all that man designs:

For us hath fate decreed, that here in Troy
We two one soil should redden with our blood;
Nor me, returning to my native land,
Shall aged Peleus in his halls receive,
Nor Thetis; here must earth retain my bones.
But since, Patroclus, I am doom'd on earth
Behind thee to remain, thy fun'ral rites
I will not celebrate, till Hector's arms,
And head, thy haughty slayer's, here I bring;
And on thy pyre twelve noble sons of Troy
Will sacrifice, in vengeance of thy death.
Thou by our beakèd ships till then must lie;
And weeping o'er thee shall deep-bosom'd dames,
Trojan and Dardan, mourn both night and day;
The prizes of our toil, when wealthy towns
Before our valour and our spears have fall'n."
He said, and bade his comrades on the fire
An ample tripod place, without delay
To cleanse Patroclus from the bloody gore:
They on the burning fire the tripod plac'd,
With water fill'd, and kindled wood beneath.
Around the bellying tripod rose the flames,

Heating the bath; within the glitt'ring brass
Soon as the water boil'd, they wash'd the corpse,
With lissom oils anointing, and the wounds
With fragrant ointments fill'd, of nine years old;
Then in fine linen they the body wrapp'd
From head to feet, and laid it on a couch.
And cover'd over with a fair white sheet.
All night around Achilles swift of foot
The Myrmidons with tears Patroclus mourn'd.

To Juno then, his sister and his wife,
Thus Saturn's son: "At length thou hast thy will,
Imperial Juno, who hast stirr'd to war
Achilles swift of foot; well might one deem
These long-hair'd Greeks from thee deriv'd their birth."

To whom in answer thus the stag-ey'd Queen:
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?
E'en man, though mortal, and inferior far
To us in wisdom, might so much effect
Against his fellow-man; then how should I,
By double title chief of Goddesses,
First by my birth, and next because thy wife
I boast me, thine, o'er all the Gods supreme,

Not work my vengeance on the Trojan race?"
Such converse while they held, to Vulcan's house,
Immortal, starlike bright, among the Gods
Unrivall'd, all of brass, by Vulcan's self
Constructed, sped the silver-footed Queen.
Him swelt'ring at his forge she found, intent
On forming twenty tripods, which should stand
The wall surrounding of his well-built house;
With golden wheels beneath he furnish'd each,
And to th' assembly of the Gods endued
With pow'r to move spontaneous, and return,
A marvel to behold! thus far his work
He had completed; but not yet had fix'd
The rich-wrought handles; these his labour now
Engag'd, to fit them, and to rivet fast.
While thus he exercis'd his practis'd skill,
The silver-footed Queen approach'd the house.
Charis, the skilful artist's wedded wife,
Beheld her coming, and advanc'd to meet;
And, as her hand she clasp'd, address'd her thus:
"Say, Thetis of the flowing robe, belov'd
And honour'd, whence this visit to our house,

An unaccustom'd guest? but come thou in,
That I may welcome thee with honour due."
Thus, as she spoke, the Goddess led her in,
And on a seat with silver studs adorn'd,
Fair, richly wrought, a footstool at her feet,
She bade her sit; then thus to Vulcan call'd:
"Haste hither, Vulcan; Thetis asks thine aid."
Whom answer'd thus the skill'd artificer:
"An honour'd and a venerated guest
Our house contains; who sav'd me once from woe,
When by my mother's act from Heav'n I fell,
Who, for that I was crippled in my feet,
Deem'd it not shame to hide me: hard had then
My fortune been, had not Eurynome
And Thetis in their bosoms shelter'd me;
Eurynome, from old Oceanus
Who drew her birth, the ever-circling flood.
Nine years with them I dwelt, and many a work
I fashion'd there of metal, clasps, and chains
Of spiral coil, rich cups, and collars fair,
Hid in a cave profound; where th' ocean stream
With ceaseless murmur foam'd and moan'd around;

Unknown to God or man, but to those two
Who sav'd me, Thetis and Eurynome.
Now to my house hath fair-hair'd Thetis come;
To her, my life preserv'd its tribute owes:
Then thou the hospitable rites perform,
While I my bellows and my tools lay by."

He said, and from the anvil rear'd upright
His massive strength; and as he limp'd along,
His tottering knees were bow'd beneath his weight.
The bellows from the fire he next withdrew,
And in a silver casket plac'd his tools;
Then with a sponge his brows and lusty arms
He wip'd, and sturdy neck and hairy chest.
He donn'd his robe, and took his weighty staff;
Then through the door with halting step he pass'd;
There waited on their King the attendant maids;
In form as living maids, but wrought in gold;
Instinct with consciousness, with voice endued,
And strength, and skill from heav'nly teachers drawn.
These waited, duteous, at the Monarch's side,
His steps supporting; he, with halting gait,
Pass'd to a gorgeous chair by Thetis'-side,

And, as her hand he clasp'd, address'd her thus:
"Say, Thetis of the flowing robe, belov'd
And honour'd, whence this visit to our house,
An unaccustom'd guest? say what thy will,
And, if within my pow'r, esteem it done."
To whom in answer Thetis, weeping, thus:
"Vulcan, of all the Goddesses who dwell
On high Olympus, lives there one whose soul
Hath borne such weight of woe, so many griefs,
As Saturn's son hath heap'd on me alone?
Me, whom he chose from all the sea-born nymphs,
And gave to Peleus, son of Æacus,
His subject; I endur'd a mortal's bed,
Though sore against my will; he now, bent down
By feeble age, lies helpless in his house.
Now adds he farther grief; he granted me
To bear, and rear, a son, of heroes chief;
Like a young tree he throve; I tended him,
In a rich vineyard as the choicest plant:
Till in the beakèd ships I sent him forth
To war with Troy; him ne'er shall I receive,
Returning home, in aged Peleus' house.

E'en while he lives, and sees the light of day,
He lives in sorrow; nor, to soothe his grief,
My presence can avail; a girl, his prize,
Selected for him by the sons of Greece,
Great Agamemnon wrested from his arms:
In grief and rage he pin'd his soul away;
Then by the Trojans were the Greeks hemm'd in
Beside their ships, and from within their camp
No outlet found; the Grecian Elders then
Implor'd his aid, and promis'd costly gifts.
With his own hand to save them he refus'd;
But, in his armour clad, to battle sent
His friend Patroclus, with a num'rous band.
All day they fought before the Scæan gates;
And in that day had Ilium been destroy'd,
But in the van, Menœtius' noble son.
After great deeds achiev'd, Apollo slew,
And crown'd with glory Hector, Priam's son.
Therefore a suppliant to thy knees I come,
If to my son, to early death condemn'd,
Thou wilt accord the boon of shield and helm,
And well-wrought greaves with silver clasps secur'd,

And breastplate; for his own, his faithful friend,
By Trojan hands subdued, hath lost; and he,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, lies prostrate on the earth."
Whom answer'd thus the skill'd artificer:
"Take comfort, nor let this disturb thy mind;
Would that as surely, when his hour shall come,
I could defend him from the stroke of death,
As I can undertake that his shall be
Such arms as they shall marvel who behold."
He left her thus, and to his forge return'd;
The bellows then directing to the fire,
He bade them work; through twenty pipes at once
Forthwith they pour'd their diverse-temper'd blasts;
Now briskly seconding his eager haste,
Now at his will, and as the work requir'd.
The stubborn brass, and tin, and precious gold,
And silver, first he melted in the fire,
Then on its stand his weighty anvil plac'd;
And with one hand the hammer's pond'rous weight
He wielded, while the other grasp'd the tongs.
And first a shield he fashion'd, vast and strong,
With rich adornment; circled with a rim,

Threefold, bright-gleaming, whence a silver belt
Depended; of five folds the shield was form'd;
And on its surface many a rare design
Of curious art his practis'd skill had wrought.
Thereon were figur'd earth, and sky, and sea,
The ever-circling sun, and full-orb'd moon,
And all the signs that crown the vault of Heav'n;
Pleiads and Hyads, and Orion's might,
And Arctos, call'd the Wain, who wheels on high
His circling course, and on Orion waits;
Sole star that never bathes in th' ocean wave.
And two fair populous towns were sculptur'd there;
In one were marriage pomp and revelry,
And brides, in gay procession, through the streets
With blazing torches from their chambers borne,
While frequent rose the hymeneal song.
Youths whirl'd around in joyous dance, with sound
Of flute and harp; and, standing at their doors,
Admiring women on the pageant gaz'd.
Meanwhile a busy throng the forum fill'd:
There between two a fierce contention rose,
About a death-fine; to the public one

Appeal'd, asserting to have paid the whole;
While one denied that he had aught receiv'd.
Both were desirous that before the Judge
The issue should be tried; with noisy shouts
Their several partisans encourag'd each.
The heralds still'd the tumult of the crowd:
On polish'd chairs, in solemn circle, sat
The rev'rend Elders; in their hands they held
The loud-voic'd heralds' sceptres; waving these,
They heard th' alternate pleadings; in the midst
Two talents lay of gold, which he should take
Who should before them prove his righteous cause.
Before the second town two armies lay,
In arms refulgent; to destroy the town
Th' assailants threaten'd, or among themselves
Of all the wealth within the city stor'd
An equal half, as ransom, to divide.
The terms rejecting, the defenders mann'd
A secret ambush; on the walls they plac'd
Women and children muster'd for defence,
And men by age enfeebled; forth they went,
By Mars and Pallas led; these, wrought in gold,

In golden arms array'd, above the crowd
For beauty and stature, as befitting Gods,
Conspicuous shone; of lesser height the rest.
But when the destin'd ambuscade was reach'd,
Beside the river, where the shepherds drove
Their flocks and herds to water, down they lay,
In glitt'ring arms accoutred; and apart
They plac'd two spies, to notify betimes
Th' approach of flocks of sheep and lowing herds.
These, in two shepherds' charge, ere long appear'd,
Who, unsuspecting as they mov'd along,
Enjoy'd the music of their past'ral pipes.
They on the booty, from afar discern'd,
Sprang from their ambuscade; and cutting off
The herds, and fleecy flocks, their guardians slew.
Their comrades heard the tumult, where they sat
Before their sacred altars, and forthwith
Sprang on their cars, and with fast-stepping steeds
Pursued the plund'rers, and o'ertook them soon.
There on the river's bank they met in arms,
And each at other hurl'd their brazen spears.
And there were figur'd Strife, and Tumult wild,

And deadly Fate, who in her iron grasp
One newly-wounded, one unwounded bore,
While by the feet from out the press she dragg'd
Another slain: about her shoulders hung
A garment crimson'd with the blood of men.
Like living men they seem'd to move, to fight,
To drag away the bodies of the slain.

And there was grav'n a wide-extended plain
Of fallow land, rich, fertile, mellow soil,
Thrice plough'd; where many ploughmen up and down
Their teams were driving; and as each attain'd
The limit of the field, would one advance,
And tender him a cup of gen'rous wine:
Then would he turn, and to the end again
Along the furrow cheerly drive his plough.
And still behind them darker show'd the soil,
The true presentment of a new-plough'd field,
Though wrought in gold; a miracle of art.

There too was grav'n a corn-field, rich in grain,
Where with sharp sickles reapers plied their task,
And thick, in even swathe, the trusses fell;
The binders, following close, the bundles tied:
Three were the binders; and behind them boys

In close attendance waiting, in their arms
Gather'd the bundles, and in order pil'd.
Amid them, staff in hand, in silence stood
The King, rejoicing in the plenteous swathe.
A little way remov'd, the heralds slew
A sturdy ox, and now beneath an oak
Prepar'd the feast; while women mix'd, hard by,
White barley porridge for the lab'rers' meal.
And, with rich clusters laden, there was grav'n
A vineyard fair, all gold; of glossy black
The bunches were, on silver poles sustain'd;
Around, a darksome trench; beyond, a fence
Was wrought, of shining tin; and through it led
One only path, by which the bearers pass'd,
Who gather'd in the vineyard's bounteous store.
There maids and youths, in joyous spirits bright,
In woven baskets bore the luscious fruit.
A boy, amid them, from a clear-ton'd harp
Drew lovely music; well his liquid voice
The strings accompanied; they all with dance
And song harmonious join'd, and joyous shouts,
As the gay bevy lightly tripp'd along.

Of straight-horn'd cattle too a herd was grav'n;
Of gold and tin the heifers all were wrought:
They to the pasture, from the cattle-yard,
With gentle lowings, by a babbling stream,
Where quiv'ring reed-beds rustled, slowly mov'd.
Four golden shepherds walk'd beside the herd,
By nine swift dogs attended; then amid
The foremost heifers sprang two lions fierce
Upon the lordly bull: he, bellowing loud,
Was dragg'd along, by dogs and youths pursued.
The tough bull's-hide they tore, and gorging lapp'd
Th' intestines and dark blood; with vain attempt
The herdsmen following closely, to the attack
Cheer'd their swift dogs; these shunn'd the lions' jaws,
And close around them baying, held aloof.
And there the skilful artist's hand had trac'd
A pasture broad, with fleecy flocks o'erspread,
In a fair glade, with fold, and tents, and pens.
There, too, the skilful artist's hand had wrought
With curious workmanship, a mazy dance,
Like that which Dædalus in Cnossus erst
At fair-hair'd Ariadne's bidding fram'd.

There, laying each on other's wrists their hand,
Bright youths and many-suitor'd maidens danc'd:
In fair white linen these; in tunics those,
Well woven, shining soft with fragrant oils;
These with fair coronets were crown'd, while those
With golden swords from silver belts were girt.
Now whirl'd they round with nimble practis'd feet,
Easy, as when a potter, seated, turns
A wheel, new fashion'd by his skilful hand,
And spins it round, to prove if true it run;
Now featly mov'd in well-beseeming ranks.
A num'rous crowd, around, the lovely dance
Survey'd, delighted; while an honour'd Bard
Sang, as he struck the lyre, and to the strain
Two tumblers, in the midst, were whirling round.
About the margin of the massive shield
Was wrought the mighty strength of th' ocean stream.
The shield completed, vast and strong, he forg'd
A breastplate, dazzling bright as flame of fire;
And next, a weighty helmet for his head,
Fair, richly wrought, with crest of gold above;
Then last, well-fitting greaves of pliant tin.
The skill'd artificer his works complete

Before Achilles' Goddess-mother laid:
She, like a falcon, from the snow-clad heights
Of huge Olympus, darted swiftly down,
Charg'd with the glitt'ring arms by Vulcan wrought.

ARGUMENT.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles: where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight; his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

BOOK XIX.

NOW morn in saffron robe, from th' ocean stream
Ascending, light diffus'd o'er Gods and men;
As Thetis, to the ships returning, bore
The gift of Vulcan; there her son she found,
Who o'er Patrŏclus hung in bitter grief;
Around him mourn'd his comrades; in the midst
She stood, and clasp'd his hand, as thus she spoke:
"Léave we, my son, though deep our grief, the dead;
Here let him lie, since Heav'n hath doom'd his fall;
But thou these arms receive, by Vulcan sent,
Fairer than e'er on mortal breast were borne."
The arms before Achilles, as she spoke,
The Goddess laid; loud rang the wondrous work.
With awe the Myrmidons beheld; nor dar'd
Affront the sight: but as Achilles gaz'd,
More fiery burn'd his wrath; beneath his brows
His eyes like lightning flash'd; with fierce delight

He seiz'd the glorious gift: and when his soul
Had feasted on the miracle of art,
To Thetis thus his wingèd words address'd:
"Mother, the God hath giv'n me arms indeed,
Worthy a God, and such as mortal man
Could never forge; I go to arm me straight;
Yet fear I for Menœtius' noble son,
Lest in his spear-inflicted wounds the flies
May gender worms, and desecrate the dead,
And, life extinct, corruption reach his flesh."
Whom answer'd thus the silver-footed Queen:
"Let not such fears, my son, disturb thy mind:
I will myself the swarms of flies disperse,
That on the flesh of slaughter'd warriors prey:
And should he here remain a year complete,
Still should his flesh be firm and fresh as now:
But thou to council call the chiefs of Greece;
Against the monarch Agamemnon there,
The leader of the host, abjure thy wrath;
Then arm thee quickly, and put on thy might."
Her words with dauntless courage fill'd his breast.
She in Patroclus' nostrils, to preserve

His flesh, red nectar and ambrosia pour'd.
Along the ocean beach Achilles pass'd,
And loudly shouting, call'd on all the chiefs;
Then all who heretofore remain'd on board,
The steersmen, who the vessels' rudders hold,
The very stewards that serv'd the daily bread,
All to th' assembly throng'd, when reappear'd
Achilles, from the fight so long withdrawn.
Two noble chiefs, two ministers of Mars,
Ulysses sage, and valiant Diomed,
Appear'd, yet crippled by their grievous wounds,
Their halting steps supporting with their spears,
And on the foremost seats their places took.
Next follow'd Agamemnon, King of men,
He also wounded; for Antenor's son,
Coön, had stabb'd him in the stubborn fight.
When all the Greeks were closely throng'd around,
Up rose Achilles swift of foot, and said:
"Great son of Atreus, what hath been the gain
To thee or me, since heart-consuming strife
Hath fiercely rag'd between us, for a girl,
Who would to Heav'n had died by Dian's shafts

That day when from Lyrnessus' captur'd town
I bore her off? so had not many a Greek
Bitten the bloody dust, by hostile hands
Subdued, while I in anger stood aloof.
Great was the gain to Troy; but Greeks, methinks,
Will long retain the mem'ry of our feud.
Yet pass we that; and though our hearts be sore,
Still let us school our angry spirits down.
My wrath I here abjure; it is not meet
It burn for ever unappeas'd; do thou
Muster to battle straight the long-hair'd Greeks;
That, to the Trojans once again oppos'd,
I may make trial if beside the ships
They dare this night remain; but he, I ween,
Will gladly rest his limbs, who safe shall fly,
My spear escaping, from the battle-field."
He said: the well-greav'd Greeks rejoic'd to hear
His wrath abjur'd by Peleus' godlike son;
And from his seat, not standing in the midst,
Thus to th' assembly Agamemnon spoke:
"Friends, Grecian Heroes, Ministers of Mars,
When one stands up to speak, 'tis meet for all

To lend a patient ear, nor interrupt;
For e'en to practis'd speakers hard the task:
But, in this vast assembly, who can speak
That all may hear? the clearest voice must fail.
To Peleus' son, Achilles, I my mind
Will frankly open; ye among yourselves
Impart the words I speak, that all may know.
Oft hath this matter been by Greeks discuss'd,
And I their frequent censure have incurr'd:
Yet was not I the cause; but Jove, and Fate,
And gloomy Erinnys, who combin'd to throw
A strong delusion o'er my mind, that day
I robb'd Achilles of his lawful prize.
What could I do? a Goddess all o'er-rul'd,
Daughter of Jove, dread Até, baleful pow'r,
Misleading all; with lightest step she moves,
Not on the earth, but o'er the heads of men,
With blighting touch; and many hath caus'd to err.
E'en Jove, the wisest deem'd of Gods and men,
In error she involv'd, when Juno's art
By female stratagem the God deceiv'd,
When in well-girdled Thebes Alcmena lay

In travail of the might of Hercules.
In boastful tone amid the Gods he spoke:
'Hear all ye Gods, and all ye Goddesses,
The words I speak, the promptings of my soul.
This day Lucina shall to light bring forth
A child, the future Lord of all around,
Of mortal men, who trace to me their blood.'
Whom answer'd Juno thus, with deep deceit:
'Thou dost but feign, nor wilt fulfil thy word:
Come now, Olympian, swear a solemn oath
That he shall be the Lord of all around,
Who on this day shall be of woman born,
Of mortal men, who trace to thee their blood.'
She said, and Jove, the snare unseeing, swore
A solemn oath; but found his error soon.
Down from Olympus' height she sped in haste
To Argos of Achaia; for the wife
Of Sthenelus, the son of Perseus, there,
She knew, was sev'n months pregnant of a son;
Whom, though untimely born, she brought to light,
Staying meanwhile Alcmena's labour-pangs,
To Saturn's son herself the tidings brought,

And thus address'd him: 'Jove, the lightning's Lord,
I bring thee news; this day a mighty man,
By thee ordain'd to be the Argives' King,
Is born, Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus,
The son of Perseus, issue of thy blood;
Well worthy he to be the Argives' King.'
She said: keen sorrow deeply pierc'd his soul;
Then Até by the glossy locks he seiz'd
In mighty wrath; and swore a solemn oath,
That to Olympus and the starry Heav'n
She never should return, who all misleads.
His arm then whirling, from the starry Heav'n
He flung her down, to vex th' affairs of men.
Yet oft her fraud remember'd he with groans,
When by Eurystheus' hard commands he saw
Condemn'd to servile tasks his noble son.
So, oft as Hector of the glancing helm
Beside the ships the Greeks to slaughter gave,
Back to my mind my former error came.
I err'd, for Jove my judgment took away;
But friendly reconcilement now I seek,
And tender costly presents; then thyself

Uprouse thee, and excite the rest to arms.
While I prepare the gifts, whate'er of late*
The sage Ulysses promis'd in thy tent:
Or, if thou wilt, though eager for the fray,
Remain thou here awhile, till from my ship
My followers bring the gifts; that thou mayst see
I make my offerings with no niggard hand."

Whom answer'd thus Achilles swift of foot:
"Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
The gifts thou deem'st befitting, 'tis for thee
To give, or to withhold; but now at once
Prepare we for the battle; 'tis not meet
On trivial pretexts here to waste our time,
Or idly loiter; much remains to do:
Again be seen Achilles in the van,
Scatt'ring with brazen spear the Trojan ranks;
And ye, forget not man with man to fight."

To whom in answer sage Ulysses thus:

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* L. 151. Χθιζός, yesterday. But either the word must have a more extended signification than is usually given to it, or Homer must here have fallen into an error; for two complete nights and one day, that on which Patroclus met his death, had intervened since the visit of Ajax and Ulysses to the tent of Achilles. See also l. 215.

"Brave as thou art, Achilles, godlike chief,
Yet fasting lead not forth the sons of Greece
To fight the Trojans; for no little time
Will last the struggle, when the serried ranks
Are once engag'd in conflict, and the Gods
With equal courage either side inspire:
But bid them, by the ships, of food and wine
(Wherein are strength and courage) first partake;
For none throughout the day till set of sun,
Fasting from food, may bear the toils of war;
His spirit may still be eager for the fray;
Yet are his limbs by slow degrees weigh'd down,
Himself by thirst and hunger worn, his knees
Unable, as he moves, to bear his weight.
But he who, first with food and wine refresh'd,
All day maintains the combat with the foe,
His spirit retains unbroken, and his limbs
Unwearied, till both armies quit the field.
Disperse then now the crowd, and bid prepare
The morning meal; meantime to public view
Let Agamemnon, King of men, display
His costly gifts; that all the Greeks may see,

And that thy heart within thee melt with joy:
And there in full assembly let him swear
A solemn oath, that he hath ne'er approach'd
The fair Briseis' bed, nor held with her
Such intercourse as man with woman holds.
Be thou propitious, and accept his oath.
Then at a sumptuous banquet in his tent
Let him receive thee; that thine honour due
May nothing lack; and so, Atrides, thou
Shalt stand in sight of all men clear of blame;
For none can wonder that insulting speech
Should rouse the anger of a sceptred King."

To whom thus Agamemnon, King of men:
"Son of Laertes, I accept thy speech
With cordial welcome: all that thou hast said
Is well and wisely spoken; for the oath,
I am prepar'd, with willing mind, to swear;
Nor in the sight of Heav'n will be forsworn.
Let then Achilles here awhile remain,
Though eager for the fray; ye too remain,
Until the presents from my tent be brought,
And we our solemn compact ratify.

Then this command upon thyself I lay:
That thou the noblest youths of all the Greeks
Select, and bid them from my vessel bear
The gifts, which to Achilles yesternight
We promis'd, and withal the women bring;
And let Talthybius through the host seek out
A boar, for sacrifice to Jove and Sol."
Whom answer'd thus Achilles swift of foot:
"Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
These matters to some future time were best
Deferr'd, some hour of respite from the fight,
Of rage less fiercely burning in my breast;
But slaughter'd now they lie, whom Priam's son,
Hector, hath slain, by Jove to vict'ry led.
Ye bid us take our food; if I might rule,
I would to battle lead the sons of Greece,
Unfed, and fasting; and at set of sun,
Our shame aveng'd, an ample feast prepare;
Till then, nor food nor drink shall pass my lips,
My comrade slain; who pierc'd with mortal wounds,
Turn'd tow'rd the doorway, lies within my tent,
His mourning friends around; while there he lies,

No thought have I for these or aught beside,
Save carnage, blood, and groans of dying men."
To whom Ulysses, sage in council, thus:
"O son of Peleus, noblest of the Greeks,
How far, Achilles, thou surpassest me
In deeds of arms, I know: but thou must yield
To me in counsel, for my years are more,
And my experience greater far than thine:
Then to my words incline a patient ear.
Men soonest weary of battle, where the sword
The bloodiest harvest reaps; the lightest crop
Of slaughter is where Jove inclines the scale,
Dispenser, at his will, of human wars.
The Greeks by fasting cannot mourn their dead;
For day by day successive numbers fall;
Where were the respite then from ceaseless fast?
Behoves us bury out of sight our dead,
Steeling our hearts, and weeping but a day;
And we, the rest, whom cruel war hath spar'd,
Should first with food and wine recruit our strength;
Then, girding on our arms, the livelong day
Maintain the war, unwearied; then let none

Require a farther summons to the field;
(And woe to him who loit'ring by the ships
That summons hears;) but with united force
Against the Trojans wake the furious war."
He said, and call'd on noble Nestor's sons,
On Meges, Phyleus' son, Meriones,
Thoas, and Lycomedes, Creon's son,
And Melanippus; they together sought
The mighty monarch Agamemnon's tent.
Soon as the word was giv'n, the work was done;
Sev'n tripods brought they out, the promis'd gifts;
Twelve horses, twenty caldrons glitt'ring bright;
Sev'n women too, well skill'd in household cares,
With whom, the eighth, the fair Briseis came.
Ulysses led the way, and with him brought
Ten talents full of gold; th' attendant youths
The other presents bore, and in the midst
Display'd before th' assembly: then uprose
The monarch Agamemnon; by his side,
With voice of godlike pow'r, Talthybius stood,
Holding the victim: then Atrides drew
The dagger, ever hanging at his side,

Close by the scabbard of his mighty sword,
And from the victim's head the bristles shore.
With hands uplifted then to Jove he pray'd;
While all around the Greeks in silence stood,
List'ning, decorous, to the monarch's words,
As looking up to Heav'n he made his pray'r:
"Be witness, Jove, thou highest, first of Gods,
And Sun, and Earth, and ye who vengeance wreak
Beneath the earth on souls of men forsworn,
Furies! that never, or to love unchaste
Soliciting, or otherwise, my hand
Hath fair Briseis touch'd; but in my tent
Still pure and undefil'd hath she remain'd:
And if in this I be forsworn, may Heav'n
With all the plagues afflict me, due to those
Who sin by perjur'd oaths against the Gods."
Thus as he spoke, across the victim's throat
He drew the pitiless blade; Talthybius then
To hoary Ocean's depths the carcase threw,
Food for the fishes; then Achilles rose,
And thus before th' assembled Greeks he spoke:
"O Father Jove, how dost thou lead astray

Our human judgments! ne'er had Atreus' son
My bosom fill'd with wrath, nor from my arms,
To his own loss, against my will had torn
The girl I lov'd, but that the will of Jove
To death predestin'd many a valiant Greek.
Now to the meal; anon renew the war."

This said, th' assembly he dismiss'd in haste,
The crowd dispersing to their sev'ral ships;
Upon the gifts the warlike Myrmidons
Bestow'd their care, and bore them to the ships
Of Peleus' godlike son; within the tent
They laid them down, and there the women plac'd,
While to the drove the followers led the steeds.
Briseis, fair as golden Venus, saw
Patroclus lying, pierc'd with mortal wounds,
Within the tent; and with a bitter cry,
She flung her down upon the corpse, and tore
Her breast, her delicate neck, and beauteous cheeks;
And, weeping, thus the lovely woman wail'd:

"Patroclus, dearly lov'd of this sad heart!
When last I left this tent, I left thee full
Of healthy life; returning now, I find

Only thy lifeless corpse, thou Prince of men!
So sorrow still, on sorrow heap'd, I bear.
The husband of my youth, to whom my sire
And honour'd mother gave me, I beheld
Slain with the sword before the city walls:
Three brothers, whom with me one mother bore,
My dearly lov'd ones, all were doom'd to death:
Nor wouldst thou, when Achilles swift of foot
My husband slew, and royal Mynes' town
In ruin laid, allow my tears to flow;
But thou wouldst make me (such was still thy speech)
The wedded wife of Peleus' godlike son:
Thou wouldst to Phthia bear me in thy ship,
And there, thyself, amid the Myrmidons,
Wouldst give my marriage feast; then, unconsol'd,
I weep thy death, my ever-gentle friend!"

Weeping, she spoke; the women join'd her wail:
Patroclus' death the pretext for their tears,
But each in secret wept her private griefs.

Around Achilles throng'd the elder men,
Urging to eat; but he, with groans, refus'd:
"I pray you, would you show your love, dear friends,

Ask me not now with food or drink to appease
Hunger or thirst; a load of bitter grief
Weighs heavy on my soul; till set of sun
Fasting will I remain, and still endure."
The other monarchs at his word withdrew:
The two Atridæ, and Ulysses sage,
And Nestor and Idomeneus remain'd,
And aged Phœnix, to divert his grief;
But comfort none, save in the bloody jaws
Of battle would he take; by mem'ry stirr'd,
He heav'd a deep-drawn sigh, as thus he spoke:
"How oft hast thou, ill-fated, dearest friend,
Here in this tent with eager zeal prepar'd
The tempting meal, whene'er the sons of Greece
In haste would arm them for the bloody fray!
Now liest thou there, while I, for love of thee,
From food and drink, before me plac'd, refrain:
For ne'er shall I again such sorrow know,
Not though I heard of aged Peleus' death,
Who now in Phthia mourns, with tender tears,
His absent son; he on a foreign shore
Is warring in that hateful Helen's cause:

No, nor of his, who now in Scyros' isle
Is growing up, if yet indeed he live,
Young Neoptolemus, my godlike son.
My hope had been indeed, that here in Troy,
Far from the plains of Argos, I alone
Was doom'd to die; and that to Phthia thou,
Return'd in safety, mightst my son convey
From Scyros home, and show him all my wealth,
My spoils, my slaves, my lofty, spacious house.
For Peleus or to death, methinks, e'en now
Hath yielded, or not far from death remov'd,
Lives on in sorrow, bow'd by gloomy age,
Expecting day by day the messenger
Who bears the mournful tidings of my death."
Weeping, Achilles spoke; and with him wept
The Elders; each to fond remembrance mov'd
Of all that in his home himself had left.
The son of Saturn, pitying, saw their grief,
And Pallas thus with winged words address'd:
"My child, dost thou a hero's cause forsake,
Or does Achilles claim no more thy care,
Who sits in sorrow by the high-prow'd ships,

Mourning his comrade slain? the others all
Partake the meal, while he from food abstains:
Then haste thee, and, with hunger lest he faint,
Drop nectar and ambrosia on his breast."

His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal:
Down, like the long-wing'd falcon, shrill of voice,
Thro' the clear sky she swoop'd: and while the Greeks
Arm'd for the fight, Achilles she approach'd,
And nectar and ambrosia on his breast
Distill'd, lest hunger should his strength subdue;
Back to her mighty Father's ample house
Returning, as from out the ships they pour'd.
Thick as the snow-flakes that from Heav'n descend,
Before the sky-born Boreas' chilling blast;
So thick, outpouring from the ships, the stream
Of helmets polish'd bright, and bossy shields,
And breastplates firmly brac'd, and ashen spears:
Their brightness flash'd to Heav'n; and laugh'd the Earth
Beneath the brazen glare; loud rang the tramp
Of armèd men: Achilles in the midst,
The godlike chief, in dazzling arms array'd.
His teeth were gnashing audibly; his eye

Blaz'd with the light of fire; but in his heart
Was grief unbearable; with furious wrath
He burn'd against the Trojans, as he donn'd
The heav'nly gifts, the work of Vulcan's hand.
First on his legs the well-wrought greaves he fix'd,
Fasten'd with silver clasps; his breastplate next
Around his chest; and o'er his shoulders flung
His silver-studded sword, with blade of brass;
Then took his vast and weighty shield, whence gleam'd
A light refulgent as the full-orb'd moon;
Or as to seamen o'er the wave is borne
The watchfire's light, which, high among the hills,
Some shepherd kindles in his lonely fold:
As they, reluctant, by the stormy winds,
Far from their friends are o'er the waters driv'n;
So from Achilles' shield, bright, richly wrought,
The light was thrown. The weighty helm he rais'd,
And plac'd it on his head; the plumèd helm
Shone like a star; and wav'd the hairs of gold,
Thick-set by Vulcan in the gleaming crest.
Then all the arms Achilles prov'd, to know
If well they fitted to his graceful limbs:

Like wings, they seem'd to lift him from the ground.
Last, from its case he drew his father's spear,
Long, pond'rous, tough; not one of all the Greeks,
None, save Achilles' self, could poise that spear;
The far-fam'd Pelian ash, which to his sire,
On Pelion's summit fell'd, to be the bane
Of mighty chiefs, the Centaur Chiron gave.
With care Automedon and Alcimus
The horses yok'd, with collars fair attach'd:
Plac'd in their mouths the bits, and pass'd the reins
Back to the well-built car: Automedon
Sprang on the car, with shining lash in hand:
Behind, Achilles came, array'd for war,
In arms all glitt'ring as the gorgeous sun,
And loudly to his father's steeds he call'd:
"Xanthus and Balius, noble progeny
Of swift Podarge, now in other sort
Back to the Grecian ranks in safety bear,
When he shall quit the field, your charioteer;
Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, slain."
To whom in answer from beneath the yoke
Xanthus, the noble horse, with glancing feet:

Bowing his head the while, till all his mane
Down from th' yokeband streaming, reach'd the ground;
By Juno, white-arm'd Queen, with speech endued:
"Yes, great Achilles, we this day again
Will bear thee safely; but thy day of doom
Is nigh at hand; nor we shall cause thy death,
But Heav'n's high will, and Fate's imperious pow'r.
By no default of ours, nor lack of speed,
The Trojans stripp'd Patroclus of his arms:
The mighty God, fair-hair'd Latona's son,
Achiev'd his death, and Hector's vict'ry gain'd.
Our speed of foot may vie with Zephyr's breeze,
Deem'd swiftest of the winds; but thou art doom'd
To die, by force combin'd of God and man."
He said; his farther speech the Furies stay'd.
To whom in wrath Achilles swift of foot;
"Xanthus, why thus predict my coming fate?
It ill beseems thee! well I know myself
That I am fated here in Troy to die,
Far from my home and parents; yet withal
I cease not, till these Trojans from the field
Before me fly." He said, and to the front,
His war-cry shouting, urg'd his fiery steeds.

ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES.

Jupiter, upon Achilles' return to the battle, calls a council of the gods and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter. The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

BOOK XX.

ROUND thee, Achilles, eager for the fray,
Stood thus accoutred, by their beakèd ships,
The sons of Greece; the Trojan host, oppos'd,
Stood on the sloping margin of the plain.
Then Jove to Themis gave command to call
The Gods to council from the lofty height
Of many-ridg'd Olympus; to the house
Of Jove she summon'd them from ev'ry side.
Thence of the Rivers, save Oceanus,
Not one was absent; nor of Nymphs, who haunt
Clear fount, or shady grove, or grassy mead.
They, at the Cloud-compeller's house arriv'd,
Within the polish'd corridor reclin'd,
Which Vulcan's cunning hand for Jove had built.
There were they gather'd in th' abode of Jove:
Nor did th' Earth-shaking Neptune slight the call,
But came from ocean's depths, and in the midst

He sat, and thus the will of Jove enquir'd:

"Why, Lord of lightning, hast thou summon'd here
The Gods to council? dost thou aught devise
Touching the Greeks and Trojans? who e'en now
Kindle anew, it seems, the blaze of war."

To whom the Cloud-compeller, answ'ring, thus:
"The purpose, Neptune, well thou know'st thyself
For which I call'd ye; true, they needs must die,
But still they claim my care; yet here will I
Upon Olympus' lofty ridge remain,
And view, serene, the combat; you, the rest,
Go, as you list, to Trojans or to Greeks,
And at your pleasure either party aid.
For if we leave Achilles thus alone
To fight against the Trojans, not an hour
Will they before the son of Peleus stand.
They dreaded him before; but now, I fear,
Since rous'd to fury by his comrade's death,
He e'en in fate's despite may storm the wall."

Thus Saturn's son, and quenchless battle rous'd:
The Gods, divided, hasten'd to the war:
Juno and Pallas to the ships of Greece,

With them th' Earth-shaker, and the helpful God,
Hermes, for cunning subtleties unmatch'd;
And Vulcan too, exulting in his strength,
Yet halting, and on feeble limbs sustain'd.
Mars of the glancing helm took part with Troy,
And golden Phœbus with his locks unshorn,
Latona too, and Dian, Archer-Queen,
Xanthus, and Venus, laughter-loving dame.

While from the fight of men the Gods abstain'd,
High rose the Grecian vaunts, as, long withdrawn,
Achilles on the field again appear'd:
And ev'ry Trojan's limbs with terror quak'd,
Trembling, as Peleus' godlike son they saw,
In arms all-glitt'ring, fierce as blood-stain'd Mars.
But when th' Immortals mingled in the throng,
Then furious wax'd the spirit-stirring strife;
Then Pallas rais'd her war-cry, standing now
Beside the deep-dug trench, without the wall,
Now shouting loud along the sounding beach.
On th' other side, as with the tempest's roar,
Mars to the Trojans shouted loud; one while
From Ilium's topmost height; anon again

From the fair hill, o'erhanging Simöis' stream.
Thus, either side exciting to the fray,
Th' immortal Gods unchain'd the angry war.
Thunder'd on high the Sire of Gods and men
With awful din; while Neptune shook beneath
The boundless earth, and lofty mountain tops.
The spring-abounding Ida quak'd and rock'd
From her firm basis to her loftiest peak,
And Troy's proud city, and the ships of Greece.
Pluto, th' infernal monarch, heard alarm'd,
And, springing from his throne, cried out in fear,
Lest Neptune, breaking through the solid earth,
To mortals and Immortals should lay bare
His dark and drear abode, of Gods abhorr'd.
Such was the shock when Gods in battle met;
For there to royal Neptune stood oppos'd
Phœbus Apollo with his arrows keen;
The blue-ey'd Pallas to the God of War;
To Juno, Dian, heav'nly Archeress,
Sister of Phœbus, golden-shafted Queen.
Stout Hermes, helpful God, Latona fac'd;
While Vulcan met the mighty rolling stream,

Xanthus by Gods, by men Scamander call'd.
Thus Gods encounter'd Gods: Achilles' soul
Meantime was burning 'mid the throng to meet
Hector, the son of Priam; with whose blood
He long'd to glut th' insatiate Lord of War.
Apollo then, the spirit-stirring God,
Æneas mov'd Achilles to confront,
And fill'd with courage high; and thus, the voice
Assuming of Lycaon, Priam's son,
Apollo, son of Jove, the chief address'd:
"Æneas, prince and councillor of Troy,
Where are the vaunts, which o'er the wine-cup late
Thou mad'st amid th' assembled chiefs of Troy,
That hand to hand thou wouldst Achilles meet?"
To whom Æneas thus in answer spoke:
"Why, son of Priam, urge me to contend,
Against my will, with Peleus' mighty son?
Not for the first time should I now engage
Achilles swift of foot: I met him once,
And fled before his spear, on Ida's hill,
When on our herds he fell; Lyrnessus then
He raz'd, and Pedasus; me Jove preserv'd,

With strength endowing, and with speed of foot.
Else had I fall'n beneath Achilles' hand,
By Pallas aided; who before him moves,
Light of his life, and guides his brazen spear
Trojans and Leleges alike to slay.
'Tis not in mortal man with him to fight,
Whom still some God attends, and guards from harm;
And, e'en unaided, to the mark his spear
Unerring flies, uncheck'd until it pierce
A warrior's breast; yet if the Gods the scale
Impartial held, all brass-clad as he is,
O'er me no easy triumph should he gain."

To whom the King Apollo, son of Jove:
"Brave chief, do thou too to th' immortal Gods
Address thy pray'r; men say that thou art sprung
From Venus, child of Jove; his mother owns
A humbler origin; one born to Jove,
The other to the aged Ocean God.
On then with dauntless spear, nor be dismay'd
By his high tone and vaunting menaces."

His words with courage fill'd the hero's breast,
And on he sprang, in dazzling arms array'd;

But not unmark'd of white-arm'd Juno pass'd,
To meet Achilles, through the press of men,
Who thus address'd the Gods, to council call'd:
"Neptune and Pallas both, bethink ye well
What now should be our course; Æneas comes,
In dazzling arms array'd, to meet in fight
The son of Peleus; Phœbus sends him forth.
Say, then, shall we, encount'ring, to retreat
Perforce constrain him? or shall one of us
Beside Achilles stand, and give him strength
That he may nothing lack; and know himself
By all the mightiest of th' immortal Gods
Belov'd, and those how pow'rless, by whose aid
The Trojans yet maintain defensive war?
Therefore, to join the battle, came we all
From high Olympus, that in this day's fight
No ill befall him; though the time shall come
For him to meet the doom, by fate decreed,
When at his birth his thread of life was spun.
But if Achilles from a voice divine
Receive not this assurance, he may well
Be struck with fear, if haply to some God

He find himself oppos'd: 'tis hard for man
To meet, in presence visible, a God."
To whom Earth-shaking Neptune thus replied:
"Juno, thine anger carry not too far;
It ill beseems thee. Not with my consent
Shall we, the stronger far, provoke to arms
The other Gods; but rather, from the field
Retiring, let us from on high survey,
To mortals left, the turmoil of the war.
Should Mars or Phœbus then begin the fight,
Or stay Achilles, and his arm restrain,
Then in the contest we too may engage;
And soon, methinks, will they be fain to join,
Driv'n from the field, the Synod of the Gods,
Subdued perforce by our victorious hands."
The dark-hair'd monarch spoke; and led the way
To the high wall, by Trojans built of old,
With Pallas' aid, for godlike Hercules;
Within whose circle he might safety seek,
When from the beach the monster of the deep
Might chase him toward the plain; there Neptune sat,
And with him, the other Gods, a veil of cloud

Impenetrable around their shoulders spread.
On th' other side, upon the fair hill's brow,
Phœbus with Mars the fort-destroyer sat.
On either side they sat, each facing each
With hostile counsels; yet reluctant both
To take th' initiative of ruthless war;
Till Jove, enthron'd on high, the signal gave.
Then all the plain, with men and horses throng'd,
The brazen gleam illumin'd; rang the earth
Beneath their feet, as to the battle-shock
They rush'd; but in the midst, both hosts between,
Eager for fight, stood forth two warriors bold,
Proudly pre-eminent; Anchises' son
Æneas, and Achilles' godlike might.
Æneas first with threat'ning mien advanc'd,
Nodding his pond'rous helm; before his breast
His shield he bore, and pois'd his brazen spear.
Him met Achilles from th' opposing ranks;
Fierce as a rav'ning lion, whom to slay
Pour forth the stalwart youths, th' united strength
Of the rous'd village; he unheeding moves
At first; but wounded by a jav'lin thrown

By some bold youth, he turns, with gaping jaws,
And frothing fangs, collecting for the spring,
His breast too narrow for his mighty heart;
And with his tail he lashes both his flanks
And sides, as though to rouse his utmost rage;
Then on, in pride of strength, with glaring eyes
He dashes, if some hunter he may slay,
Or in the foremost rank himself be slain.
So mov'd his dauntless spirit Peleus' son
Æneas to confront; when near they came,
Thus first Achilles, swift of foot, began:
"Æneas, why so far before the ranks
Advanc'd? dost thou presume with me to fight?
Perchance expecting that the throne of Troy
And Priam's royal honours may be thine.
E'en if thou slay me, deem not to obtain
Such boon from Priam; valiant sons are his,
And he not weak, but bears a constant mind.
Or have the Trojans set apart for thee
Some favour'd spot, the fairest of the land,
Orchard or corn-land, shouldst thou work my death;
Which thou shalt find, I trust, too hard a task?

Already hast thou fled before my spear;
Hast thou forgotten how amid thy herds
Alone I found thee, and with flying foot
Pursued thee down the steep of Ida's hill?
Nor didst thou dare to turn, or pause in flight.
Thou to Lyrnessus fledd'st; Lyrnessus I,
With Pallas' aid and Jove's, assail'd and took:
Their women thence, their days of freedom lost,
I bore away, my captives; thee from death,
Jove and the other Gods defended then;
But will not now bestow, though such thy hope,
Their succour; then I warn thee, while 'tis time,
Ere ill betide thee, to the gen'ral throng
That thou withdraw, nor stand to me oppos'd:
After th' event may e'en a fool be wise."

To whom in answer thus Æneas spoke:
"Achilles, think not me, as though a fool,
To daunt with lofty speech; I too could well
With cutting words, and insult, answer thee.
Each other's race and parents well we know
From tales of ancient days; although by sight
Nor mine to thee, nor thine to me are known.

To noble Peleus thou, 'tis said, wast born
Of Thetis, fair-hair'd daughter of the sea;
Of great Anchises, Heav'n-descended chief,
I boast me sprung, to him by Venus borne.
Of these shall one or other have this day
To mourn their son; since not with empty words
Shall thou and I from mortal combat part.
But if thou farther wouldst enquire, and learn
The race I spring from, not unknown to men,
By Dardanus, of cloud-compelling Jove
Begotten, was Dardania peopled first,
Ere sacred Ilium, populous city of men,
Was founded on the plain; as yet they dwelt
On spring-abounding Ida's lowest spurs.
To Dardanus was Erichthonius born,
Great King, the wealthiest of the sons of men;
For him were pastur'd in the marshy mead,
Rejoicing with their foals, three thousand mares;
Them Boreas, in the pasture where they fed,
Beheld, enamour'd; and amid the herd
In likeness of a coal-black steed appear'd;
Twelve foals, by him conceiving, they produc'd.

These, o'er the teeming corn-fields as they flew,
Skimm'd o'er the standing ears, nor broke the haulm;
And, o'er wide Ocean's bosom as they flew,
Skimm'd o'er the topmost spray of th' hoary sea
Again, to Erichthonius Tros was born,
The King of Troy; three noble sons were his,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede;
The fairest he of all the sons of men;
Him, for his beauty, bore the Gods away,
To minister as cup-bearer to Jove,
And dwell amid th' Immortals: Ilus next
Begot a noble son, Laomedon;
Tithonus he, and Priam; Clytius,
Lampus and Icetäon, plant of Mars;
Capys, begotten of Assaracus,
Begot Anchises, and Anchises me:
To Priam godlike Hector owes his birth.
Such is my race, and such the blood I boast;
But Jove, at will, to mortals valour gives
Or minishes; for he is Lord of all.
Then cease we now, like babbling fools, to prate
Here in the centre of the coming fight.

Terms of reproach we both might find, whose weight
Would sink a galley of a hundred oars;
For glibly runs the tongue, and can at will
Give utt'rance to discourse in ev'ry vein;
Wide is the range of language; and such words
As one may speak, another may return.
What need that we should insults interchange?
Like women, who some paltry quarrel wage,
Scolding and brawling in the public street,
And in opprobrious terms their anger vent,
Some true, some false; for so their rage suggests.
With words thou shalt not turn me from the field,
Till we have met in arms; then try we now
Each other's prowess with our brazen spears."
He said, and hurl'd against the mighty shield
His brazen spear; loud rang the weapon's point;
And at arm's length Achilles held the shield
With his broad hand, in fear that through its folds
Æneas' spear would easy passage find;
Blind fool! forgetful that the glorious gifts
Bestow'd by Gods, are not with ease o'ercome,
Nor yield before th' assaults of mortal men.

So broke not through Æneas' sturdy spear,
Stay'd by the golden plate, the gift of Heav'n;
Yet through two plates it pass'd, but three remain'd,
For five were in the shield by Vulcan wrought;
Two were of brass, the inner two of tin,
And one of gold, which stay'd the brazen spear.
Achilles threw in turn his pond'rous spear.
And struck the circle of Æneas' shield
Near the first rim, where thinnest lay the brass,
And thinnest too th' o'erlying hide; right through
The Pelian shaft was driv'n; wide gap'd the shield.
Æneas crouch'd, in fear, as o'er his head
He held his shield; the eager weapon pass'd
Through both the circles of his ample shield,
And in the ground, behind him, quiv'ring, stood.
Escap'd the pond'rous weapon, sharpest pain
Flashing across his eyes, in fear he stood,
So close the spear had pass'd him; onward then,
Drawing his trenchant blade, Achilles rush'd,
With fearful shout; a rocky fragment then
Æneas lifted up, a mighty mass,
Which scarce two men, as men are now, could bear,

But he, unaided, lifted it with ease.
Then had Æneas, with the massive stone,
Or on the helmet, or the shield, his death
Averting, struck Achilles; and himself
Had by the sword of Peleus' son been slain,
Had not th' Earth-shaking God his peril seen,
And to th' Immortals thus address'd his speech:
"Oh, woe is me for great Æneas' sake,
Who, by Achilles slain, must visit soon
The viewless shades; insensate, who relied
On Phœbus' words; yet nought shall he avail
From death to save him. Yet oh why should he,
Blameless himself, the guilt of others rue?
Who still his grateful sacrifice hath paid
To all the Gods in wide-spread Heav'n who dwell.
Let us then interpose to guard his life;
Lest, if Achilles slay him, Saturn's son
Be mov'd to anger; for his destiny
Would have him live; lest, heirless, from the earth
Should perish quite the race of Dardanus;
By Saturn's son the best-belov'd of all
His sons, to him by mortal women born.

For Jove the race of Priam hath abhorr'd;
But o'er the Trojans shall Æneas reign,
And his sons' sons, through ages yet unborn."
Whom answer'd thus the stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n:
"Neptune, do thou determine for thyself
Æneas to withdraw, or leave to fall,
Good as he is, beneath Achilles' sword;
But we before th' immortal Gods are bound,
Both I and Pallas, by repeated oaths,
Ne'er from his doom one Trojan life to save,
Though to devouring flames a prey, all Troy
Were blazing, kindled by the valiant Greeks."
Th' Earth-shaker heard; and thro' the fight he pass'd,
And through the throng of spears, until he came
Where great Achilles and Æneas stood.
Around the eyes of Peleus' son he spread
A veil of mist; then from Æneas' shield
The brass-tipp'd spear withdrawing, laid it down
Before Achilles' feet; and lifting up
Æneas, bore him high above the ground.
O'er many a rank of warriors and of cars
Æneas flew, supported by the God;

Till to the field's extremest verge he came,
Where stood the Caucons, arming for the war.
There to Æneas, standing by his side,
Th' Earth-shaker thus his wingèd words address'd:
"Æneas, say what God has mov'd thee thus
Against Achilles, reckless, to contend,
Thy stronger far, and dearer to the Gods?
If e'er he cross thy path, do thou retire,
Lest, e'en despite of fate, thou find thy death.
But when Achilles hath to fate succumb'd,
Then, fearless, with the foremost join the fray:
No other Greek shall bear away thy spoils."
Thus plainly warn'd, Æneas there he left.
Then from Achilles' eyes he purg'd the film:
Astonish'd, he with eyes wide open gaz'd,
As thus he commun'd with his mighty heart:
"O Heav'n, what marvel do mine eyes behold?
My spear before me laid, and vanish'd he
At whom I hurl'd it with intent to slay!
Then is Æneas of th' immortal Gods
In truth belov'd, though vain I deem'd his boast.
A curse go with him! yet methinks not soon

Will he again presume to prove my might,
Who gladly now in flight escapes from death.
Then, to the valiant Greeks my orders giv'n,
Let me some other Trojan's mettle prove."
Then tow'rd the ranks he sprang, each sev'ral man
Exhorting: "From the Trojans, valiant Greeks,
No longer stand aloof; but man to man
Confront the foe, and nobly dare the fight.
'Twere hard for me, brave warrior though I be,
To face such numbers, and to fight with all:
Not Mars, nor Pallas, though immortal Gods,
Could face, and vanquish, such a mighty mass.
But what my single arm, and feet, and strength
May profit, not a jot will I relax;
Right through the ranks I mean to force my way;
And small shall be that Trojan's cause for joy,
Who comes within the compass of my spear."
Thus he, exhorting; Hector cheering on
Meanwhile the Trojans, with assurance giv'n
That he himself Achilles would confront.
"Ye valiant Trojans, fear not Peleus' son;
I too in words could with the Gods contend,

Though not in arms; so much the stronger they.
Not all his words Achilles shall make good;
Fulfilling some, in others he shall fail,
His course midway arrested. Him will I
Encounter, though his hands were hands of fire,
Of fire his hands, his strength as burnish'd steel."
Thus he, exhorting; with uplifted spears
Advanc'd the Trojans; from the mingling hosts
Loud rose the clamour; then at Hector's side
Apollo stood, and thus address'd the chief:
"Hector, forbear Achilles to defy;
And 'mid the crowd withdraw thee from the fray;
Lest with the spear he slay thee, thrown from far,
Or with the sword in combat hand to hand."
He said; and troubled by the heav'nly voice,
Hector amid the throng of men withdrew.
Then, girt with might, amid the Trojans sprang,
With fearful shouts, Achilles; first he slew
Otryntes' son, Iphition, valiant chief
Of num'rous warriors; him a Naiad nymph,
In Hyde's fertile vale, beneath the feet
Of snow-clad Tmolus, to Otryntes bore;

At him, as on he rush'd, Achilles hurl'd,
And through his forehead drove his glitt'ring spear;
The head was cleft in twain; thund'ring he fell,
And o'er him thus Achilles made his boast:
"Son of Otryntes, lie thou there, of men
The most vain-glorious; here thou find'st thy death,
Far from thy place of birth, beside the lake
Gygæan; there hadst thou thine heritage
Of old, beside the fish-abounding stream
Of Hyllus, and by Hermus' eddying flood."
Thus he, exulting: o'er Iphition's eyes
Were spread the shades of death; his mangled corpse
Was crush'd beneath the Grecian chariot wheels,
In the first shock. Demoleon next he smote,
A helpful aid in war, Antenor's son,
Pierc'd thro' the temples, thro' the brass-bound helm;
Nor check'd the brazen helm the spear, whose point
Went crashing through the bone, that all the brain
Was shatter'd; onward as he rush'd, he fell.
Then through the neck Hippodamas he smote,
Flying before him, mounted on his car.
Deep groan'd he, breathing out his soul, as groans

A bull, by sturdy youths to th' altar dragg'd
Of Neptune, King divine of Helice;
Th' Earth-shaking God, well pleas'd, the gift receives;
E'en with such groans his noble spirit fled.
The godlike Polydore he next assail'd,
The son of Priam; him his aged sire
Would fain have kept at home, of all his sons
At once the youngest and the best-belov'd;
Among them all for speed of foot unmatch'd;
Whose youthful folly, in the foremost ranks
His speed displaying, cost him now his life.
Him, as he darted by, Achilles' spear
Struck through the centre of the back, where met
The golden clasps that held the glitt'ring belt,
And where the breastplate form'd a double guard:
Right through his body pass'd the weapon's point;
Groaning, he fell upon his knees; dark clouds
O'erspread his eyes; supporting with his hand
His wounded bowels, on the ground he writh'd.
When Hector saw his brother Polydore
Writhing in death, a mist o'erspread his eyes;
Nor longer could he bear to stand aloof,

But sprang to meet Achilles, flashing fire,
His keen spear brandishing; at sight of him
Up leap'd Achilles, and exulting cried:
"Lo, here the man who most hath wrung my soul,
Who slew my lov'd companion: now, methinks,
Upon the pass of war not long shall we
Stand separate, nor each the other shun."
Then, with stern glance, to godlike Hector thus:
"Draw near, and quickly meet thy doom of death."
To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,
Unterrified: "Achilles, think not me,
As though a fool and ignorant of war,
To daunt with lofty speech; I too could well
With cutting words and insult answer thee.
I know thee strong and valiant; and I know
Myself to thee inferior; but th' event
Is with the Gods; and I, if such their will,
The weaker, with my spear may reach thy life:
My point too hath, ere now, its sharpness prov'd."
He said, and, poising, hurl'd his pond'rous spear,
Which from Achilles Pallas turn'd aside
With lightest breath; and back to Hector sent,

And laid before his feet; intent to slay,
Onward Achilles rush'd, with fearful shout;
But Phœbus Hector from the field convey'd,
(As Gods can only,) veil'd in thickest cloud.
Thrice Peleus' godlike son, with brazen spear,
His onset made; thrice struck the misty cloud;
But when, with pow'r as of a God, he made
His fourth essay, in fury thus he cried:
"Yet once again, vile hound, hast thou escap'd;
Thy doom was nigh, but thee thy God hath sav'd,
Phœbus, to whom, amid the clash of spears,
Well mayst thou pray! We yet shall meet again;
When I shall end thee, if a guardian God
I too may claim; meanwhile, from thee I turn,
And others seek on whom my hap may light."
He said, and drove through Dryops' neck his spear,
And stretch'd him at his feet, and pass'd him by.
Next with his spear he struck below the knee
Philetor's son, Demuchus, stout and tall,
And check'd his forward course; then rushing on
Dealt with his mighty sword the mortal blow.
The sons of Bias next, Laögonus

And Dardanus, he hurl'd from off their car,
One with the spear, and one by sword-stroke slain.
Tros too he slew, Alastor's son, who came
To meet him, and embrace his knees, and pray
To spare his life, in pity of his youth:
Little he knew how vain would be his pray'r;
For not of temper soft, nor mild of mood
Was he, but sternly fierce; and as he knelt
And clasp'd his knees, and would his pray'r prefer,
Achilles clove him with his mighty sword,
Gash'd through the liver; as from out the wound
His liver dropp'd, the dark blood gushing forth
His bosom fill'd, and darkness clos'd his eyes,
As ebb'd his life away. Then through the ear
Mulius he thrust; at th' other ear came forth
The brazen point. Echeclus next he met,
Son of Agenor, and his hilted sword
Full on the centre of his head let fall.
The hot blood dy'd the blade; the darkling shades
Of death, and rig'rous fate, his eyes o'erspread.
Next, where the tendons bind the elbow-joint,
The brazen spear transfix'd Deucalion's arm;

With death in prospect, and disabled arm
He stood, till on his neck Achilles' sword
Descending, shar'd, and flung afar, both head
And helmet; from the spine's dissever'd joints
The marrow flow'd, as stretch'd in dust he lay.
The noble son of Peireus next he slew,
Rigmus, who came from Thracia's fertile plains;
Him through the waist he struck, the brazen spear
Plung'd in his bowels; from the car he fell;
And as Areithöus, his charioteer,
His horses turn'd, Achilles through the neck
His sharp spear thrusting, hurl'd him to the ground,
The startled steeds in wild confusion thrown.
As rage the fires amid the wooded glen
Of some parch'd mountain's side, and fiercely burns
The copse-wood dry, while eddying here and there
The flames are whirl'd before the gusty wind;
So fierce Achilles raged, on ev'ry side
Pursuing, slaught'ring; reek'd the earth with blood.
As when upon a well-roll'd threshing-floor,
Two sturdy-fronted steers, together yok'd,
Tread the white barley out; beneath their feet

Fast flies the grain out-trodden from the husk;
So by Achilles driv'n, his flying steeds
His chariot bore, o'er bodies of the slain
And broken bucklers trampling; all beneath
Was plash'd with blood the axle, and the rails
Around the car, as from the horses' feet
And from the felloes of the wheels were thrown
The bloody gouts; and onward still he press'd,
Panting for added triumphs, deeply dyed
With gore and carnage his unconquer'd hands.

ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander; he falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simöis joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, and drives the rest into Troy; Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo: who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

BOOK XXI.

BUT when they came to eddying Xanthus' ford,
Fair-flowing stream, born of immortal Jove,
Achilles cut in twain the flying host;
Part driving tow'rd the city, o'er the plain,
Where on the former day the routed Greeks,
When Hector rag'd victorious, fled amain.
On, terror-struck, they rush'd; but Juno spread,
To baffle their retreat, before their path,
Clouds and thick darkness: half the fugitives
In the deep river's silv'ry eddies plung'd:
With clamour loud they fell: the torrent roar'd;
The banks around re-echoed; here and there,
They, with the eddies wildly struggling, swam.
As when, pursued by fire, a hov'ring swarm
Of locusts riverward direct their flight,
And, as th' insatiate flames advance, they cow'r
Amid the waters; so a mingled mass

Of men and horses, by Achilles driv'n,
The deeply-whirling stream of Xanthus chok'd.
His spear amid the tamarisks on the bank
The hero left; on savage deeds intent,
Arm'd with his sword alone, a God in pow'r,
He sprang amid the torrent; right and left
He smote; then fearful rose the groans of men
Slain with the sword; the stream ran red with blood.
As fishes, flying from a dolphin, crowd
The shoal recesses of some open bay,
In fear, for whom he catches he devours;
So crouch'd the Trojans in the mighty stream
Beneath the banks; and when at length his hand
Wearied of slaughter, from the stream, alive,
He dragg'd twelve youths, whose forfeit lives should be
The bloody fine for slain Patroclus paid.
Helpless from fear, as fawns, he brought them forth;
Their hands secur'd behind them with the belts
Which o'er their shirts of twisted mail they wore,
And bade his comrades lead them to the ships.
Then on again he dash'd, athirst for blood;
And first encounter'd, flying from the stream,

Lycaon, Priam's son; him once before
He by a nightly onslaught had surpris'd,
And from his father's vineyard captive borne:
Where, as he cut, to form his chariot rail,
A fig-tree's tender shoots, unlook'd-for ill
O'ertook him in the form of Peleus' son.
Thence in his ship to Lemnos' thriving isle
He bore him, ransom'd there by Jason's son.
His Imbrian host, Eëtion, set him free
With lib'ral gifts, and to Arisba sent:
Escaping thence, he reach'd his native home.
Twelve days save one, rejoicing, with his friends
He spent, return'd from Lemnos: fate, the twelfth,
Again consign'd him to Achilles' hands,
From him, reluctant, to receive his death.
Him when Achilles, swift of foot, beheld,
No spear in hand, of helm and shield bereft,
All flung in haste away, as from the stream,
Reeking with sweat, and faint with toil, he fled,
He commun'd, wrathful, with his mighty heart:
"Ye Gods, what marvel do mine eyes behold!
Methinks the valiant Trojans slain by me

Ere long will from the realms of darkness rise;
Since, death escaping, but to slav'ry sold
In Lemnos' isle, this fellow hath return'd,
Despite the hoary sea's impediment,
Which many a man against his will hath stay'd:
Now shall he taste my spear, that I may see
If thence too he return, or if the earth
May keep him safe, which e'en the strongest holds."
Thus, as he stood, he mus'd; but all aghast
Approach'd Lycaon; and would fain have clasp'd
The Hero's knees; for longingly he sought
Escape from bitter death and evil fate.
Achilles rais'd his spear, in act to strike;
He, stooping, ran beneath, and clasp'd his knees;
Above his back the murd'rous weapon pass'd,
And in the earth was fix'd: one suppliant hand
Achilles' knees embrac'd; the other held,
With unrelaxing grasp, the pointed spear;
As he with wingèd words, imploring, spoke:
"I clasp thy knees, Achilles! look then down
With pity on my woes; and recognize,
Illustrious chief, a suppliant's sacred claim:

For in thy tent I first broke bread, that day,
When, in my father's fruitful vineyard seiz'd,
Thy captive I became, to slav'ry sold,
Far from my sire and friends, in Lemnos' isle.
A hundred oxen were my ransom then;
At thrice so much I now would buy my life.
This day is but the twelfth, since, sorely tried
By lengthen'd suffering, back to Troy I came.
Now to thy hands once more my cruel fate
Consigns me; surely by the wrath of Jove
Pursued, who gives me to thy pow'r again.
Me, doom'd to early death, my mother bore,
Old Altes' daughter, fair Läothöe;
Altes, who rul'd the warlike Leleges,
In lofty Pedasus, by Satnöis' stream.
His child of Priam's many wives was one;
Two sons she bore, and both by thee must die.
Already one, the godlike Polydore,
Amid the foremost ranks thy spear hath slain;
And now my doom hath found me; for from thee,
Since evil fate hath plac'd me in thy hands,
I may not hope to fly; yet hear but this,

And weigh it in thy mind, to spare my life:
I come not of that womb which Hector bore,
Who slew thy comrade, gentle, kind, and brave."
Thus Priam's noble son, imploring, spoke;
But stern the answer fell upon his ear:
"Thou fool! no more to me of ransom prate!
Before Patroclus met the doom of death,
To spare the Trojans still my soul inclin'd;
And many captives, ta'en alive, I sold;
But from henceforth, before the walls of Troy,
Not one of all the Trojans, whom the Gods
May to my hands deliver, least of all
A son of Priam, shall escape the death.
Thou too, my friend, must die: why vainly wail?
Dead is Patroclus too, thy better far.
Me too thou see'st, how stalwart, tall, and fair,
Of noble sire, and Goddess-mother born:
Yet must I yield to death and stubborn fate,
Whene'er, at morn, or noon, or eve, the spear
Or arrow from the bow may reach my life."
He said; and sank Lycaon's limbs and heart;
He loos'd the spear, and sat, with both his hands

Uprais'd, imploring; but Achilles drew,
And on his neck beside the collar-bone
Let fall his trenchant sword; the two-edg'd blade
Was buried deep; prone on the earth he lay;
Forth gush'd the crimson blood, and dyed the ground.
Him, dragging by the feet, Achilles threw
In the mid stream, and thus with vaunting speech:
"Lie there amid the fishes, who shall cleanse,
But not with kindly thought, thy gory wounds:
O'er thee, extended on thy bier, shall rise
No mother's wail; Scamander's eddying stream
Shall to the sea's broad bosom roll thee down;
And, springing through the darkly rippling wave,
Fishes shall rise, and banquet on thy flesh.
On now the work of death! till, flying ye,
And slaught'ring I, we reach the city wall.
Nor this fair-flowing, silver-eddying stream,
Shall aught avail ye, though to him ye pay
In sacrifice the blood of countless bulls,
And living horses in his waters sink.
Ye all shall perish, till Patroclus' death
Be fully aveng'd, and slaughter of the Greeks,

Whom, in my absence, by the ships ye slew."
He said: the mighty River at his words
Indignant chaf'd, and ponder'd in his mind
How best to check Achilles' warlike toil,
And from destruction guard the Trojan host.
Meantime Achilles with his pond'rous spear
Asteropæus, son of Pelegon,
Assail'd with deadly purpose; Pelegon
To broadly-flowing Axius ow'd his birth,
The River-God commingling with the blood
Of Peribœa, daughter eldest born
Of Acessamenus: on him he sprang;
He, from the river rising, stood oppos'd,
Two lances in his hand; his courage rous'd
By Xanthus, who, indignant, saw his stream
Polluted by the blood of slaughter'd youths,
By fierce Achilles' hand, unpitying, slain.
When near the warriors, each to other, came,
Achilles, swift of foot, took up the word:
"What man, and whence art thou, who dar'st to stand
Oppos'd to me? of most unhappy sires
The children they, who my encounter meet!"

To whom th' illustrious son of Pelegon:
"Great son of Peleus, why enquire my race?
From far Pæonia's fertile fields I come,
The leader of the long-spear'd Pæon host.
Ten days have pass'd since I to Ilium came.
From widely-flowing Axius my descent,
Axius, the purest stream on earth that flows.
He Pelegon begot, the spear-renown'd;
Of Pelegon I boast me sprung; and now
Address thee, brave Achilles, to the fight."
Threat'ning he spoke: Achilles rais'd on high
The Pelian spear; but, ambidexter, he
From either hand at once a jav'lin launch'd.
One struck, but pierc'd not through, the mighty shield,
Stay'd by the golden plate, the gift of Heav'n;
Achilles' right fore-arm the other graz'd:
Forth gush'd the crimson blood; but, glancing by
And vainly longing for the taste of flesh,
The point behind him in the earth was fix'd.
Then at Asteropæus in his turn
With deadly intent the son of Peleus threw
His straight-directed spear; his mark he miss'd,

But struck the lofty bank, where, deep infix'd
To half its length, the Pelian ash remain'd.
Then from beside his thigh Achilles drew
His trenchant blade, and, furious, onward rush'd;
While from the cliff Asteropæus strove
In vain, with stalwart hand, to wrench the spear.
Three times he shook it with impetuous force,
Three times relax'd his grasp; a fourth attempt
He made to bend and break the sturdy shaft;
But him, preventing, Peleus' godlike son
With deadly stroke across the belly smote,
And gush'd his bowels forth; upon the ground
Gasping he lay, and darkness seal'd his eyes.
Then on his breast Achilles sprang, and stripp'd
His armour off, and thus with vaunting speech:
"So lie thou there! 'tis hard for thee to fight,
Though river-born, against the progeny
Of mighty Jove; a widely-flowing stream
Thou claim'st as author of thy parentage;
My high descent from Jove himself I boast.
My father Peleus, son of Æacus,
Reigns o'er the num'rous race of Myrmidons;

The son of Jove himself was Æacus.
High o'er all rivers, that to th' ocean flow,
Is Jove exalted; and in like degree
Superior is his race in pow'r to theirs.
A mighty River hast thou here at hand,
If that might aught avail thee; but his pow'r
Is impotent to strive with Saturn's son.
With him, not Achelöus, King of streams,
Presumes to vie; nor e'en the mighty strength
Of deeply-flowing, wide Oceanus;
From whom all rivers, all the boundless sea,
All fountains, all deep wells derive their source;
Yet him appals the lightning bolt of Jove,
And thunder, pealing from the vault of Heav'n."
He said, and from the cliff withdrew his spear.
Him left he lifeless there upon the sand
Extended; o'er him the dark waters wash'd,
And eels and fishes, thronging, gnaw'd his flesh.
Then 'mid the Pæons' plumèd host he rush'd,
Who fled along the eddying stream, when him,
Their bravest in the stubborn fight, they saw
Slain by the sword and arm of Peleus' son.

Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,
Mnesus and Thrasius and Astypylus,
Ænius and Ophelestes; and yet more
Had been the slaughter by Achilles wrought,
But from his eddying depths, in human form,
With wrathful tone the mighty River spoke:
"In strength, Achilles, and in deeds of arms,
All mortals thou surpassest; for the Gods
Themselves attend thee, and protect from harm;
If Saturn's son have given thee utterly
The Trojans to destroy, yet, ere thou slay,
Far from my waters drive them o'er the plain;
For now my lovely stream is fill'd with dead;
Nor can I pour my current to the sea,
With floating corpses chok'd, whilst thou pursuest
The work of death, insatiate: stay thy hand!
With horror I behold thee, mighty chief!"
Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot:
"Be it as thou wilt, Scamander, Heav'n-born stream;
Yet cease I not to slay until I drive
These vaunting Trojans to their walls, and prove
The force of Hector, if, in single fight,

I be by him, or he by me, subdued."
He said, and fiercely on the Trojans rush'd,
A God in might! to Phœbus then his speech
The deeply-eddying River thus address'd:
"God of the silver bow, great son of Jove,
Obey'st thou thus the will of Saturn's son,
Who charg'd thee by the Trojans still to stand,
And aid their cause, till ev'ning's late approach
Should cast its shadows o'er the fertile earth?"
Thus as he spoke, from off the lofty bank
Achilles springing in mid current plung'd;
Then high the swelling stream, tumultuous, rose
In all its angry flood; and with a roar
As of a bellowing bull, cast forth to land
The num'rous corpses by Achilles slain;
And many living, in his cavern'd bed,
Conceal'd behind the whirling waters sav'd.
Fierce, round Achilles, rose the boiling wave,
And on his shield descending, drove him down;
Nor might he keep his foothold; but he grasp'd
A lofty elm, well-grown, which from the cliff
Uprooted, all the bank had torn away,

And with its tangled branches check'd the flow
Of the fair river, which with all its length
It bridg'd across; then, springing from the deep,
Swiftly he fled in terror o'er the plain.
Nor ceas'd the mighty River, but pursued,
With darkly-ruffling crest, intent to stay
Achilles' course, and save the Trojan host.
Far as a jav'lin's flight he rush'd, in speed
Like the dark hunter eagle, strongest deem'd,
And swiftest wing'd of all the feather'd race.
So on he sped; loud rattled on his breast
His brazen armour, as before the God,
Cow'ring, he fled; the God behind him still
With thund'ring sound pursued. As when a man
From some dark-water'd spring through trenches leads,
'Mid plants and gardens, th' irrigating stream,
And, spade in hand, th' appointed channel clears:
Down flows the stream anon, its pebbly bed
Disturbing; fast it flows with bubbling sound,
Down the steep slope, o'ertaking him who leads.
Achilles so th' advancing wave o'ertook,
Though great his speed; but man must yield to Gods.

Oft as Achilles, swift of foot, essay'd
To turn and stand, and know if all the Gods,
Who dwell in Heav'n, were leagued to daunt his soul;
So oft the Heav'n-born River's mighty wave
Above his shoulders dash'd; in deep distress
He sprang on high; then rush'd the flood below,
And bore him off his legs, and wore away
The soil beneath his feet; then, groaning, thus,
As up to Heav'n he look'd, Achilles cried:
"O Father Jove, will none of all the Gods
In pity save me from this angry flood?
Content, thereafter, would I meet my fate.
Of all the pow'rs of Heav'n, my mother most
Hath wrong'd me, who hath buoy'd me up with hope
Delusive, that, before the walls of Troy,
I should by Phœbus' swift-wing'd arrows fall.
Would that by Hector's hand 'twere mine to die,
The bravest of their brave! a warrior so
Were by a warrior slain! now am I doom'd
Ignobly here to sink, the mighty flood
O'erwhelming me, like some poor shepherd lad,
Borne down in crossing by a wintry brook."

He said; and quickly, cloth'd in mortal form,
Neptune and Pallas at his side appear'd;
With cheering words they took him by the hand,
And thus th' Earth-shaking God his speech began:
"Achilles, fear not thou, nor be dismay'd;
Such pow'rful aid, by Jove's consent, we bring,
Pallas and I, from Heav'n; 'tis not decreed
That thou shouldst by the River be o'erwhelm'd;
He shall retire ere long, and thou shalt see;
And more, if thou wilt hear, we undertake
That from the war thine arm shall not be stay'd,
Till thou shalt drive beneath the walls of Troy
The crowd of flying Trojans; thou thyself
Shalt Hector slay, and safe regain the ships:
Such high renown we give thee to achieve."
They to the other Gods, this said, return'd;
He, greatly strengthen'd by the voice divine,
Press'd onwards to the plain; the plain he found
All flooded o'er; and, floating, armour fair,
And many a corpse of men in battle slain;
Yet onward, lifting high his feet, he press'd
Right tow'rd the stream; nor could the mighty stream

Check his advance, such vigour Pallas gave;
Nor did Scamander yet his fury stay,
But fiercer rose his rage; and rearing high
His crested wave, to Simŏis thus he cried:
"Dear brother, aid me with united force
This mortal's course to check; he, unrestrain'd,
Will royal Priam's city soon destroy,
Nor will the Trojans his assault endure.
Haste to the rescue then, and from their source
Fill all thy stream, and all thy channels swell;
Rouse thy big waves, and roll a torrent down
Of logs and stones, to whelm this man of might,
Who triumphs now, and bears him as a God.
Nought shall his strength or beauty then avail,
Or gallant arms, beneath the waters sunk,
Deep buried in the mud: himself will I
In sand imbed, and o'er his corpse a pile
Of shingly gravel heap; nor shall the Greeks
Be able to collect his bones, encas'd
By me so deep in slime. His monument
They here may raise; but when they celebrate
His fun'ral rites, no mound will he require."

He said; and on Achilles, from on high
Came boiling, rushing down, with thund'ring roar,
With foam and blood and corpses intermix'd.
High rose the Heav'n-born River's darkling wave,
And bore Achilles downward; then in fear
Lest the broad waters of the eddying stream
Should quite o'erwhelm him, Juno cried aloud,
And Vulcan thus, her son, in haste address'd:
"Up, Vulcan; up, my son; for we had deem'd
That eddying Xanthus stood to thee oppos'd:
Haste thee to aid; thy fiery strength display;
While from the sea I call the stormy blast
Of Zephyr and brisk Notus, who shall drive
The raging flames ahead, and burn alike
The Trojans and their arms: do thou the while
Burn down the trees on Xanthus' banks; himself
Assail with fire, nor by his honey'd words
Nor by his menaces be turn'd aside;
Nor, till thou hear my voice, restrain thy pow'r;
Then stay the raging flames' unwearied course."
Thus Juno spoke; and Vulcan straight prepar'd
The heav'nly fire; and first upon the plain

The flames he kindled, and the dead consum'd,
Who lay, promiscuous, by Achilles slain:
The plain was dried, and stay'd the wat'ry flood.
As when the breath of Boreas quickly dries
In Autumn-time a newly-water'd field,
The tiller's heart rejoicing: so was dried
The spacious plain; then he, the dead consum'd,
Against the river turn'd the fiery glare:
Burnt were the willows, elms, and tamarisk shrubs,
The lotus, and the reeds, and galingal,
Which by the lovely river grew profuse.
The eels and fishes, 'mid the eddying whirl,
'Mid the clear wave were hurrying here and there,
In dire distress from Vulcan's fiery breath:
Scorch'd by the flames, the mighty River spoke:
"Vulcan, no God against thy pow'r can stand,
Nor with thy fiery flames will I contend;
Restrain thy wrath; though Peleus' godlike son
Should from their city drive the Trojans straight,
With rival parties what concern have I?"[2]
All scorch'd he spoke; his fair stream bubbling up,
As when a caldron on a blazing fire,

Fill'd with the melting fat of well-fed swine,
Boils up within, and bubbles all around,
With well-dried wood beneath, so bubbling up
The waters of the lovely River boil'd:
Nor onward would he flow, but check'd his course,
By the hot blast o'er-borne, and fiery strength
Of skilful Vulcan; and to Juno thus,
Imploring, he his wingèd words address'd:
"Juno, what cause impels thy son, my stream,
O'er all the rest, to visit with his wrath?
E'en less than others who the Trojans aid,
Have I offended; yet at thy command
Will I withdraw; but bid that he too cease;
And this I swear, no Trojan more to save,
Though to devouring flames a prey, all Troy
Were blazing, kindled by the valiant Greeks."
This when the white-arm'd Goddess Juno heard,
To Vulcan straight she thus address'd her speech:
"Vulcan, my glorious son, restrain thy hand:
In mortal men's behalf, it is not meet
To press thus hardly an Immortal God."
She said, and Vulcan stay'd his fiery strength,

And, back returning, in his wonted bed
Flow'd the fair River. Xanthus thus subdued,
These two their warfare ceas'd, by Juno check'd,
Despite her wrath; but 'mid the other Gods
Arose contention fierce, and discord dire,
Their warring passions rous'd on either side.
With fearful crash they met: the broad Earth groan'd;
Loud rang the Heav'n as with a trumpet's sound:
Jove, on Olympus' height, the tumult heard,
And in his heart he laugh'd a joyous laugh,
To see the Gods in angry battle met.
Not long they stood aloof, led on by Mars
The buckler-breaker, who to Pallas first,
Poising his spear, his bitter speech address'd:
"What dost thou here, thou saucy jade, to war
The Gods exciting, over bold of mood,
Led by thy haughty spirit? dost thou forget
How thou the son of Tydeus, Diomed,
Didst urge against me, and with visible spear
Direct his aim, and aid to wound my flesh?
For all I suffer'd then, thou now shalt pay."
Thus as he spoke, he struck the tassell'd shield,

Awful to view, which not the lightning bolt
Of Jove himself could pierce: the blood-stain'd Mars
Against it thrust in vain his pond'rous spear.
The Goddess stoop'd, and in her ample hand
Took up a stone, that lay upon the plain,
Dark, rugged, vast, which men of elder days
Had set to mark the limits of their land.
Full on the neck of Mars she hurl'd the mass,
His limbs relaxing: o'er sev'n hundred feet
Prostrate he lay, his hair defil'd with dust:
Loud rang his armour; and with scornful smile
Pallas address'd him thus with vaunting speech:
"Fool, hast thou yet to learn how mightier far
My strength than thine, that me thou dar'st to meet?
Bear thus the burthen of thy mother's curse,
Who works thee harm, in wrath that thou the Greeks
Deserting, aid'st the haughty Trojans' cause."
She said, and turn'd away her piercing glance:
Him, deeply groaning, scarce to life restor'd,
Jove's daughter Venus taking by the hand,
Led from the field; which when the white-arm'd Queen
Beheld, in haste to Pallas thus she cried:

"O Heav'n, brave child of ægis-bearing Jove,
Undaunted! lo again this saucy jade
Amid the press, the bane of mortals, Mars
Leads from the field; but haste thee in pursuit."
Thus Juno: Pallas hasten'd in pursuit
Well pleas'd; and Venus with her pow'rful hand
Assailing, struck upon the breast; at once
The Goddess' courage and her limbs gave way.
There on the ground the two together lay,
While Pallas o'er them thus with vaunting speech:
"Would all were such, who aid the Trojan cause,
Whene'er they meet in fight the warlike Greeks,
As valiant and as stout as Venus proves,
Who brings her aid to Mars, confronting me;
Then had our warlike labours long been o'er,
And Ilium's strong-built citadel o'erthrown."
Thus Pallas spoke: the white-arm'd Goddess smil'd,
And to Apollo thus th' Earth-shaker spoke:
"Phœbus, why stand we idly thus aloof?
The war begun by others, 'tis not meet;
And shame it were, that to Olympus' height
And to the brazen-floor'd abode of Jove
We two without a contest should return.

Thou then begin, as younger: 'twere not well
For me, in age and practice more advanc'd.
Feeble of soul, how senseless is thy heart!
Hast thou forgotten all the cruel wrongs
We two, alone of all th' Immortals, bore,
When here, in Ilium, for a year, we serv'd,
By Jove's command, the proud Laomedon,
For promis'd hire; and he our tasks assign'd?
His fortress, and a wall both broad and fair
I built, the town's impregnable defence;
While thou didst on his plodding herds attend,
In many-crested Ida's woody glens.
But when the joyous seasons, in their course,
Had brought our labour's term, the haughty King
Denied our guerdon, and with threats dismiss'd.
Bound hand and foot, he threaten'd thee to send
And sell to slav'ry in the distant isles,
And with the sword cut off the ears of both.
So in indignant sorrow we return'd,
Robb'd of the hire he promis'd, but denied.
For this thy favour dost thou show to Troy;
And dost not rather join thy force to ours,

That down upon their knees the Trojans all
Should perish, with their babes and matrons chaste."
Whom answer'd thus the far-destroying King:
"Earth-shaking God, I should not gain with thee
The esteem of wise, if I with thee should fight
For mortal men; poor wretches, who like leaves
Flourish awhile, and eat the fruits of earth,
But, sapless, soon decay: from combat then
Refrain we, and to others leave the strife."
He turn'd, thus saying: for he deem'd it shame
His father's brother to assail in arms;
But him his sister, Goddess of the chase,
Rebuk'd, and thus with scornful speech address'd:
"Fliest thou, Apollo? and to Neptune leav'st
The easy victory and baseless fame?
Why o'er thy shoulder hangs thine idle bow?
Ne'er in our father's halls again, as erst
Among th' Immortals, let me hear thee boast
How thou with Neptune wouldst in arms contend."
Thus she; Apollo answer'd not a word;
But Jove's imperial consort, fill'd with wrath,
Assail'd with bitter words the Archer-Queen.

"How canst thou dare, thou saucy minx,* to stand
Oppos'd to me, too great for thine assault,
Despite thy bow? though Jove hath giv'n thee pow'r
O'er feeble women, whom thou wilt, to slay,
E'en as a lion; better were't for thee
To chase the mountain beasts and flying hinds,
Than thy superiors thus to meet in arms,
But since thou dar'st confront me, thou shalt know
And feel how far my might surpasses thine."
She said; and with the left hand both the wrists
Of Dian grasping, with her ample right
The bow and quiver from her shoulders tore;
And with them, as she turn'd away her head,
With scornful laughter buffeted her ears:
The arrows keen were scatter'd on the ground:
Weeping, the Goddess fled; as flies a dove

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* L. 547. The terms made use of in this line, and in 481, may appear somewhat coarse, as addressed by one Goddess to another: but I assure the English reader that in this passage especially I have greatly softened down the expression of the original; a literal translation of which, however forcible, would shock even the least fastidious critic. It must, indeed, be admitted that the mode in which "the white-armed Goddess" proceeds to execute her threat is hardly more dignified than the language, in which it is conveyed, is refined.

The hawk's pursuit, and in a hollow rock
Finds refuge, doom'd not yet to fall a prey;
So, weeping, Dian fled, and left her bow.
Them Hermes to Latona thus: "With thee
I strive not; shame it were to meet in fight
A consort of the cloud-compelling Jove.
Freely amid th' Immortals make thy boast,
That by thy prowess thou hast vanquish'd me."
Thus he: Latona gather'd up the bow,
And fallen arrows, scatter'd here and there
Amid the whirling dust; then, these regain'd,
Following her daughter, from the field withdrew.
Meanwhile to high Olympus fled the Maid,
And to the brazen-floor'd abode of Jove.
There, weeping, on her father's knees she sat,
While quiver'd round her form th' ambrosial robe.
The son of Saturn tow'rds him drew his child,
And thus, with gracious smile, enquiry made:
"Which of the heav'nly pow'rs hath wrong'd thee thus
My child, as guilty of some open shame?"
To whom the bright-crown'd Goddess of the chase:
"Thy wife, my father, white-arm'd Juno; she

Hath dealt thus rudely with me; she, from whom
All jars and strife among the Gods proceed."
  Such converse while they held, the gates of Troy
Apollo enter'd, for the well-built wall
Alarm'd, lest e'en against the will of fate
The Greeks that day should raze it to the ground.
The other Gods were to Olympus gone,
Triumphant these, and those in angry mood,
And took their seats before the cloud-girt Sire.
But on the Trojans pressing, Peleus' son
Horses and men alike, promiscuous, slew.
As in a city, which the Gods in wrath
Have fir'd, whose volleying smoke ascends to Heav'n,
On all her people grievous toil is cast,
On many, harm and loss; such toil, such loss
Achilles wrought amid the Trojan host.
  Upon a lofty tow'r, the work of Gods,
The aged Priam stood, and thence beheld
By fierce Achilles driven in flight confused,
Their courage quite subdued, the Trojan host:
Then, groaning, from the tow'r he hasten'd down,

And to the warders cried along the wall:
"Stand to the gates, and hold them open'd wide,
That in the crowd of fugitives may pour,
And refuge find; for close upon their flight
Achilles hangs; disaster now is near.
But while our friends, receiv'd within the walls,
Find time to breathe again, replace in haste
The closely-fitting portals; for I fear
That man of blood may e'en the city storm."
He said; the gates they open'd, and drew back
The solid bars; the portals, op'ning wide,
Let in the light; but in the vacant space
Apollo stood, the Trojan host to save.
The flyers, parch'd with thirst and dust-begrim'd,
Straight for the city and the lofty wall
Made from the plain; Achilles, spear in hand,
Press'd hotly on the rearmost; for his soul
With rage was fill'd, and madd'ning lust of fame.
And now the lofty-gated city of Troy
The sons of Greece had won; but Phœbus rous'd
Agenor's spirit, a valiant youth and strong,
Son of Antenor; he his bosom fill'd

With dauntless courage, and beside him stood
To turn aside the heavy hand of death,
As, veil'd in cloud, against the oak he lean'd.
He, when Achilles' awful form he knew,
Yet firmly stood, though much perplex'd in mind,
As thus he commun'd with his mighty heart:
"Oh woe is me! should I attempt to fly
Before Achilles' might, where fly the rest
Across the plain, disorder'd, he would soon
O'ertake me, and in flight ignoble slay.
Or should I leave the others to their fate,
Scatter'd by Peleus' son; and from the wall
And o'er the plain of Troy direct my flight,
Far as the foot of Ida's hill, and there
Lie hid in thickest covert; and at eve,
Refresh'd by bathing in the cooling stream,
And purg'd the sweat, retrace my steps to Troy?
Yet why, my soul, admit such thoughts as these?
For should he mark me flying from the town,
And overtake me by his speed of foot,
No hope were left me of escape from death.
So far his strength exceeds the strength of man.

But how if boldly I await him here
Before the wall? his flesh is not to wounds
Impervious: but a single life is his,
Nor is he more, they say, than mortal man,
Though Jove assists him, and his triumph wills."
He said, and stood collected, to await
Achilles' onset; and his manly heart,
With courage fill'd, was eager for the fray.
As when a panther from the thicket's depth
Comes forth to meet the hunter, undismay'd,
Nor turn'd to flight by baying of the hounds;
Nor, wounded or by jav'lin or by sword,
Or by the spear transfix'd, remits her rage,
But fights, until she reach her foe, or die;
Agenor so, Antenor's godlike son,
Disdain'd to fly, ere prove Achilles' might.
Before his breast his shield's broad orb he bore,
And pois'd his spear, as thus he call'd aloud:
"Thy hope, renown'd Achilles, was this day
The valiant Trojans' city to destroy;
Unconscious of the toils, the woes, that yet
Around her walls await ye! for within

Are warriors brave and num'rous, who will fight
In her defence, for parents, children, wives.
Thou too, Achilles, here shalt meet thy doom,
All-pow'rful as thou art, and warrior bold."
He said, and threw with stalwart hand the spear;
Achilles' leg he struck, below the knee,
Nor miss'd his aim; and loudly rang the greaves
Of new-wrought tin; but back the brazen point
Rebounded, nor the heav'nly armour pierc'd.
In turn Achilles on Agenor sprang:
But Phœbus robb'd him of his hop'd-for prize,
Who, veil'd in thickest cloud, convey'd away
Antenor's son, and from the battle bore
To rest in peace; while he by guile withdrew
The son of Peleus from the flying crowd:
For in Agenor's very likeness clad,
Before him stood the far-destroying King:
Then fled, Achilles hast'ning in pursuit.
He o'er the fertile plain with flying foot
Pursu'd; beside Scamander's eddying stream
Apollo turn'd, and still but little space
Before him flying, subtly lur'd him on,

Each moment hoping to attain his prize.
Meantime the gen'ral crowd, in panic flight,
With eager haste the city's refuge sought,
And all the town with fugitives was fill'd.
Nor did they dare without the walls to stand
For mutual aid; nor halt to know what friends
Were safe, who left upon the battle-field;
But through the gates pour'd in the hurrying mass
Who to their active limbs their safety ow'd.

ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins his entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

BOOK XXII.

THUS they from panic flight, like timorous fawns,
Within the walls escaping, dried their sweat,
And drank, and quench'd their thirst, reclining safe
On the fair battlements; but nearer drew,
With slanted shields, the Greeks; yet Hector still
In front of Ilium and the Scæan gate,
Stay'd by his evil doom, remain'd without;
Then Phœbus thus to Peleus' godlike son:
"Achilles, why with active feet pursue,
Thou mortal, me Immortal? know'st thou not
My Godhead, that so hot thy fury burns?
Or heed'st thou not that all the Trojan host
Whom thou hast scar'd, while thou art here withdrawn,
Within the walls a refuge safe have found?
On me thy sword is vain! I know not death!"
Enrag'd, Achilles, swift of foot, replied:
"Deep is the injury, far-darting King,

Most hostile of the Gods, that at thy hand
I bear, who here hast lur'd me from the walls,
Which many a Trojan else had fail'd to reach,
Ere by my hand they bit the bloody dust.
Me of immortal honour thou hast robb'd,
And them, thyself from vengeance safe, hast sav'd.
Had I the pow'r, that vengeance thou shouldst feel."
Thus saying, and on mightiest deeds intent,
He turn'd him city-ward, with fiery speed;
As when a horse, contending for the prize,
Whirls the swift car, and stretches o'er the plain,
E'en so, with active limbs, Achilles rac'd.
Him first the aged Priam's eyes discern'd,
Scouring the plain, in arms all dazzling bright,
Like to th' autumnal star, whose brilliant ray
Shines eminent amid the depth of night,
Whom men the dog-star of Orion call;
The brightest he, but sign to mortal man
Of evil augury, and fiery heat:
So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast.
The old man groan'd aloud, and lifting high
His hands, he beat his head, and with loud voice

Call'd on his son, imploring; he, unmov'd,
Held post before the gates, awaiting there
Achilles' fierce encounter; him his sire,
With hands outstretch'd and piteous tone, address'd:
"Hector, my son, await not here alone
That warrior's charge, lest thou to fate succumb,
Beneath Pelides' arm, thy better far!
Accurs'd be he! would that th' immortal Gods
So favour'd him as I! then should his corpse
Soon to the vultures and the dogs be giv'n!
(So should my heart a load of anguish lose)
By whom I am of many sons bereav'd,
Many and brave, whom he has slain, or sold
To distant isles in slav'ry; and e'en now,
Within the city walls I look in vain
For two, Lycaon brave, and Polydore,
My gallant sons, by fair Laothöe:
If haply yet they live, with brass and gold
Their ransom shall be paid; good store of these
We can command; for with his daughter fair
A wealthy dowry aged Altes gave.
But to the viewless shades should they have gone,

Deep were their mother's sorrow and my own;
But of the gen'ral public, well I know
Far lighter were the grief, than if they heard
That thou hadst fall'n beneath Achilles' hand.
Then enter now, my son, the city gates,
And of the women and the men of Troy,
Be still the guardian; nor to Peleus' son,
With thine own life, immortal glory give.
Look too on me with pity; me, on whom,
E'en on the threshold of mine age, hath Jove
A bitter burthen cast, condemn'd to see
My sons struck down, my daughters dragg'd away
In servile bonds; our chambers' sanctity
Invaded; and our babes by hostile hands
Dash'd to the ground; and by ferocious Greeks
Enslav'd the widows of my slaughter'd sons.
On me at last the rav'ning dogs shall feed,
When by some foeman's hand, by sword or lance,
My soul shall from my body be divorc'd;
Those very dogs which I myself have bred,
Fed at my table, guardians of my gate,
Shall lap my blood, and over-gorg'd shall lie

E'en on my threshold. That a youth should fall
Victim to Mars, beneath a foeman's spear,
May well beseem his years; and if he fall
With honour, though he die, yet glorious he!
But when the hoary head and hoary beard,
And naked corpse to rav'ning dogs are giv'n,
No sadder sight can wretched mortals see."
The old man spoke, and from his head he tore
The hoary hair; yet Hector firm remain'd.
Then to the front his mother rush'd, in tears,
Her bosom bare, with either hand her breast
Sustaining, and with tears address'd him thus:
"Hector, my child, thy mother's breast revere;
And on this bosom if thine infant woes
Have e'er been hush'd, bear now in mind, dear child,
The debt thou ow'st; and from within the walls
Ward off this fearful man, nor in the field
Encounter; curs'd be he! should he prevail,
And slay thee, not upon the fun'ral bed,
My child, my own, the offspring of my womb,
Shall I deplore thee, nor thy widow'd wife,
But far away, beside the Grecian ships,

Thy corpse shall to the rav'ning dogs be giv'n."
Thus they, with tears and earnest pray'rs imploring,
Address'd their son; yet Hector firm remain'd,
Waiting th' approach of Peleus' godlike son.
As when a snake upon the mountain side,
With deadly venom charg'd, beside his hole,
Awaits the traveller, and fill'd with rage,
Coil'd round his hole, his baleful glances darts;
So fill'd with dauntless courage Hector stood,
Scorning retreat, his gleaming buckler propp'd
Against the jutting tow'r; then, deeply mov'd,
Thus with his warlike soul communion held:
"Oh woe is me! if I should enter now
The city gates, I should the just reproach
Encounter of Polydamas, who first
His counsel gave within the walls to lead
The Trojan forces, on that fatal night
When great Achilles in the field appear'd.
I heeded not his counsel; would I had!
Now, since my folly hath the people slain,
I well might blush to meet the Trojan men,
And long-rob'd dames of Troy, lest some might say,

To me inferior far, 'This woful loss
To Hector's blind self-confidence we owe.'
Thus shall they say; for me, 'twere better far,
Or from Achilles, slain in open fight,
Back to return in triumph, or myself
To perish nobly in my country's cause.
What if my bossy shield I lay aside,
And stubborn helmet, and my pond'rous spear
Propping against the wall, go forth to meet
Th' unmatch'd Achilles? What if I engage
That Helen's self, and with her all the spoil,
And all that Paris in his hollow ships
Brought here to Troy, whence first this war arose,
Should be restor'd; and to the Greeks be paid
An ample tribute from the city's stores,
Her secret treasures; and hereafter bind
The Trojans by their Elders' solemn oaths
Nought to withhold, but fairly to divide
Whate'er of wealth our much-loved city holds?
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?
Should I so meet him, what if he should show
Nor pity nor remorse, but slay me there,

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Defenceless as a woman, and unarm'd?
Not this the time, nor he the man, with whom
By forest oak or rock, like youth and maid,
To hold light talk, as youth and maid might hold.
Better to dare the fight, and know at once
To whom the vict'ry is decreed by Heav'n."

Thus, as he stood, he mus'd; but near approach'd
Achilles, terrible as plumèd Mars;
From his right shoulder brandishing aloft
The ashen spear of Peleus, while around
Flash'd his bright armour, dazzling as the glare
Of burning fire, or of the rising sun.
Hector beheld, and trembled at the sight;
Nor dar'd he there await th' attack, but left
The gates behind, and, terror-stricken, fled.
Forward, with flying foot, Pelides rush'd.
As when a falcon, bird of swiftest flight,
From some high mountain-top, on tim'rous dove
Swoops fiercely down; she, from beneath, in fear,
Evades the stroke; he, dashing through the brake,
Shrill-shrieking, pounces on his destin'd prey;
So, wing'd with desp'rate hate, Achilles flew,

So Hector, flying from his keen pursuit,
Beneath the walls his active sinews plied.
They by the watch-tow'r, and beneath the wall
Where stood the wind-beat fig-tree, rac'd amain
Along the public road, until they reach'd
The fairly-flowing fount whence issu'd forth,
From double source, Scamander's eddying streams.
One with hot current flows, and from beneath,
As from a furnace, clouds of steam arise;
'Mid summer's heat the other rises cold
As hail, or snow, or water crystalliz'd;
Beside the fountains stood the washing-troughs
Of well-wrought stone, where erst the wives of Troy
And daughters fair their choicest garments wash'd,
In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece.
There rac'd they, one in flight, and one pursuing;
Good he who fled, but better who pursu'd,
With fiery speed; for on that race was stak'd
No common victim, no ignoble ox:
The prize at stake was mighty Hector's life.
As when the solid-footed horses fly
Around the course, contending for the prize,

Tripod, or woman of her lord bereft;
So rac'd they thrice around the walls of Troy
With active feet; and all the Gods beheld.
Then thus began the Sire of Gods and men:
"A woful sight mine eyes behold; a man
I love in flight around the walls! my heart
For Hector grieves, who, now upon the crown
Of deeply-furrow'd Ida, now again
On Ilium's heights, with fat of choicest bulls
Hath pil'd mine altar; whom around the walls,
With flying speed Achilles now pursues.
Give me your counsel, Gods, and say, from death
If we shall rescue him, or must he die,
Brave as he is, beneath Pelides' hand?"
To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess, Pallas, thus:
"O Father, lightning-flashing, cloud-girt King,
What words are these? wouldst thou a mortal man,
Long doom'd by fate, again from death preserve?
Do as thou wilt, but not with our consent."
To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied:
"Be of good cheer, my child! unwillingly
I speak, yet loth thy wishes to oppose:

Have then thy will, and draw not back thy hand."
His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal,
And from Olympus' heights in haste she sped.
Meanwhile on Hector, with untiring hate,
The swift Achilles press'd: as when a hound,
Through glen and tangled brake, pursues a fawn,
Rous'd from its lair upon the mountain side;
And if awhile it should evade pursuit,
Low crouching in the copse, yet quests he back,
Searching unwearied, till he find the trace;
So Hector sought to baffle, but in vain,
The keen pursuit of Peleus' active son.
Oft as he sought the shelter of the gates
Beneath the well-built tow'rs, if haply thence
His comrades' weapons might some aid afford;
So oft his foeman, with superior speed,
Would cut him off, and turn him to the plain.
He tow'rd the city still essay'd his flight;
And as in dreams, when one pursues in vain,
One seeks in vain to fly, the other seeks
As vainly to pursue; so could not now
Achilles reach, nor Hector quit, his foe.

Yet how should Hector now the doom of death
Have 'scap'd, had not Apollo once again,
And for the last time, to his rescue come,
And giv'n him strength and suppleness of limb?
Then to the crowd Achilles with his head
Made sign that none at Hector should presume
To cast a spear, lest one might wound, and so
The greater glory obtain, while he himself
Must be contented with the second place.
But when the fourth time in their rapid course
The founts were reach'd, th' Eternal Father hung
His golden scales aloft, and plac'd in each
The lots of doom, for great Achilles one,
For Hector one, and held them by the midst:
Down sank the scale, weighted with Hector's death,
Down to the shades, and Phœbus left his side.
Then to Pelides came the blue-ey'd Maid,
And stood beside him, and bespoke him thus:
"Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n, I trust that now
To thee and me great glory shall accrue
In Hector's fall, insatiate of the fight.
Escape he cannot now, though at the feet

Of ægis-bearing Jove, on his behalf,
With earnest pray'r Apollo prostrate fall.
But stay thou here and take thy breath, while I
Persuade him to return and dare the fight."
So Pallas spoke; and he with joy obeying,
Stood leaning on his brass-barb'd ashen spear.
The Goddess left him there, and went (the form
And voice assuming of Deiphobus)
In search of godlike Hector; him she found,
And standing near, with wingèd words address'd:
"Sorely, good brother, hast thou been bested
By fierce Achilles, who around the walls
Hath chas'd thee with swift foot; now stand we both
For mutual succour, and his onset wait."
To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"Deiphobus, of all my brothers, sons
Of Hecuba and Priam, thou hast been
Still dearest to my heart; and now the more
I honour thee who dar'st on my behalf,
Seeing my peril, from within the walls
To sally forth, while others skulk behind."
To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess thus replied:

"With many pray'rs, good brother, both our sire
And honour'd mother, and our comrades all
Successively implored me to remain;
Such fear is fall'n on all; but in my soul
On thine account too deep a grief I felt.
Now, forward boldly! spare we not our spears;
Make trial if Achilles to the ships
From both of us our bloody spoils can bear,
Or by thine arm himself may be subdued."
Thus Pallas lur'd him on with treach'rous wile;
But when the two were met, and close at hand,
First spoke great Hector of the glancing helm:
"No more before thee, Peleus' son, I fly:
Thrice have I fled around the walls, nor dar'd
Await thine onset; now my spirit is rous'd
To stand before thee, to be slain, or slay.
But let us first th' immortal Gods invoke;
The surest witnesses and guardians they
Of compacts: at my hand no foul disgrace
Shalt thou sustain, if Jove with victory
Shall crown my firm endurance, and thy life
To me be forfeit; of thine armour stripp'd

I promise thee, Achilles, to the Greeks
Thy body to restore; do thou the like."
With fierce regard Achilles answer'd thus:
"Hector, thou object of my deadly hate,
Talk not to me of compacts; as 'tween men
And lions no firm concord can exist,
Nor wolves and lambs in harmony unite,
But ceaseless enmity between them dwells:
So not in friendly terms, nor compact firm,
Can thou and I unite, till one of us
Glut with his blood the mail-clad warrior Mars.
Mind thee of all thy fence; behoves thee now
To prove a spearman skill'd, and warrior brave.
For thee escape is none; now, by my spear,
Hath Pallas doom'd thy death; my comrades' blood,
Which thou hast shed, shall all be now aveng'd."
He said, and poising, hurl'd his weighty spear;
But Hector saw, and shunn'd the blow; he stoop'd,
And o'er his shoulder flew the brass-tipp'd spear,
And in the ground was fix'd; but Pallas drew
The weapon forth, and to Achilles' hand,
All unobserv'd of Hector, gave it back.

Then Hector thus to Peleus' matchless son:

"Thine aim has fail'd; nor truly has my fate,
Thou godlike son of Peleus, been to thee
From Heav'n reveal'd; such was indeed thy boast;
But flippant was thy speech, and subtly fram'd
To scare me with big words, and make me prove
False to my wonted prowess and renown.
Not in my back will I receive thy spear,
But through my breast, confronting thee, if Jove
Have to thine arm indeed such triumph giv'n.
Now, if thou canst, my spear in turn elude;
May it be deeply buried in thy flesh!
For lighter were to Troy the load of war,
If thou, the greatest of her foes, wert slain."

He said, and poising, hurl'd his pond'rous spear;
Nor miss'd his aim; full in the midst he struck
Pelides' shield; but glancing from the shield
The weapon bounded off. Hector was griev'd,
That thus his spear had bootless left his hand.
He stood aghast; no second spear was nigh:
And loudly on Deiphobus he call'd

A spear to bring; but he was far away.
Then Hector knew that he was dup'd, and cried,
"Oh Heav'n! the Gods above have doom'd my death!
I deem'd indeed that brave Deiphobus
Was near at hand; but he within the walls
Is safe, and I by Pallas am betray'd.
Now is my death at hand, nor far away:
Escape is none; since so hath Jove decreed,
And Jove's far-darting son, who heretofore
Have been my guards; my fate hath found me now.
Yet not without a struggle let me die,
Nor all inglorious; but let some great act,
Which future days may hear of, mark my fall."
Thus as he spoke, his sharp-edged sword he drew,
Pond'rous and vast, suspended at his side;
Collected for the spring, and forward dash'd:
As when an eagle, bird of loftiest flight,
Through the dark clouds swoops downward on the plain,
To seize some tender lamb, or cow'ring hare;
So Hector rush'd, and wav'd his sharp-edg'd sword.
Achilles' wrath was rous'd: with fury wild
His soul was fill'd: before his breast he bore

His well-wrought shield; and fiercely on his brow
Nodded the four-plum'd helm, as on the breeze
Floated the golden hairs, with which the crest
By Vulcan's hand was thickly interlac'd;
And as amid the stars' unnumber'd host,
When twilight yields to night, one star appears,
Hesper, the brightest star that shines in Heav'n,
Gleam'd the sharp-pointed lance, which in his right
Achilles pois'd, on godlike Hector's doom
Intent, and scanning eagerly to see
Where from attack his body least was fenc'd.
All else the glitt'ring armour guarded well,
Which Hector from Patroclus' corpse had stripp'd;
One chink appear'd, just where the collar-bone
The neck and shoulder parts, beside the throat,
Where lies expos'd the swiftest road of death.
There levell'd he, as Hector onward rush'd;
Right through the yielding neck the lance was driv'n,
But sever'd not the windpipe, nor destroy'd
His pow'r of speech; prone in the dust he fell;
And o'er him, vaunting, thus Achilles spoke:
"Hector, Patroclus stripping of his arms,

Thy hope was that thyself wast safe; and I,
Not present, brought no terror to thy soul:
Fool! in the hollow ships I yet remain'd,
I, his avenger, mightier far than he;
I, who am now thy conqu'ror. By the dogs
And vultures shall thy corpse be foully torn,
While him the Greeks with fun'ral rites shall grace."
Whom answer'd Hector of the glancing helm,
Prostrate and helpless: "By thy soul, thy knees,
Thy parents' heads, Achilles, I beseech,
Let not my corpse by Grecian dogs be torn.
Accept the ample stores of brass and gold,
Which as my ransom by my honour'd sire
And mother shall be paid thee; but my corpse
Restore, that so the men and wives of Troy
May deck with honours due my fun'ral pyre."
To whom, with fierce aspect, Achilles thus:
"Knee me no knees, vile hound! nor prate to me
Of parents! such my hatred, that almost
I could persuade myself to tear and eat
Thy mangled flesh; such wrongs I have to avenge.
He lives not, who can save thee from the dogs;

Not though with ransom ten and twenty fold
He here should stand, and yet should promise more;
No, not though Priam's royal self should sue
To be allow'd for gold to ransom thee;
No, not e'en so, thy mother shall obtain
To lay thee out upon the couch, and mourn
O'er thee, her offspring; but on all thy limbs
Shall dogs and carrion vultures make their feast."

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,
Dying: "I know thee well; nor did I hope
To change thy purpose; iron is thy soul.
But see that on thy head I bring not down
The wrath of Heav'n, when by the Scæan gate
The hand of Paris, with Apollo's aid,
Brave warrior as thou art, shall strike thee down."

E'en as he spoke, his eyes were clos'd in death;
And to the viewless shades his spirit fled,
Mourning his fate, his youth and vigour lost.

To him, though dead, Achilles thus replied:
'Die thou! my fate I then shall meet, whene'er
Jove and th' immortal Gods shall so decree."

He said, and from the corpse his spear withdrew,

And laid aside; then stripp'd the armour off,
With blood besmear'd; the Greeks around him throng'd,
Gazing on Hector's noble form and face,
And none approach'd that did not add a wound:
And one to other look'd, and said, "Good faith,
Hector is easier far to handle now,
Than when erewhile he wrapp'd our ships in fire."
Thus would they say, then stab the dead anew.
But when the son of Peleus, swift of foot,
Had stripp'd the armour from the corpse, he rose,
And, standing, thus th' assembled Greeks address'd:
"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,
Since Heav'n hath granted us this man to slay,
Whose single arm hath wrought us more of ill
Than all the rest combin'd, advance we now
Before the city in arms, and trial make
What is the mind of Troy; if, Hector slain,
They from the citadel intend retreat,
Or still, despite their loss, their ground maintain.
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?
Beside the ships, unwept, unburied, lies
Patroclus: whom I never can forget,

While number'd with the living, and my limbs
Have pow'r to move; in Hades though the dead
May be forgotten, yet e'en there will I
The mem'ry of my lov'd companion keep.
Now to the ships return we, sons of Greece,
Glad pæans singing! with us he shall go;
Great glory is ours, the godlike Hector slain,
The pride of Troy, and as a God rever'd."
He said, and foully Hector's corpse misus'd;
Of either foot he pierc'd the tendon through,
That from the ancle passes to the heel,
And to his chariot bound with leathern thongs,
Leaving the head to trail along the ground;
Then mounted, with the captur'd arms, his car,
And urg'd his horses; nothing loth, they flew.
A cloud of dust the trailing body rais'd:
Loose hung his glossy hair; and in the dust
Was laid that noble head, so graceful once;
Now to foul insult doom'd by Jove's decree,
In his own country, by a foeman's hand.
So lay the head of Hector; at the sight
His aged mother tore her hair, and far

From off her head the glitt'ring veil she threw,
And with loud cries her slaughter'd son bewail'd.
Piteous, his father groan'd; and all around
Was heard the voice of wailing and of woe.
Such was the cry, as if the beetling height
Of Ilium all were smould'ring in the fire.
Scarce in his anguish could the crowd restrain
The old man from issuing through the Dardan gates;
Low in the dust he roll'd, imploring all,
Entreating by his name each sev'ral man:
"Forbear, my friends; though sorrowing, stay me not;
Leave me to reach alone the Grecian ships,
And there implore this man of violence,
This haughty chief, if haply he my years
May rev'rence, and have pity on my age.
For he too has a father, like to me;
Peleus, by whom he was begot, and bred,
The bane of Troy; and, most of all, to me
The cause of endless grief, who by his hand
Have been of many stalwart sons bereft.
Yet all, though griev'd for all, I less lament,
Than one, whose loss will sink me to the grave,

Hector! oh would to Heav'n that in mine arms
He could have died; with mourning then and tears
We might have satisfied our grief, both she
Who bore him, hapless mother, and myself."
Weeping, he spoke; and with him wept the crowd:
Then, 'mid the women, Hecuba pour'd forth
Her vehement grief: "My child, oh whither now,
Heart-stricken, shall I go, of thee bereft,
Of thee, who wast to me by night and day
A glory and a boast; the strength of all
The men of Troy, and women? as a God
They worshipp'd thee: for in thy life thou wast
The glory of all; but fate hath found thee now."
Weeping, she spoke; but nought as yet was known
To Hector's wife; to her no messenger
Had brought the tidings, that without the walls
Remained her husband; in her house withdrawn
A web she wove, all purple, double woof,
With varied flow'rs in rich embroidery,
And to her neat-hair'd maidens gave command
To place the largest caldrons on the fire,
That with warm baths, returning from the fight,

Hector might be refresh'd; unconscious she,
That by Achilles' hand, with Pallas' aid,
Far from the bath, was godlike Hector slain.
The sounds of wailing reach'd her from the tow'r;
Totter'd her limbs, the distaff left her hand,
And to her neat-hair'd maidens thus she spoke:
"Haste, follow me, some two, that I may know
What mean these sounds; my honour'd mother's voice
I hear; and in my breast my beating heart
Leaps to my mouth; my limbs refuse to move;
Some evil, sure, on Priam's house impends.
Be unfulfill'd my words! yet much I fear
Lest my brave Hector be cut off alone,
By great Achilles, from the walls of Troy,
Chas'd to the plain, the desp'rate courage quench'd,
Which ever led him from the gen'ral ranks
Far in advance, and bade him yield to none."
Then from the house she rush'd, like one distract,
With beating heart; and with her went her maids.
But when she reach'd the tow'r, where stood the crowd,
And mounted on the wall, she look'd around,
And saw the body which with insult foul

The flying steeds were dragging towards the ships;
Then sudden darkness overspread her eyes;
Backward she fell, and gasp'd her spirit away.
Far off were flung th' adornments of her head,
The net, the fillet, and the woven bands;
The nuptial veil by golden Venus giv'n,
That day when Hector of the glancing helm
Led from Eëtion's house his wealthy bride.
The sisters of her husband round her press'd,
And held, as in the deadly swoon she lay.
But when her breath and spirit return'd again,
With sudden burst of anguish thus she cried:
"Hector, oh woe is me! to misery
We both were born alike; thou here in Troy
In Priam's royal palace; I in Thebes,
By wooded Placos, in Eëtion's house,
Who nurs'd my infancy; unhappy he,
Unhappier I! would I had ne'er been born!
Now thou beneath the depths of earth art gone,
Gone to the viewless shades; and me hast left
A widow in thy house, in deepest woe;
Our child, an infant still, thy child and mine,

Ill-fated parents both! nor thou to him,
Hector, shalt be a guard, nor he to thee:
For though he 'scape this tearful war with Greece,
Yet nought for him remains but ceaseless woe,
And strangers on his heritage shall seize.
No young companions own the orphan boy:
With downcast eyes, and cheeks bedew'd with tears,
His father's friends approaching, pinch'd with want,
He hangs upon the skirt of one, of one
He plucks the cloak; perchance in pity some
May at their tables let him sip the cup,
Moisten his lips, but scarce his palate touch;
While youths, with both surviving parents bless'd,
May drive him from their feast with blows and taunts,
'Begone! thy father sits not at our board:'
Then weeping, to his widow'd mother's arms
He flies, that orphan boy, Astyanax,
Who on his father's knees erewhile was fed
On choicest marrow, and the fat of lambs;
And, when in sleep his childish play was hush'd,
Was lull'd to slumber in his nurse's arms
On softest couch, by all delights surrounded.

But grief, his father lost, awaits him now,
Astyanax, of Trojans so surnam'd,
Since thou alone wast Troy's defence and guard.
But now on thee, beside the beakèd ships,
Far from thy parents, when the rav'ning dogs
Have had their fill, the wriggling worms shall feed;
On thee, all naked; while within thy house
Lies store of raiment, rich and rare, the work
Of women's hands; these will I burn with fire;
Not for thy need—thou ne'er shalt wear them more,—
But for thine honour in the sight of Troy."
Weeping she spoke; the women join'd her wail.

ARGUMENT.

FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOUR OF PATROCLUS.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial: the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly, twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flame. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day: the night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two-and-thirtieth in burning it; and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

BOOK XXIII.

THUS they throughout the city made their moan;
But when the Greeks had come where lay their ships
By the broad Hellespont, their sev'ral ways
They each pursu'd, dispersing; yet not so
Achilles let his Myrmidons disperse,
But thus his warlike comrades he address'd:
"My faithful comrades, valiant Myrmidons,
Loose we not yet our horses from the cars;
But for Patroclus mourn, approaching near,
With horse and car; such tribute claim the dead;
Then, free indulgence to our sorrows giv'n,
Loose we the steeds, and share the ev'ning meal."
He said; and they with mingled voices rais'd
The solemn dirge; Achilles led the strain;
Thrice round the dead they drove their sleek-skinn'd steeds,
Mourning, with hearts by Thetis grief-inspir'd;
With tears the sands, with tears the warriors' arms,

Were wet; so mighty was the chief they mourn'd.
Then on his comrade's breast Achilles laid
His blood-stain'd hands, and thus began the wail:
"All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm;
All that I promis'd, lo! I now perform;
That on the corpse of Hector, hither dragg'd,
Our dogs should feed; and that twelve noble youths,
The sons of Troy, before thy fun'ral pyre,
My hand, in vengeance for thy death, should slay."
He said, and foully Hector's corpse misus'd,
Flung prostrate in the dust, beside the couch
Where lay Menœtius' son. His comrades then
Their glitt'ring armour doff'd, of polish'd brass,
And loos'd their neighing steeds; then round the ship
Of Peleus' son in countless numbers sat,
While he th' abundant fun'ral feast dispens'd.
There many a steer lay stretch'd beneath the knife,
And many a sheep, and many a bleating goat,
And many a white-tusk'd porker, rich in fat,
There lay extended, singeing o'er the fire;
And blood, in torrents, flow'd around the corpse.
To Agamemnon then the Kings of Greece

The royal son of Peleus, swift of foot,
Conducted; yet with him they scarce prevail'd;
So fierce his anger for his comrade's death.
But when to Agamemnon's tent they came,
He to the clear-voic'd heralds gave command
An ample tripod on the fire to place;
If haply Peleus' son he might persuade
To wash away the bloody stains of war:
But sternly he, and with an oath refus'd.
"No, by great Jove I swear, of all the Gods
Highest and mightiest, water shall not touch
This head of mine, till on the fun'ral pyre
I see the body of Patroclus laid,
And build his tomb, and cut my votive hair;
For while I live and move 'mid mortal men,
No second grief like this can pierce my soul.
Observe we now the mournful fun'ral feast;
But thou, great Agamemnon, King of men,
Send forth at early dawn, and to the camp
Bring store of fuel, and all else prepare,
That with provision meet the dead may pass
Down to the realms of night; so shall the fire

From out our sight consume our mighty dead,
And to their wonted tasks the troops return."
He said; they listen'd, and his words obey'd;
Then busily the ev'ning meal prepar'd,
And shar'd the social feast; nor lack'd there aught.
The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,
Each to their sev'ral tents the rest repair'd;
But on the many-dashing ocean's shore
Pelides lay, amid his Myrmidons,
With bitter groans; in a clear space he lay,
Where broke the waves, continuous, on the beach.
There, circumfus'd around him, gentle sleep,
Lulling the sorrows of his heart to rest,
O'ercame his senses; for the hot pursuit
Of Hector round the breezy heights of Troy
His active limbs had wearied: as he slept,
Sudden appear'd Patroclus' mournful shade,
His very self; his height, and beauteous eyes,
And voice; the very garb he wont to wear:
Above his head it stood, and thus it spoke:
"Sleep'st thou, Achilles, mindless of thy friend,
Neglecting, not the living, but the dead?

Hasten my fun'ral rites, that I may pass
Though Hades' gloomy gates; ere those be done,
The spirits and spectres of departed men
Drive me far from them, nor allow to cross
Th' abhorrèd river; but forlorn and sad
I wander through the wide-spread realms of night.
And give me now thy hand, whereon to weep;
For never more, when laid upon the pyre,
Shall I return from Hades; never more,
Apart from all our comrades, shall we two,
As friends, sweet counsel take; for me, stern Death,
The common lot of man, has op'd his mouth;
Thou too, Achilles, rival of the Gods,
Art destin'd here beneath the walls of Troy
To meet thy doom; yet one thing must I add,
And make, if thou wilt grant it, one request.
Let not my bones be laid apart from thine,
Achilles, but together, as our youth
Was spent together in thy father's house,
Since first my sire Menœtius me a boy
From Opus brought, a luckless homicide,
Who of Amphidamas, by evil chance,

Had slain the son, disputing o'er the dice:
Me noble Peleus in his house receiv'd,
And kindly nurs'd, and thine attendant nam'd;
So in one urn be now our bones enclos'd,
The golden vase, thy Goddess-mother's gift." 110

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot:
"Why art thou here, lov'd being? why on me
These sev'ral charges lay? whate'er thou bidd'st
Will I perform, and all thy mind fulfil;
But draw thou near; and in one short embrace, 115
Let us, while yet we may, our grief indulge."

Thus as he spoke, he spread his longing arms,
But nought he clasp'd; and with a wailing cry,
Vanish'd, like smoke, the spirit beneath the earth.
Up sprang Achilles, all amaz'd, and smote 120
His hands together, and lamenting cried:

"O Heav'n, there are then, in the realms below,
Spirits and spectres, unsubstantial all;
For through the night Patroclus' shade hath stood,
Weeping and wailing, at my side, and told 125
His bidding; th' image of himself it seem'd."

He said; his words the gen'ral grief arous'd:

To them, as round the piteous dead they mourn'd,
Appear'd the rosy-finger'd morn; and straight,
From all the camp, by Agamemnon sent,
Went forth, in search of fuel, men and mules,
Led by a valiant chief, Meriones,
The follower of renown'd Idomeneus.
Their felling axes in their hands they bore,
And twisted ropes; their mules before them driv'n;
Now up, now down, now sideways, now aslope,
They journey'd on; but when they reach'd the foot
Of spring-abounding Ida, they began
With axes keen to hew the lofty oaks;
They, loudly crashing, fell: the wood they clove,
And bound it to the mules; these took their way
Through the thick brushwood, hurrying to the plain.
The axe-men too, so bade Meriones,
The follower of renown'd Idomeneus,
Were laden all with logs, which on the beach
They laid in order, where a lofty mound,
In mem'ry of Patroclus and himself,
Achilles had design'd. When all the store
Of wood was duly laid, the rest remain'd

In masses seated; but Achilles bade
The warlike Myrmidons their armour don,
And harness each his horses to his car;
They rose and donn'd their arms, and on the cars
Warriors and charioteers their places took.
First came the horse, and then a cloud of foot,
Unnumber'd; in the midst Patroclus came,
Borne by his comrades; all the corpse with hair
They cover'd o'er, which from their heads they shore.
Behind, Achilles held his head, and mourn'd
The noble friend whom to the tomb he bore.
Then on the spot by Peleus' son assign'd,
They laid him down, and pil'd the wood on high.
Then a fresh thought Achilles' mind conceiv'd:
Standing apart, the yellow locks he shore,
Which as an off'ring to Sperchius' stream,
He nurs'd in rich profusion; sorrowing then
Look'd o'er the dark-blue sea, as thus he spoke:
"Sperchius, all in vain to thee his pray'r
My father Peleus made, and vow'd that I,
Return'd in safety to my native land,
To thee should dedicate my hair, and pay

A solemn hecatomb, with sacrifice
Of fifty rams, unblemish'd, to the springs
Where on thy consecrated soil is plac'd
Thine incense-honour'd altar; so he vow'd;
But thou the boon withhold'st; since I no more
My native land may see, the hair he vow'd,
To brave Patroclus thus I dedicate."

He said, and on his comrade's hand he laid
The locks; his act the gen'ral grief arous'd;
And now the setting sun had found them still
Indulging o'er the dead; but Peleus' son
Approaching, thus to Agamemnon spoke:

"Atrides, for to thee the people pay
Readiest obedience, mourning too prolong'd
May weary; thou then from the pyre the rest
Disperse, and bid prepare the morning meal;
Ours be the farther charge, to whom the dead
Was chiefly dear; yet let the chiefs remain."

The monarch Agamemnon heard, and straight
Dispers'd the crowd amid their sev'ral ships.
Th' appointed band remain'd, and pil'd the wood.
A hundred feet each way they built the pyre,

And on the summit, sorrowing, laid the dead.
Then many a sheep and many a slow-paced ox
They flay'd and dress'd around the fun'ral pyre;
Of all the beasts Achilles took the fat,
And cover'd o'er the corpse from head to foot,
And heap'd the slaughter'd carcases around;
Then jars of honey plac'd, and fragrant oils,
Resting upon the couch; next, groaning loud,
Four pow'rful horses on the pyre he threw;
Then, of nine dogs that at their master's board
Had fed, he slaughter'd two upon his pyre;
Last, with the sword, by evil counsel sway'd,
Twelve noble youths he slew, the sons of Troy.
The fire's devouring might he then applied,
And, groaning, on his lov'd companion call'd:
"All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm!
All that I promis'd, lo! I now perform:
On twelve brave sons of Trojan sires, with thee,
The flames shall feed; but Hector, Priam's son,
Not to the fire, but to the dogs I give."
Such was Achilles' threat, but him the dogs
Molested not; for Venus, night and day

Daughter of Jove, the rav'ning dogs restrain'd;
And all the corpse o'erlaid with roseate oil,
Ambrosial, that though dragg'd along the earth,
The noble dead might not receive a wound.
Apollo too a cloudy veil from Heav'n
Spread o'er the plain, and cover'd all the space
Where lay the dead, nor let the blazing sun
The flesh upon his limbs and muscles parch.
Yet burnt not up Patroclus' fun'ral pyre;
Then a fresh thought Achilles' mind conceiv'd:
Standing apart, on both the Winds he call'd,
Boreas and Zephyrus, and added vows
Of costly sacrifice; and pouring forth
Libations from a golden goblet, pray'd
Their presence, that the wood might haste to burn,
And with the fire consume the dead; his pray'r
Swift Iris heard, and bore it to the Winds.
They in the hall of gusty Zephyrus
Were gather'd round the feast; in haste appearing,
Swift Iris on the stony threshold stood.
They saw, and rising all, besought her each
To sit beside him; she with their requests

Refus'd compliance, and address'd them thus:
"No seat for me; for I o'er th' ocean stream
From hence am bound to Æthiopia's shore,
To share the sacred feast, and hecatombs,
Which there they offer to th' immortal Gods;
But, Boreas, thee, and loud-voic'd Zephyrus,
With vows of sacrifice, Achilles calls
To fan the fun'ral pyre, whereon is laid
Patroclus, mourn'd by all the host of Greece."
She said, and vanish'd; they, with rushing sound,
Rose, and before them drove the hurrying clouds:
Soon o'er the sea they swept; the stirring breeze
Ruffled the waves; the fertile shores of Troy
They reach'd, and falling on the fun'ral pyre,
Loud roar'd the crackling flames; they all night long
With current brisk together fann'd the fire.
All night Achilles from a golden bowl
Drew forth, and, in his hand a double cup,
The wine outpouring, moisten'd all the earth,
Still calling on his lost Patroclus' shade.
As mourns a father o'er a youthful son,
Whose early death hath wrung his parents' hearts;

So mourn'd Achilles o'er his friend's remains,
Prostrate beside the pyre, and groan'd aloud.
But when the star of Lucifer appear'd,
The harbinger of light, whom following close
Spreads o'er the sea the saffron-robèd morn,
Then pal'd the smould'ring fire, and sank the flame;
And o'er the Thracian sea, that groan'd and heav'd
Beneath their passage, home the Winds return'd;
And weary, from the pyre a space withdrawn,
Achilles lay, o'ercome by gentle sleep.
Anon, awaken'd by the tramp and din
Of crowds that follow'd Atreus' royal son,
He sat upright, and thus address'd his speech:
"Thou son of Atreus, and ye chiefs of Greece,
Far as the flames extended, quench we first
With ruddy wine the embers of the pyre;
And of Menœtius' son, Patroclus, next
With care distinguishing, collect the bones;
Nor are they hard to know; for in the midst
He lay, while round the edges of the pyre,
Horses and men commix'd, the rest were burnt.
Let these, between a double layer of fat

Enclos'd, and in a golden urn remain,
Till I myself shall in the tomb be laid;
And o'er them build a mound, not over-large,
But of proportions meet; in days to come,
Ye Greeks, who after me shall here remain,
Complete the work, and build it broad and high."
Thus spoke Achilles; they his words obey'd:
Far as the flames had reach'd, and thickly strown
The embers lay, they quench'd with ruddy wine;
Then tearfully their gentle comrade's bones
Collected, and with double layers of fat
Enclos'd, and in a golden urn encas'd;
Then in the tent they laid them, overspread
With veil of linen fair; then meting out
Th' allotted space, the deep foundations laid
Around the pyre, and o'er them heap'd the earth.
Their task accomplished, all had now withdrawn;
But Peleus' son the vast assembly stay'd,
And bade them sit; then, prizes of the games,
Tripods and caldrons from the tents he brought,
And noble steeds, and mules, and sturdy steers,
And women fair of form, and iron hoar.

First, for the contest of the flying cars
The prizes he display'd: a woman fair,
Well skill'd in household cares; a tripod vast,
Two-handled, two and twenty measures round;
These both were for the victor: for the next,
A mare, unbroken, six years old, in foal
Of a mule colt; the third, a caldron bright,
Capacious of four measures, white and pure,
By fire as yet untarnish'd; for the fourth,
Of gold two talents; for the fifth, a vase
With double cup, untouch'd by fire, he gave.
Then, standing up, he thus address'd the Greeks:
"Thou son of Atreus, and ye well-greav'd Greeks,
Before ye are the prizes, which await
The contest of the cars; but if, ye Greeks,
For any other cause these games were held,
I to my tent should bear the foremost prize;
For well ye know how far my steeds excel,
Steeds of immortal race, which Neptune gave
To Peleus, he to me, his son, transferr'd.
But from the present strife we stand aloof,
My horses and myself; they now have lost

The daring courage and the gentle hand
Of him who drove them, and with water pure
Wash'd oft their manes, and bath'd with fragrant oil.
For him they stand and mourn, with drooping heads
Down to the ground, their hearts with sorrow fill'd;
But ye in order range yourselves, who boast
Your well-built chariots and your horses' speed."
He said: up sprang the eager charioteers;
The first of all, Eumelus, King of men,
Son of Admetus, matchless charioteer;
Next, Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed,
With Trojan horses, from Æneas won,
When by Apollo's aid himself escap'd;
Then Heav'n-born Meneläus, Atreus' son,
Two flying coursers harness'd to his car;
His own, Podargus, had for yokefellow
Æthe, a mare by Agamemnon lent:
Her, Echepolus to Atrides gave,
Anchises' son, that to the wars of Troy
He might not be compell'd, but safe at home
Enjoy his ease; for Jove had bless'd his store
With ample wealth, in Sicyon's wide domain.

Her now he yok'd, impatient for the course.
The fourth, Antilochus, the gallant son
Of Nestor, son of Neleus, mighty chief,
Harness'd his sleek-skinn'd steeds; of Pylian race
Were they who bore his car; to him, his sire
Sage counsel pour'd in understanding ears:
"Antilochus, though young in years thou art,
Yet Jove and Neptune love thee, and have well
Instructed thee in horsemanship; of me
Thou need'st no counsel; skill'd around the goal
To whirl the chariot; but thou hast, of all,
The slowest horses: whence I augur ill.
But though their horses have the speed of thine,
In skill not one of them surpasses thee.
Then thou, dear boy, exert thine ev'ry art,
That so thou mayst not fail to gain a prize.
By skill, far more than strength, the woodman fells
The sturdy oak; by skill the steersman guides
His flying ship across the dark-blue sea,
Though shatter'd by the blast; 'twixt charioteer
And charioteer 'tis skill that draws the line.
One, vainly trusting to his coursers' speed,

Drives reckless here and there; o'er all the course,
His horses, unrestrain'd, at random run.
Another, with inferior horses far,
But better skill'd, still fixing on the goal
His eye, turns closely round, nor overlooks
The moment when to draw the rein; but holds
His steady course, and on the leader waits.
A mark I give thee now, thou canst not miss:
There stands a wither'd trunk, some six feet high,
Of oak, or pine, unrotted by the rain;
On either side have two white stones been plac'd,
Where meet two roads; and all around there lies
A smooth and level course; here stood perchance
The tomb of one who died long years ago;
Or former generations here have plac'd,
As now Achilles hath decreed, a goal.
There drive, as only not to graze the post;
And leaning o'er the wicker body, leave
Close on the left the stones; thine offside horse
Then urge with voice and whip, and slack his rein,
And let the nearside horse so closely graze,
As that thy nave may seem to touch, the goal:

But yet beware, lest, striking on the stone,
Thy steeds thou injure, and thy chariot break,
A source of triumph to thy rivals all,
Of shame to thee; but thou sage caution use;
For, following, if thou make the turn the first,
Not one of all shall pass thee, or o'ertake;
Not though Arion's self were in the car,
Adrastus' flying steed, of heav'nly race,
Nor those which here Laomedon possess'd."
This said, and to his son his counsels giv'n,
The aged Nestor to his seat withdrew.
Fifth in the lists Meriones appear'd.
They mounted on their cars, and cast their lots:
Achilles shook the helmet; first leaped forth
The lot of Nestor's son, Antilochus;
Next came the King Eumelus; after whom
The valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son;
The fourth, Meriones; and last of all,
But ablest far, Tydides drew his place.
They stood in line; Achilles pointed out,
Far on the level plain, the distant goal;
And there in charge the godlike Phœnix plac'd,

His father's ancient follower, to observe
The course assign'd, and true report to make.
Then all at once their whips they rais'd, and urg'd
By rein, and hand, and voice, their eager steeds.
They from the ships pursued their rapid course
Athwart the distant plain; beneath their chests
Rose like a cloud, or hurricane, the dust;
Loose floated on the breeze their ample manes;
The cars now skimm'd along the fertile ground,
Now bounded high in air; the charioteers
Stood up aloft, and ev'ry bosom beat
With hope of vict'ry; each with eager shout
Cheering his steeds, that scour'd the dusty plain.
But when, the farthest limits of the course
Attain'd, they turn'd beside the hoary sea,
Strain'd to their utmost speed, were plainly seen
The qualities of each; then in the front
Appear'd Eumelus' flying mares, and next
The Trojan horses of Tydides came:
Nor these were far behind, but following close
They seem'd in act to leap upon the car.
Eumelus, on his neck and shoulders broad,

Felt their warm breath; for o'er him, as they flew,
Their heads were downward bent; and now, perchance,
Had he or pass'd, or made an even race,
But that, incens'd with valiant Diomed,
Apollo wrested from his hands the whip.
Then tears of anger from his eyelids fell,
As gaining more and more the mares he saw,
While, urg'd no more, his horses slack'd their speed.
But Pallas mark'd Apollo's treach'rous wile;
And hasting to the chief, restor'd his whip,
And to his horses strength and courage gave.
The Goddess then Admetus' son pursued,
And snapp'd his chariot yoke; the mares, releas'd,
Swerv'd from the track; the pole upon the ground
Lay loosen'd from the car; and he himself
Beside the wheel was from the chariot hurl'd.
From elbows, mouth, and nose, the skin was torn;
His forehead crush'd and batter'd in; his eyes
Were fill'd with tears, and mute his cheerful voice.
Tydides turn'd aside, and far ahead
Of all the rest, pass'd on; for Pallas gave
His horses courage, and his triumph will'd.

"Antilochus, thou most perverse of men!
Beshrew thy heart! we Greeks are much deceiv'd
Who give thee fame for wisdom! yet e'en now
Thou shalt not gain, but on thine oath, the prize."
He said, and to his horses call'd aloud:
"Slack not your speed, nor, as defeated, mourn;
Their legs and feet will sooner tire than yours,
For both are past the vigour of their youth."
Thus he; the horses, of his voice in awe,
Put forth their pow'rs, and soon the leaders near'd.
Meanwhile the chieftains, seated in the ring,
Look'd for the cars, that scour'd the dusty plain.
The first to see them was Idomeneus,
The Cretan King; for he, without the ring,
Was posted high aloft; and from afar
He heard and knew the foremost horseman's voice;
Well too he knew the gallant horse that led,
All bay the rest, but on his front alone
A star of white, full-orbèd as the moon:
Then up he rose, and thus the Greeks address'd:
"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,
Can ye too see, or I alone, the cars?

A diff'rent chariot seems to me in front,
A diff'rent charioteer; and they who first
Were leading, must have met with some mischance.
I saw them late, ere round the goal they turn'd,
But see them now no more; though all around
My eyes explore the wide-spread plain of Troy.
Perchance the charioteer has dropp'd the reins,
Or round the goal he could not hold the mares;
Perchance has miss'd the turn, and on the plain
Is lying now beside his broken car,
While from the course his mettled steeds have flown.
Stand up, and look yourselves; I cannot well
Distinguish; but to me it seems a chief,
Who reigns o'er Greeks, though of Ætolian race,
The son of Tydeus, valiant Diomed."
Sharply Oïleus' active son replied:
"Idomeneus, why thus, before the time,
So rashly speak? while the high-stepping steeds
Are speeding yet across the distant plain.
Thine eyes are not the youngest in the camp,
Nor look they out the sharpest from thy head;
But thou art ever hasty in thy speech,

And ill becomes thee this precipitance,
Since others are there here, thy betters far.
The same are leading now, that led at first,
Eumelus' mares; 'tis he that holds the reins."
To whom in anger thus the Cretan chief:
"Ajax, at wrangling good, in judgment naught,
And for aught else, among the chiefs of Greece
Of small account—so stubborn is thy soul;
Wilt thou a tripod or a caldron stake,
And Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appoint
The umpire to decide whose steeds are first?
So shalt thou gain thy knowledge at thy cost."
He said; up sprang Oïleus' active son,
In anger to reply; and farther yet
Had gone the quarrel, but Achilles' self
Stood up, and thus the rival chiefs address'd:
"Forbear, both Ajax and Idomeneus,
This bitter interchange of wordy war;
It is not seemly; and yourselves, I know,
Another would condemn, who so should speak.
But stay ye here, and seated in the ring,
Their coming wait; they, hurrying to the goal,

Will soon be here; and then shall each man know
Whose horses are the second, whose the first."
Thus he; but Tydeus' son drew near, his lash
Still laid upon his horses' shoulder-points;
As lightly they, high-stepping, scour'd the plain.
Still on the charioteer the dust was flung;
As close upon the flying-footed steeds
Follow'd the car with gold and tin inlaid;
And lightly, as they flew along, were left
Impress'd the wheel-tracks on the sandy plain.
There in the midst he stood, the sweat profuse
Down-pouring from his horses' heads and chests;
Down from the glitt'ring car he leap'd to earth,
And lean'd his whip against the chariot yoke;
Nor long delay'd the valiant Sthenelus,
But eagerly sprang forth to claim the prize;
Then to his brave companions gave in charge
To lead away the woman, and to bear
The tripod, while himself unyok'd the steeds.
Next came the horses of Antilochus,
Who had by stratagem, and not by speed,
O'er Menelāus triumph'd; yet e'en so

Atrides' flying coursers press'd him hard;
For but so far as from the chariot-wheel
A horse, when harness'd to a royal car;
Whose tail, back-streaming, with the utmost hairs
Brushes the felloes; close before the wheel,
Small space between, he scours the wide-spread plain:
So far was Menelaüs in the rear
Of Nestor's son; at first, a discus' cast
Between them lay; but rapidly his ground
He gain'd—so well the speed and courage serv'd
Of Æthe, Agamemnon's beauteous mare;
And, but a little farther were the course,
Had pass'd him by, nor left the race in doubt.
Behind the noble son of Atreus came,
A jav'lin's flight apart, Meriones,
The faithful follower of Idomeneus:
His were the slowest horses, and himself
The least experienc'd in the rapid race.
Dragging his broken car, came last of all,
His horses driv'n in front, Admetus' son;
Achilles swift of foot with pity saw,
And to the Greeks his wingèd words address'd:

"See where the best of all the last appears;
But let him take, as meet, the second prize;
The first belongs of right to Tydeus' son."
Thus he; they all assented to his words;
And, by the gen'ral voice of Greece, the mare
Had now been his; but noble Nestor's son,
Antilochus, stood up, his right to claim,
And to Achilles, Peleus' son, replied:
"Achilles, thou wilt do me grievous wrong,
If thou thy words accomplish; for my prize
Thou tak'st away, because mishap befell
His car and horses, by no fault of his;
Yet had he to th' Immortals made his pray'r,
He surely had not thus been last of all.
But, pitying him, if so thy mind incline,
Thy tents contain good store of gold, and brass,
And sheep, and female slaves, and noble steeds;
For him, of these, hereafter mayst thou take
A prize of higher value; or e'en now,
And with th' applause of all; but for the mare,
I will not give her up; and let who will
Stand forth, my own right hand shall guard my prize."

He said; and smil'd Achilles swift of foot,
Delighted; for he lov'd the noble youth,
To whom his wingèd words he thus address'd:
"Antilochus, if such be thy request,
That for Eumelus I should add a prize,
This too I grant thee; and to him I give
My breastplate, from Asteropæus won,
Of brass, around whose edge is roll'd a stream
Of shining tin; a gift of goodly price."
He said, and bade Automedon, his friend
And comrade, bring the breastplate from his tent;
He went, and brought it; in Eumelus' hand
He plac'd it; he with joy the gift receiv'd.
Then Meneläus, sad at heart, arose,
Burning with wrath against Antilochus;
And while the herald in the monarch's hand
His royal sceptre plac'd, and bade the Greeks
Keep silence, thus the godlike hero spoke:
"Antilochus, till now reputed wise,
What hast thou done? thou hast impugn'd my skill,
And sham'd my horses, who hast brought thine own,
Inferior far, before them to the goal.

But come, ye chiefs and councillors of Greece,
Judge ye between us, fav'ring neither side:
That none of all the brass-clad Greeks may say
That Menelāus hath by false reports
O'erborne Antilochus, and holds his prize:
His horses fairly worsted, and himself
Triumphant only by superior pow'r.
Or come now, I myself will judgment give;
Nor deem I any Greek will find to blame
In my decision, for 'tis fair and just.
Antilochus, come forward, noble chief;
And standing, as 'tis meet, before the car
And horses, in thy hand the slender whip
Wherewith thou drov'st, upon the horses lay
Thy hand, and by Earth-shaking Neptune swear
That not of malice, and by set design,
Thou didst by fraud impede my chariot's course."
To whom Antilochus with prudent speech:
"Have patience with me yet; for I, O King,
O Menelāus, am thy junior far;
My elder and superior thee I own.
Thou know'st th' o'er-eager vehemence of youth,

How quick in temper, and in judgment weak.
Set then thy heart at ease; the mare I won
I freely give; and if aught else of mine
Thou shouldst desire, would sooner give it all,
Than all my life be low'r'd, illustrious King,
In thine esteem, and sin against the Gods."
  Thus saying, noble Nestor's son led forth,
And plac'd in Meneläus' hands the mare:
The monarch's soul was melted, like the dew
Which glitters on the ears of growing corn,
That bristle o'er the plain; e'en so thy soul,
O Meneläus, melted at his speech;
To whom were thus address'd thy wingèd words:
  "Antilochus, at once I lay aside
My anger; thou art prudent, and not apt
To be thus led astray; but now thy youth
Thy judgment hath o'erpow'r'd; seek not henceforth
By trick'ry o'er thine elders to prevail.
To any other man of all the Greeks
I scarce so much had yielded; but for that
Thyself hast labour'd much, and much endur'd,
Thou, thy good sire, and brother, in my cause:

I yield me to thy pray'rs; and give, to boot,
The mare, though mine of right; that these may know
I am not of a harsh, unyielding mood."
He said, and to Noëmon gave in charge,
The faithful comrade of Antilochus,
The mare; himself the glitt'ring caldron took.
Of gold two talents, to the fourth assign'd,
Fourth in the race, Meriones receiv'd;
Still the fifth prize, a vase with double cup,
Remain'd; Achilles this to Nestor gave,
Before th' assembled Greeks, as thus he spoke:
"Take this, old man, and for an heirloom keep,
In mem'ry of Patroclus' fun'ral games,
Whom thou no more amid the Greeks shalt see.
Freely I give it thee; for thou no more
Canst box, or wrestle, or in sportive strife
The jav'lin throw, or race with flying feet;
For age with heavy hand hath bow'd thee down."
He said, and plac'd it in his hand; th' old man
Receiv'd with joy the gift, and thus replied:
"All thou hast said, my son, is simple truth:
No firmness now my limbs and feet retain,

Nor can my arms with freedom, as of old,
Straight from the shoulder, right and left, strike out.
Oh that such youth and vigour yet were mine,
As when th' Epeians in Buprasium held
The royal Amarynceus' fun'ral games,
And when the monarch's sons his prizes gave!
Then could not one of all th' Epeian race,
Or Pylians, or Ætolians, vie with me.
In boxing, Clytomedes, Œnops' son,
I vanquish'd; then Anchæus, who stood up
To wrestle with me, I with ease o'erthrew;
Iphiclus I outran, though fleet of foot;
In hurling with the spear, with Phyleus strove,
And Polydorus, and surpass'd them both.
The sons of Actor in the chariot-race
Alone o'ercame me; as in number more,*
And grudging more my triumph, since remain'd,
This contest to reward, the richest prize.
They were twin brothers; one who held the reins,
Still drove, and drove; the other plied the whip.
Such was I once; but now must younger men
Engage in deeds like these; and I, the chief

* See note on page 412.

Of heroes once, must bow to weary age.
But honour thou with fitting fun'ral games
Thy comrade; I accept, well-pleas'd, thy gift,
My heart rejoicing that thou still retain'st
Of me a kindly mem'ry, nor o'erlook'st
The place of honour, which among the Greeks
Belongs to me of right; for this, the Gods
Reward thee with a worthy recompense!"
He said; Achilles listen'd to the praise
Of Neleus' son; then join'd the gen'ral throng.
Next, he set forth the prizes, to reward
The labours of the sturdy pugilists;
A hardy mule he tether'd in the ring,
Unbroken, six years old, most hard to tame;
And for the vanquish'd man, a double cup;
Then rose, and to the Greeks proclaim'd aloud:
"Thou son of Atreus, and ye well-greav'd Greeks,
For these we bid two champions brave stand forth,
And in the boxer's manly toil contend;
And he, whose stern endurance Phœbus crowns
With vict'ry, recogniz'd by all the Greeks,
He to his tent shall lead the hardy mule;

The loser shall the double cup receive."
He said; up sprang Epeius, tall and stout,
A boxer skill'd, the son of Panopeus,
Who laid his hand upon the mule, and said:
"Stand forth, if any care the cup to win;
The mule, methinks, no Greek can bear away
From me, who glory in the champion's name.
Is't not enough, that in the battle-field
I claim no special praise? 'tis not for man
In all things to excel; but this I say,
And will make good my words, who meets me here,
I mean to pound his flesh, and smash his bones.
See that his seconds be at hand, and prompt
To bear him from the ring, by me subdued."
He said; they all in silence heard his speech:
Only Euryalus, a godlike chief,
Son of Mecistheus, Talaïon's son,
Stood forth opposing; he had once in Thebes
Join'd in the fun'ral games of Œdipus,
And there had vanquish'd all of Cadmian race.
On him attended valiant Diomed,
With cheering words, and wishes of success.

Around his waist he fasten'd first the belt,
Then gave the well-cut gauntlets for his hands.
Of wild bull's hide. When both were thus equipp'd,
Into the centre of the ring they stepp'd:
There, face to face, with sinewy arms uprais'd,
They stood awhile, then clos'd; strong hand with hand
Mingling, in rapid interchange of blows.
Dire was the clatter of their jaws; the sweat
Pour'd forth, profuse, from ev'ry limb; then rush'd
Epeius on, and full upon the cheek,
Half turn'd aside, let fall a stagg'ring blow;
Nor stood Euryalus; but, legs and feet
Knock'd from beneath him, prone to earth he fell;
And as a fish, that flounders on the sand,
Thrown by rude Boreas on the weedy beach,
Till cover'd o'er by the returning wave;
So flounder'd he beneath that stunning blow.
But brave Epeius took him by the hand,
And rais'd him up; his comrades crowded round
And bore him from the field, with dragging steps,
Spitting forth clotted gore, his heavy head
Rolling from side to side; within his tent

They laid him down, unconscious; to the ring
Then back returning, bore away the cup.
Achilles next before the Greeks display'd
The prizes of the hardy wrestlers' skill:
The victor's prize, a tripod vast, fire-proof,
And at twelve oxen by the Greeks apprais'd;
And for the vanquish'd man, a female slave
Pric'd at four oxen, skill'd in household work.
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd,
"Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay."
He said; and straight uprose the giant form
Of Ajax Telamon; with him uprose
Ulysses, skill'd in ev'ry crafty wile.
Girt with the belt, within the ring they stood,
And each, with stalwart grasp, laid hold on each;
As stand two rafters of a lofty house,
Each propping each, by skilful architect
Design'd the tempest's fury to withstand.
Creak'd their backbones beneath the tug and strain
Of those strong arms; their sweat pour'd down like rain;
And bloody weals of livid purple hue
Their sides and shoulders streak'd, as sternly they

For vict'ry and the well-wrought tripod strove.
Nor could Ulysses Ajax overthrow,
Nor Ajax bring Ulysses to the ground,
So stubbornly he stood; but when the Greeks
Were weary of the long-protracted strife,
Thus to Ulysses mighty Ajax spoke:
"Ulysses sage, Laertes' godlike son,
Or lift thou me, or I will thee uplift:
The issue of our struggle rests with Jove."
He said, and rais'd Ulysses from the ground;
Nor he his ancient craft remember'd not,
But lock'd his leg around, and striking sharp
Upon the hollow of the knee, the joint
Gave way; the giant Ajax backwards fell,
Ulysses on his breast; the people saw,
And marvell'd. Then in turn Ulysses strove
Ajax to lift; a little way he mov'd,
But fail'd to lift him fairly from the ground;
Yet crook'd his knee, that both together fell,
And side by side, defil'd with dust, they lay.
And now a third encounter had they tried
But rose Achilles, and the combat stay'd:

"Forbear, nor waste your strength in farther strife;
Ye both are victors; both then bear away
An equal meed of honour; and withdraw,
That other Greeks may other contests wage."
Thus spoke Achilles: they his words obey'd,
And brushing off the dust, their garments donn'd.
The prizes of the runners, swift of foot,
Achilles next set forth; a silver bowl,
Six measures its content, for workmanship
Unmatch'd on earth, of Sidon's costliest art
The product rare; thence o'er the misty sea
Brought by Phœnicians, who, in port arriv'd,
Gave it to Thoas; by Eunëus last,
The son of Jason, to Patroclus paid,
In ransom of Lycaon, Priam's son;
Which now Achilles, on his friend's behalf,
Assign'd as his reward, whoe'er should prove
The lightest foot, and speediest in the race.
A steer, well fatten'd, was the second prize,
And half a talent, for the third, of gold.
He rose, and to the Greeks proclaim'd aloud,
"Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay."

He said: uprose Oïleus' active son;
Uprose Ulysses, skill'd in ev'ry wile,
And noble Nestor's son, Antilochus,
Who all the youth in speed of foot surpass'd.
They stood in line: Achilles pointed out
The limits of the course; as from the goal
They stretch'd them to the race, Oïleus' son
First shot ahead; Ulysses following close;
Nor farther than the shuttle from the breast
Of some fair woman, when her outstretch'd arm
Has thrown the woof athwart the warp, and back
Withdraws it tow'rd her breast; so close behind
Ulysses press'd on Ajax, and his feet
Trod in his steps, ere settled yet the dust.
His breath was on his shoulders, as the plain
He lightly skimm'd; the Greeks with eager shouts
Still cheering, as he strain'd to win the prize.
But as they near'd the goal, Ulysses thus
To blue-ey'd Pallas made his mental pray'r:
"Now hear me, Goddess, and my feet befriend."
Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r the Goddess heard,
And all his limbs with active vigour fill'd;

And, as they stretch'd their hands to seize the prize,
Tripp'd up by Pallas, Ajax slipp'd and fell,
Amid the offal of the lowing kine
Which o'er Patroclus Peleus' son had slain.
His mouth and nostrils were with offal fill'd.
First in the race, Ulysses bore away
The silver bowl; the steer to Ajax fell;
And as upon the horn he laid his hand,
Sputt'ring the offal out, he call'd aloud:
"Lo, how the Goddess has my steps bewray'd,
Who guards Ulysses with a mother's care."
Thus as he spoke, loud laugh'd the merry Greeks.
Antilochus the sole remaining prize
Receiv'd, and, laughing, thus the Greeks address'd:
"I tell you, friends, but what yourselves do know,
How of the elder men th' immortal Gods
Take special care; for Ajax' years not much
Exceed mine own; but here we see a man,
One of a former age, and race of men;
A hale old man we call him; but for speed
Not one can match him, save Achilles' self."
Thus he, with praise implied of Peleus' son;

To whom in answer thus Achilles spoke:
"Antilochus, not unobserv'd of me
Nor unrewarded shall thy praise remain:
To thy half talent add this second half."
Thus saying, in his hand he plac'd the gold;
Antilochus with joy the gift receiv'd.
Next, in the ring the son of Peleus laid
A pond'rous spear, a helmet, and a shield,
The spoil Patroclus from Sarpedon won;
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd:
"For these we call upon two champions brave
To don their arms, their sharp-edg'd weapons grasp,
And public trial of their prowess make;
And he who first his rival's flesh shall reach,
And, through his armour piercing, first draw blood,
He shall this silver-studded sword receive,
My trophy from Asteropæus won,
Well-wrought, of Thracian metal; but the arms
In common property they both shall hold,
And in my tent a noble banquet share."
He said; uprose great Ajax Telamon,
And Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed.

First, from the crowd apart, they donn'd their arms;
Then, eager for the fight, with haughty stare
Stood in the midst; the Greeks admiring gaz'd.
When, each approaching other, near they came,
Thrice rush'd they on, and thrice in combat clos'd.
Then through the buckler round of Diomed
Great Ajax drove his spear; nor reach'd the point
Tydides' body, by the breastplate stay'd:
While, aim'd above the mighty shield's defence,
His glitt'ring weapon flash'd at Ajax' throat.
For Ajax fearing, shouted then the Greeks
To cease the fight, and share alike the prize;
But from Achilles' hand the mighty sword,
With belt and scabbard, Diomed receiv'd.
Next in the ring the son of Peleus plac'd
A pond'rous mass of iron, as a quoit
Once wielded by Eëtion's giant strength,
But to the ships with other trophies borne,
When by Achilles' hand Eëtion fell.
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd:
"Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay.
This prize who wins, though widely may extend

His fertile fields, for five revolving years
It will his wants supply; nor to the town
For lack of iron, with this mass in store,
Need he his shepherd or his ploughman send."
He said; and valiant Polypœtes rose,
Epeius, and Leonteus' godlike strength,
And mighty Ajax, son of Telamon.
In turns they took their stand; Epeius first
Uprais'd the pond'rous mass, and through the air
Hurl'd it, amid the laughter of the Greeks.
Next came Leonteus, scion true of Mars;
The third was Ajax; from whose stalwart hand
Beyond the farthest mark the missile flew.
But when the valiant Polypœtes took
The quoit in hand, far as a herdsman throws
His staff, that, whirling, flies among the herd;
So far beyond the ring's extremest bound
He threw the pond'rous mass; loud were the shouts;
And noble Polypœtes' comrades rose,
And to the ships the monarch's gift convey'd.
The archers' prizes next, of iron hoar,
Ten sturdy axes, double-edg'd, he plac'd,

And single hatchets ten; then far away
Rear'd on the sand a dark-prow'd vessel's mast,
On which, with slender string, a tim'rous dove
Was fasten'd by the foot, the archers' mark;
That who should strike the dove should to his tent
The axes bear away; but who the string
Should sever, but should fail to strike the bird,
As less in skill, the hatchets should receive.
Thus spoke Achilles; straight uprose the might
Of royal Teucer, and Meriones,
The faithful follower of Idomeneus.
They in a brass-bound helmet shook the lots.
The first was Teucer's; with impetuous force
He shot; but vow'd not to the Archer-King
Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb.
The dove he struck not, for the Archer-God
Withheld his aid; but close beside her foot
The arrow sever'd the retaining string.
The bird releas'd, soar'd heav'nward; while the string
Dropp'd, from the mast suspended, tow'rds the earth,
And loudly shouted their applause the Greeks.
Then snatch'd Meriones in haste the bow

From Teucer's hand; his own already held
His arrow, pointed straight; he drew the string,
And to the far-destroying King he vow'd
Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb.
Aloft amid the clouds he mark'd the dove,
And struck her, as she soar'd, beneath the wing;
Right through the arrow pass'd; and to the earth
Returning, fell beside Meriones.
The bird upon the dark-prow'd vessel's mast
Lighted awhile; anon, with drooping head,
And pinions flutt'ring vain, afar she fell,
Lifeless; th' admiring crowd with wonder gaz'd.
Meriones the axes bore away,
While Teucer to the ships the hatchets bore.
  Last, in the ring the son of Peleus laid
A pond'rous spear, and caldron, burnish'd bright,
Pric'd at an ox's worth, untouch'd by fire,
For those who with the jav'lin would contend.
Uprose then Agamemnon, King of men,
The son of Atreus, and Meriones,
The faithful follower of Idomeneus:
But Peleus' godlike son address'd them thus:

"How far, Atrides, thou excell'st us all,
And with the jav'lin what thy pow'r and skill
Pre-eminent, we know; take thou this prize,
And bear it to thy ships; and let us give
To brave Meriones the brazen spear;
If so it please thee, such were my advice."
He said; and Agamemnon, King of men,
Assenting, gave to brave Meriones
The brazen spear; while in Talthybius' care,
His herald, plac'd the King his noble prize.

NOTE.

Line 737.—They being two, while I was only one. Such I believe to be the true interpretation of this passage, which, however, is one of admitted difficulty. According to our modern notions, it is not very evident what advantage two men in a car would have over one in another; nor what would be gained by the division of labour which assigned the reins to one and the whip to the other; but such, from line 740–741, appears to have been the view taken by Homer.

ARGUMENT.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

The gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body; the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentation of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

BOOK XXIV.

THE games were ended, and the multitude
Amid the ships their sev'ral ways dispers'd:
Some to their supper, some to gentle sleep
Yielding, delighted; but Achilles still
Mourn'd o'er his lov'd companion; not on him
Lighted all-conqu'ring sleep, but to and fro
Restless he toss'd, and on Patroclus thought,
His vigour and his courage; all the deeds
They two together had achiev'd; the toils,
The perils they had undergone, amid
The strife of warriors, and the angry waves.
Stirr'd by such mem'ries, bitter tears he shed;
Now turning on his side, and now again
Upon his back; then prone upon his face;
Then starting to his feet, along the shore
All objectless, despairing, would he roam;
Nor did the morn, above the sea appearing,

Unmark'd of him arise; his flying steeds
He then would harness, and, behind the car
The corpse of Hector trailing in the dust,
Thrice make the circuit of Patroclus' tomb;
Then would he turn within his tent to rest,
Leaving the prostrate corpse with dust defil'd;
But from unseemly marks the valiant dead
Apollo guarded, who with pity view'd
The hero, though in death; and round him threw
His golden ægis; nor, though dragg'd along,
Allow'd his body to receive a wound.
Thus foully did Achilles in his rage
Misuse the mighty dead; the blessed Gods
With pitying grief beheld the sight, and urg'd
That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove.
The counsel pleas'd the rest; but Juno still,
And Neptune, and the blue-ey'd Maid, retain'd
The hatred, unappeas'd, with which of old
Troy and her King and people they pursued;
Since Paris to the rival Goddesses,
Who to his sheepfold came, gave deep offence,
Preferring her who brought him in return

The fatal boon of too successful love.
But when the twelfth revolving day was come,
Apollo thus th' assembled Gods address'd:
"Shame on ye, Gods, ungrateful! have ye not,
At Hector's hand, of bulls and choicest goats
Receiv'd your off'rings meet? and fear ye now
E'en his dead corpse to save, and grant his wife,
His mother, and his child, his aged sire
And people, to behold him, and to raise
His fun'ral pile, and with due rites entomb?
But fell Achilles all your aid commands;
Of mind unrighteous, and inflexible
His stubborn heart; his thoughts are all of blood;
E'en as a lion, whom his mighty strength
And dauntless courage lead to leap the fold,
And 'mid the trembling flocks to seize his prey;
E'en so Achilles hath discarded ruth,
And conscience, arbiter of good and ill.
A man may lose his best-lov'd friend, a son,
Or his own mother's son, a brother dear:
He mourns and weeps, but time his grief allays,
For fate to man a patient mind hath giv'n:

But godlike Hector's body, after death,
Achilles, unrelenting, foully drags,
Lash'd to his car, around his comrade's tomb.
This is not to his praise; though brave he be,
Yet thus our anger he may justly rouse,
Who in his rage insults the senseless clay."

To whom, indignant, white-arm'd Juno thus:
"Some show of reason were there in thy speech,
God of the silver bow, could Hector boast
Of equal dignity with Peleus' son.
A mortal one, and nurs'd at woman's breast;
The other, of a Goddess born, whom I
Nurtur'd and rear'd, and to a mortal gave
In marriage; gave to Peleus, best belov'd
By all th' Immortals, of the race of man.
Ye, Gods, attended all the marriage rites;
Thou too, companion base, false friend, wast there,
And, playing on thy lyre, didst share the feast."

To whom the Cloud-compeller answer'd thus:
"Juno, restrain thy wrath; they shall not both
Attain like honour; yet was Hector once,
Of all the mortals that in Ilium dwell,

Dearest to all the Gods, and chief to me;
For never did he fail his gifts to bring,
And with burnt-off'rings and libations due
My altars crown; such worship I receiv'd.
Yet shall bold Hector's body, not without
The knowledge of Achilles, be remov'd;
For day and night his Goddess-mother keeps
Her constant watch beside him. Then, some God
Bid Thetis hither to my presence haste;
And I with prudent words will counsel her,
That so Achilles may at Priam's hand
Large ransom take, and set brave Hector free."
He said; and promptly on his errand sprang
The storm-swift Iris; in the dark-blue sea
She plung'd, midway 'twixt Imbros' rugged shore
And Samos' isle; the parting waters plash'd.
As down to ocean's lowest depths she dropp'd,
Like to a plummet, which the fisherman
Lets fall, encas'd in wild bull's horn, to bear
Destruction to the sea's voracious tribes.
There found she Thetis in a hollow cave,
Around her rang'd the Ocean Goddesses:

She, in the midst, was weeping o'er the fate
Her matchless son awaiting, doom'd to die
Far from his home, on fertile plains of Troy.
Swift-footed Iris at her side appear'd,
And thus address'd her: "Hasten, Thetis; Jove,
Lord of immortal counsel, summons thee."
To whom the silver-footed Goddess thus:
"What would with me the mighty King of Heav'n?
Press'd as I am with grief, I am asham'd
To mingle with the Gods; yet will I go:
Nor shall he speak in vain, whate'er his words."
Thus as she spoke, her veil the Goddess took,
All black, than which none deeper could be found;
She rose to go; the storm-swift Iris led
The way before her; ocean's parted waves
Around their path receded; to the beach
Ascending, upwards straight to Heav'n they sprang.
Th' all-seeing son of Saturn there they found,
And rang'd around him all th' immortal Gods.
Pallas made way; and by the throne of Jove
Sat Thetis, Juno proff'ring to her hand
A goblet fair of gold, and adding words

Of welcome; she the cup receiv'd, and drank.
Then thus began the sire of Gods and men:
"Thou, Thetis, sorrowing to Olympus com'st,
Borne down by ceaseless grief; I know it well;
Yet hear the cause for which I summon'd thee.
About Achilles, thy victorious son,
And valiant Hector's body, for nine days
Hath contest been in Heav'n; and some have urg'd
That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove.
This to Achilles' praise I mean to turn,
And thus thy rev'rence and thy love retain.
Then haste thee to the camp, and to thy son
My message bear; tell him that all the Gods
Are fill'd with wrath; and I above the rest
Am angry, that beside the beakèd ships,
He, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keeps:
So may he fear me, and restore the dead.
Iris meantime to Priam I will send,
And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there
Obtain his son's release: and with him bring
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart."
He said; the silver-footed Queen obey'd;

Down from Olympus' heights in haste she sped,
And sought her son; him found she in his tent,
Groaning with anguish, while his comrades round,
Plying their tasks, prepar'd the morning meal.
For them a goodly sheep, full-fleec'd, was slain.
Close by his side his Goddess-mother stood,
And gently touch'd him with her hand, and said,
"How long, my son, wilt thou thy soul consume
With grief and mourning, mindful nor of food
Nor sleep? nor dost thou wisely, to abstain
From woman's love; for short thy time on earth:
Death and imperious fate are close at hand.
Hear then my words; a messenger from Jove
To thee I come, to tell thee that the Gods
Are fill'd with wrath, and he above the rest
Is angry, that beside the beakèd ships
Thou, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keep'st.
Then ransom take, and liberate the dead."

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied:
"So be it; ransom let him bring, and bear
His dead away, if such the will of Jove."

Thus, in the concourse of the ships, they two,

Mother and son, their lengthen'd converse held.
Then Saturn's son to Iris gave command:
"Haste thee, swift Iris, from Olympus' height,
To Troy, to royal Priam bear my words;
And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there
Obtain his son's release; and with him take
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.
Alone, no Trojan with him, must he go;
Yet may a herald on his steps attend,
Some aged man, his smoothly-rolling car
And mules to drive; and to the city back
To bring his dead, whom great Achilles slew.
Nor let the fear of death disturb his mind:
Hermes shall with him, as his escort, go,
And to Achilles' presence safely bring.
Arriv'd within the tent, nor he himself
Will slay him, but from others will protect.
Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,
Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest;
But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view."
He said; and on his errand sped in haste
The storm-swift Iris; when to Priam's house

She came, the sounds of wailing met her ear.
Within the court, around their father, sat
His sons, their raiment all bedew'd with tears;
And in the midst, close cover'd with his robe,
Their sire, his head and neck with dirt defil'd,
Which, wallowing on the earth, himself had heap'd,
With his own hands, upon his hoary head.
Throughout the house his daughters loudly wail'd
In mem'ry of the many and the brave
Who lay in death, by Grecian warriors slain.
Beside him stood the messenger of Jove,
And whisper'd, while his limbs with terror shook:
"Fear nothing, Priam, son of Dardanus,
Nor let thy mind be troubled; not for ill,
But here on kindly errand am I sent:
To thee I come, a messenger from Jove,
Who from on high looks down on thee with eyes
Of pitying love; he bids thee ransom home
The godlike Hector's corpse; and with thee take
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.
Alone, no Trojan with thee, must thou go;
Yet may a herald on thy steps attend,

Some aged man, thy smoothly-rolling car
And mules to drive, and to the city back
To bring thy dead, whom great Achilles slew.
Nor let the fear of death disturb thy mind:
Hermes shall with thee, as thine escort, go,
And to Achilles' presence safely bring.
Arriv'd within the tent, nor he himself
Will slay thee, but from others will protect;
Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,
Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest,
But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view."
  Swift-footed Iris said, and vanish'd straight:
He to his sons commandment gave, the mules
To yoke beneath the smoothly-rolling car,
And on the axle fix the wicker seat.
Himself the lofty cedar chamber sought,
Fragrant, high-roof'd, with countless treasures stor'd;
And call'd to Hecuba his wife, and said,
"Good wife, a messenger from Jove hath come,
Who bids me seek the Grecian ships, and there
Obtain my son's release; and with me take
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.

Say then, what think'st thou? for my mind inclines
To seek the ships within the Grecian camp."
So he; but Hecuba lamenting cried,
"Alas, alas! where are thy senses gone?
And where the wisdom, once of high repute
'Mid strangers, and 'mid those o'er whom thou reign'st?
How canst thou think alone to seek the ships,
Ent'ring his presence, who thy sons hath slain,
Many and brave? an iron heart is thine!
Of that bloodthirsty and perfidious man,
If thou within the sight and reach shalt come,
No pity will he feel, no rev'rence show:
Rather remain we here apart and mourn;
For him, when at his birth his thread of life
Was spun by fate, 'twas destin'd that afar
From home and parents, he should glut the maw
Of rav'ning dogs, by that stern warrior's tent,
Whose inmost heart I would I could devour:
Such for my son were adequate revenge,
Whom not in ignominious flight he slew;
But standing, thoughtless of escape or flight,
For Trojan men and Troy's deep-bosom'd dames."

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:
"Seek not to hinder me; nor be thyself
A bird of evil omen in my house;
For thou shalt not persuade me. If indeed
This message had been brought by mortal man,
Prophet, or seer, or sacrificing priest,
I should have deem'd it false, and laugh'd to scorn
The idle tale; but now (for I myself
Both saw and heard the Goddess) I must go;
Nor unfulfill'd shall be the words I speak:
And if indeed it be my fate to die
Beside the vessels of the brass-clad Greeks,
I am content! by fierce Achilles' hand
Let me be slain, so once more in my arms
I hold my boy, and give my sorrow vent."
Then raising up the coffer's polish'd lid,
He chose twelve gorgeous shawls, twelve single cloaks,
As many rugs, as many splendid robes,
As many tunics; then of gold he took
Ten talents full; two tripods, burnish'd bright,
Four caldrons; then a cup of beauty rare,
A rich possession, which the men of Thrace

Had giv'n, when there he went ambassador;
E'en this he spar'd not, such his keen desire
His son to ransom. From the corridor
With angry words he drove the Trojans all:
"Out with ye, worthless rascals, vagabonds!
Have ye no griefs at home, that here ye come
To pester me? or is it not enough
That Jove with deep affliction visits me,
Slaying my bravest son? ye to your cost
Shall know his loss: since now that he is gone,
The Greeks shall find you easier far to slay.
But may my eyes be clos'd in death, ere see
The city sack'd, and utterly destroy'd."
He said, and with his staff drove out the crowd;
Before the old man's anger fled they all;
Then to his sons in threat'ning tone he cried;
To Paris, Helenus, and Agathon,
Pammon, Antiphonus, Polites brave,
Deiphobus, and bold Hippothöus,
And godlike Dius; all these nine with threats
And angry taunts the aged sire assail'd:
"Haste, worthless sons, my scandal and my shame!

Would that ye all beside the Grecian ships
In Hector's stead had died! Oh woe is me,
Who have begotten sons, in all the land
The best and bravest; now remains not one;
Mestor, and Troïlus, dauntless charioteer,
And Hector, who a God 'mid men appear'd,
Nor like a mortal's offspring, but a God's:
All these hath Mars cut off; and left me none,
None but the vile and refuse; liars all,
Vain skipping coxcombs, in the dance alone,
And in nought else renown'd; base plunderers,
From their own countrymen, of lambs and kids.
When, laggards, will ye harness me the car
Equipp'd with all things needed for the way?"

He said; they quail'd beneath their father's wrath,
And brought the smoothly-running mule-wain out,
Well-fram'd, new-built; and fix'd the wicker seat;
Then from the peg the mule-yoke down they took,
Of boxwood wrought, with boss and rings complete;
And with the yoke, the yoke-band brought they forth,
Nine cubits long; and to the polish'd pole
At the far end attach'd; the breast-rings then

Fix'd to the pole-piece: and on either side
Thrice round the knob the leathern thong they wound.
And bound it fast, and inward turn'd the tongue.
Then the rich ransom, from the chambers brought,
Of Hector's head, upon the wain they pil'd;
And yok'd the strong-hoof'd mules, to harness train'd,
The Mysians' splendid present to the King:
To Priam's car they harness'd then the steeds,
Which he himself at polish'd manger fed.
Deep thoughts revolving, in the lofty halls
Were met the herald and the aged King,
When Hecuba with troubled mind drew near;
In her right hand a golden cup she bore
Of luscious wine, that ere they took their way
They to the Gods might due libations pour;
Before the car she stood, and thus she spoke:
"Take, and to father Jove thine off'ring pour,
And pray that he may bring thee safely home
From all thy foes; since sore against my will
Thou needs wilt venture to the ships of Greece.
Then to Idæan Jove, the cloud-girt son
Of Saturn, who th' expanse of Troy surveys,

Prefer thy pray'r, beseeching him to send,
On thy right hand, a wingèd messenger,
The bird he loves the best, of strongest flight;
That thou thyself mayst see and know the sign,
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece.
But should all-seeing Jove the sign withhold,
Then not with my consent shouldst thou attempt,
Whate'er thy wish, to reach the Grecian ships."
To whom, in answer, godlike Priam thus:
"O woman, I refuse not to obey
Thy counsel; good it is to raise the hands
In pray'r to Heav'n, and Jove's protection seek."
The old man said; and bade th' attendant pour
Pure water on his hands; with ewer she,
And basin, stood beside him: from his wife,
The due ablutions made, he took the cup;
Then in the centre of the court he stood,
And as he pour'd the wine, look'd up to Heav'n,
And thus with voice uplifted pray'd aloud:
"O father Jove, who rul'st on Ida's height,
Most great, most glorious! grant that I may find
Some pity in Achilles' heart; and send,
On my right hand, a wingèd messenger,

The bird thou lov'st the best, of strongest flight,
That I myself may see and know the sign,
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece."
Thus as he pray'd, the Lord of counsel heard;
And sent forthwith an eagle, feather'd king,
Dark bird of chase, and Dusky thence surnam'd:
Wide as the portals, well secur'd with bolts,
That guard some wealthy monarch's lofty hall,
On either side his ample pinions spread.
On the right hand appear'd he, far above
The city soaring; they the fav'ring sign
With joy beheld, and ev'ry heart was cheer'd.
Mounting his car in haste, the aged King
Drove thro' the court, and thro' the echoing porch;
The mules in front, by sage Idæus driv'n,
That drew the four-wheel'd wain; behind them came
The horses, down the city's steep descent
Urg'd by th' old man to speed; the crowd of friends
That follow'd mourn'd for him, as doom'd to death.
Descended from the city to the plain,
His sons and sons-in-law to Ilium took
Their homeward way; advancing o'er the plain

They two escap'd not Jove's all-seeing eye;
Pitying he saw the aged sire; and thus
At once to Hermes spoke, his much-lov'd son:
"Hermes, for thou in social converse lov'st
To mix with men, and hear'st whome'er thou wilt;
Haste thee, and Priam to the Grecian ships
So lead, that none of all the Greeks may see
Ere at Achilles' presence he attain."

He said; nor disobey'd the heav'nly Guide;
His golden sandals on his feet he bound,
Ambrosial work; which bore him o'er the waves,
Swift as the wind, and o'er the wide-spread earth;
Then took his rod, wherewith he seals at will
The eyes of men, and wakes again from sleep.
This in his hand he bore, and sprang for flight.
Soon the wide Hellespont he reach'd, and Troy,
And pass'd in likeness of a princely youth,
In op'ning manhood, fairest term of life.

The twain had pass'd by Ilus' lofty tomb,
And halted there the horses and the mules
Beside the margin of the stream to drink;
For darkness now was creeping o'er the earth:

When through the gloom the herald Hermes saw
Approaching near, to Priam thus he cried:
"O son of Dardanus, bethink thee well;
Of prudent counsel great is now our need.
A man I see, and fear he means us ill.
Say, with the horses shall we fly at once,
Or clasp his knees, and for his mercy sue?"
The old man heard, his mind confus'd with dread;
So grievously he fear'd, that ev'ry hair
Upon his bended limbs did stand on end;
He stood astounded; but the Guardian-God
Approach'd, and took him by the hand, and said:
"Where, father, goest thou thus with horse and mule
In the still night, when men are sunk in sleep?
And fear'st thou not the slaughter-breathing Greeks,
Thine unrelenting foes, and they so near?
If any one of them should see thee now,
So richly laden in the gloom of night,
How wouldst thou feel? thou art not young thyself,
And this old man, thy comrade, would avail
But little to protect thee from assault.
I will not harm thee, nay will shield from harm,

For like my father's is, methinks, thy face."
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:
"'Tis as thou say'st, fair son; yet hath some God
Extended o'er me his protecting hand,
Who sends me such a guide, so opportune.
Bless'd are thy parents in a son so grac'd
In face and presence, and of mind so wise."
To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:
"O father, well and wisely dost thou speak;
But tell me this, and truly: dost thou bear
These wealthy treasures to some foreign land,
That they for thee in safety may be stor'd?
Or have ye all resolv'd to fly from Troy
In fear, your bravest slain, thy gallant son,
Who never from the Greeks' encounter flinch'd?"
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:
"Who art thou, noble Sir, and what thy race,
That speak'st thus fairly of my hapless son?"
To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:
"Try me, old man; of godlike Hector ask;
For often in the glory-giving fight
These eyes have seen him; chief, when to the ships

The Greeks he drove, and with the sword destroy'd.
We gaz'd in wonder; from the fight restrain'd
By Peleus' son, with Agamemnon wroth.
His follower I; one ship convey'd us both;
One of the Myrmidons I am; my sire
Polyctor, rich, but aged, e'en as thou.
Six sons he hath, besides myself, the sev'nth;
And I by lot was drafted for the war.
I from the ships am to the plain come forth;
For with the dawn of day the keen-ey'd Greeks
Will round the city marshal their array.
They chafe in idleness; the chiefs in vain
Strive to restrain their ardour for the fight."
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:
"If of Achilles, Peleus' son, thou art
Indeed a follower, tell me all the truth;
Lies yet my son beside the Grecian ships,
Or hath Achilles torn him limb from limb,
And to his dogs the mangled carcase giv'n?"
To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:
"On him, old man, nor dogs nor birds have fed,
But by the ship of Peleus' son he lies

Within the tent; twelve days he there hath lain,
Nor hath corruption touch'd his flesh, nor worms,
That wont to prey on men in battle slain.
The corpse, indeed, with each returning morn,
Around his comrade's tomb Achilles drags,
Yet leaves it still uninjur'd; thou thyself
Mightst see how fresh, as dew-besprent, he lies,
From blood-stains cleans'd, and clos'd his many wounds,
For many a lance was buried in his corpse.
So, e'en in death, the blessed Gods above,
Who lov'd him well, protect thy noble son."

He said; th' old man rejoicing heard his words,
And answer'd, "See, my son, how good it is
To give th' immortal Gods their tribute due;
For never did my son, while yet he liv'd,
Neglect the Gods who on Olympus dwell;
And thence have they remember'd him in death.
Accept, I pray, this goblet rich-emboss'd;
Be thou my guard, and, under Heav'n, my guide,
Until I reach the tent of Peleus' son."

To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:
"Old father, me thy younger wouldst thou tempt.

In vain; who bidd'st me at thy hands accept
Thy proffer'd presents, to Achilles' wrong.
I dread his anger; and should hold it shame
To plunder him, through fear of future ill.
But, as thy guide, I could conduct thee safe,
As far as Argos, journeying by thy side,
On ship-board or on foot; nor by the fault
Of thy conductor shouldst thou meet with harm."
Thus spoke the Guardian-God, and on the car
Mounting in haste, he took the whip and reins,
And with fresh vigour mules and horses fill'd.
When to the ship-tow'rs and the trench they came,
The guard had late been busied with their meal;
And with deep sleep the heav'nly Guide o'erspread
The eyes of all; then open'd wide the gates,
And push'd aside the bolts, and led within
Both Priam, and the treasure-laden wain.
But when they reach'd Achilles' lofty tent,
(Which for their King the Myrmidons had built
Of fir-trees fell'd, and overlaid the roof
With rushes mown from off the neighb'ring mead;
And all around a spacious court enclos'd

With cross-set palisades; a single bar
Of fir the gateway guarded, which to shut
Three men, of all the others, scarce suffic'd,
And three to open; but Achilles' hand
Unaided shut with ease the massive bar)
Then for the old man Hermes op'd the gate,
And brought within the court the gifts design'd
For Peleus' godlike son; then from the car
Sprang to the ground, and thus to Priam spoke:
"Old man, a God hath hither been thy guide;
Hermes I am, and sent to thee from Jove,
Father of all, to bring thee safely here.
I now return, nor to Achilles' eyes
Will I appear; beseems it not a God
To greet a mortal in the sight of all.
But go thou in, and clasp Achilles' knees,
And supplicate him for his father's sake,
His fair-hair'd mother's, and his child's, that so
Thy words may stir an answer in his heart."
Thus saying, Hermes to Olympus' heights
Return'd; and Priam from his chariot sprang,
And left Idæus there, in charge to keep

The horses and the mules, while he himself
Enter'd the dwelling straight, where wont to sit
Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n. The chief he found
Within, his followers seated all apart;
Two only in his presence minister'd,
The brave Automedon, and Alcimus,
A warrior bold; scarce ended the repast
Of food and wine; the table still was set.
Great Priam enter'd, unperceiv'd of all;
And standing by Achilles, with his arms
Embrac'd his knees, and kiss'd those fearful hands,
Blood-stain'd, which many of his sons had slain.
As when a man, by cruel fate pursued,
In his own land hath shed another's blood,
And flying, seeks beneath some wealthy house
A foreign refuge; wond'ring, all behold:
On godlike Priam so with wonder gaz'd
Achilles; wonder seiz'd th' attendants all,
And one to other looked; then Priam thus
To Peleus' son his suppliant speech address'd:
"Think, great Achilles, rival of the Gods,
Upon thy father, e'en as I myself

Upon the threshold of unjoyous age:
And haply he, from them that dwell around
May suffer wrong, with no protector near
To give him aid; yet he, rejoicing, knows
That thou still liv'st; and day by day may hope
To see his son returning safe from Troy;
While I, all hapless, that have many sons,
The best and bravest through the breadth of Troy,
Begotten, deem that none are left me now.
Fifty there were, when came the sons of Greece;
Nineteen the offspring of a single womb;
The rest, the women of my household bore.
Of these have many by relentless Mars
Been laid in dust; but he, my only one,
The city's and his brethren's sole defence,
He, bravely fighting in his country's cause,
Hector, but lately by thy hand hath fall'n:
On his behalf I venture to approach
The Grecian ships; for his release to thee
To make my pray'r, and priceless ransom pay.
Then thou, Achilles, reverence the Gods;
And, for thy father's sake, look pitying down

On me, more needing pity; since I bear
Such grief as never man on earth hath borne,
Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son."
Thus as he spoke, within Achilles' breast
Fond mem'ry of his father rose; he touch'd
The old man's hand, and gently put him by;
Then wept they both, by various mem'ries stirr'd:
One, prostrate at Achilles' feet, bewail'd
His warrior son; Achilles for his sire,
And for Patroclus wept, his comrade dear;
And through the house their weeping loud was heard.
But when Achilles had indulg'd his grief,
And eas'd the yearning of his heart and limbs,
Uprising, with his hand the aged sire,
Pitying his hoary head and hoary beard,
He rais'd, and thus with gentle words address'd:
"Alas, what sorrows, poor old man, are thine!
How couldst thou venture to the Grecian ships
Alone, and to the presence of the man
Whose hand hath slain so many of thy sons,
Many and brave? an iron heart is thine!
But sit thou on this seat; and in our hearts,
Though filled with grief, let us that grief suppress;

For woful lamentation nought avails.
Such is the thread the Gods for mortals spin,
To live in woe, while they from cares are free.
Two coffers lie beside the door of Jove,
With gifts for man: one good, the other ill;
To whom from each the Lord of lightning gives,
Him sometimes evil, sometimes good befalls;
To whom the ill alone, him foul disgrace
And grinding mis'ry o'er the earth pursue:
By God and man alike despis'd he roams.
Thus from his birth the Gods to Peleus gave
Excellent gifts; with wealth and substance bless'd
Above his fellows; o'er the Myrmidons
He rul'd with sov'reign sway; and Heav'n bestow'd
On him, a mortal, an immortal bride.
Yet this of ill was mingled in his lot,
That in his house no rising race he saw
Of future Kings; one only son he had,
One doom'd to early death; nor is it mine
To tend my father's age; but far from home
Thee and thy sons in Troy I vex with war.
Much have we heard too of thy former wealth;

Above what Lesbos northward, Macar's seat,
Contains, and Upper Phrygia, and the shores
Of boundless Hellespont, 'tis said that thou
In wealth and number of thy sons wast bless'd.
But since on thee this curse the Gods have brought,
Still round thy city war and murder rage.
Bear up, nor thus with grief incessant mourn;
Vain is thy sorrow for thy gallant son;
Thou canst not raise him, and mayst suffer more."
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire;
"Tell me not yet, illustrious chief, to sit,
While Hector lies, uncar'd for, in the tent;
But let me quickly go, that with mine eyes
I may behold my son; and thou accept
The ample treasures which we tender thee:
Mayst thou enjoy them, and in safety reach
Thy native land, since thou hast spar'd my life,
And bidd'st me still behold the light of Heav'n."
To whom Achilles thus with stern regard:
"Old man, incense me not; I mean myself
To give thee back thy son; for here of late
Despatch'd by Jove, my Goddess-mother came,

The daughter of the aged Ocean-God:
And thee too, Priam, well I know, some God
(I cannot err) hath guided to our ships.
No mortal, though in vent'rous youth, would dare
Our camp to enter; nor could hope to pass
Unnotic'd by the watch, nor easily
Remove the pond'rous bar that guards our doors.
But stir not up my anger in my grief;
Lest, suppliant though thou be, within my tent
I brook thee not, and Jove's command transgress."
He said; the old man trembled, and obey'd;
Then to the door-way, with a lion's spring,
Achilles rush'd; not unaccompanied;
With him Automedon and Alcimus,
His two attendants, of his followers all,
Next to the lost Patroclus, best-esteem'd;
They from the yoke the mules and horses loos'd;
Then led the herald of the old man in,
And bade him sit; and from the polish'd wain
The costly ransom took of Hector's head.
Two robes they left, and one well-woven vest,
To clothe the corpse, and send with honour home.

Then to the female slaves he gave command
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,
Apart, that Priam might not see his son;
Lest his griev'd heart its passion unrestrain'd
Should utter, and Achilles, rous'd to wrath,
His suppliant slay, and Jove's command transgress.
When they had wash'd the body, and with oil
Anointed, and around it wrapp'd the robe
And vest, Achilles lifted up the dead
With his own hands, and laid him on the couch;
Which to the polish'd wain his followers rais'd.
Then groaning, on his friend by name he call'd:
"Forgive, Patroclus! be not wroth with me,
If in the realm of darkness thou shouldst hear
That godlike Hector to his father's arms,
For no mean ransom, I restore; whereof
A fitting share for thee I set aside."
This said, Achilles to the tent return'd;
On the carv'd couch, from whence he rose, he sat
Beside the wall; and thus to Priam spoke:
"Old man, thy son, according to thy pray'r,
Is giv'n thee back; upon the couch he lies;

Thyself shalt see him at the dawn of day.
Meanwhile the ev'ning meal demands our care.
Not fair-hair'd Niobe abstain'd from food
When in the house her children lay in death,
Six beauteous daughters and six stalwart sons.
The youths, Apollo with his silver bow,
The maids, the Archer-Queen, Diana, slew,
With anger fill'd that Niobe presum'd
Herself with fair Latona to compare,
Her many children with her rival's two;
So by the two were all the many slain.
Nine days in death they lay; and none was there
To pay their fun'ral rites; for Saturn's son
Had given to all the people hearts of stone.
At length th' immortal Gods entomb'd the dead.
Nor yet did Niobe, when now her grief
Had worn itself in tears, from food refrain.
And now in Sipylus, amid the rocks,
And lonely mountains, where the Goddess nymphs
That love to dance by Achelöus' stream,
'Tis said, were cradled, she, though turn'd to stone,
Broods o'er the wrongs inflicted by the Gods.

So we too, godlike sire, the meal may share;
And later, thou thy noble son mayst mourn,
To Troy restor'd—well worthy he thy tears."
This said, he slaughter'd straight a white-fleec'd sheep;
His comrades then the carcase flay'd and dress'd:
The meat prepar'd, and fasten'd to the spits;
Roasted with care, and from the fire withdrew.
The bread Automedon from baskets fair
Apportion'd out; the meat Achilles shar'd.
They on the viands set before them fell.
The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,
In wonder Priam on Achilles gaz'd,
His form and stature; as a God he seem'd;
And he too look'd on Priam, and admir'd
His venerable face, and gracious speech.
With mutual pleasure each on other gaz'd,
Till godlike Priam first address'd his host:
"Dismiss me now, illustrious chief, to rest;
And lie we down, in gentle slumbers wrapp'd;
For never have mine eyes been clos'd in sleep,
Since by thy hand my gallant son was slain:
But groaning still, I brood upon my woes,

And in my court with dust my head defile.
Now have I tasted bread, now ruddy wine
Hath o'er my palate pass'd; but not till now."
Thus he; his comrades and th' attendant maids
Achilles order'd in the corridor
Two mattresses to place, with blankets fair
Of purple wool o'erlaid; and on the top
Rugs and soft sheets for upper cov'ring spread.
They from the chamber, torch in hand, withdrew,
And with obedient haste two beds prepar'd.
Then thus Achilles spoke in jesting tone:
"Thou needs must sleep without, my good old friend;
Lest any leader of the Greeks should come,
As is their custom, to confer with me;
Of them whoe'er should find thee here by night
Forthwith to Agamemnon would report,
And Hector might not be so soon restor'd.
But tell me truly this; how many days
For godlike Hector's fun'ral rites ye need;
That for so long a time I may myself
Refrain from combat, and the people stay."
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:

"If by thy leave we may indeed perform
His fun'ral rites, to thee, Achilles, great
Will be our gratitude, if this thou grant.
Thou know'st how close the town is hemm'd around:
And from the mountain, distant as it is,
The Trojans well may fear to draw the wood.
Nine days to public mourning would we give;
The tenth, to fun'ral rites and fun'ral feast;
Then on th' eleventh would we raise his mound;
The twelfth, renew the war, if needs we must."

To whom Achilles swift of foot replied:
"So shall it be, old Priam; I engage
To stay the battle for the time requir'd."

Thus speaking, with his hand the old man's wrist
He grasp'd, in token that he need not fear.
Then in the corridor lay down to rest
Old Priam and the herald, Elders sage;
While in his tent's recess Achilles slept,
The fair Brisëis resting by his side.

In night-long slumbers lay the other Gods,
And helmèd chiefs, by gentle sleep subdued;
But on the eyes of Hermes, Guardian-God,

No slumber fell, deep pond'ring in his mind
How from the ships in safety to conduct
The royal Priam, and the guard elude.
Above the sleeper's head he stood, and cried:
"Old man, small heed thou tak'st of coming ill,
Who, when Achilles gives thee leave to go,
Sleep'st undisturb'd, surrounded by thy foes.
Thy son hath been restor'd, and thou hast paid
A gen'rous price; but to redeem thy life,
If Agamemnon and the other Greeks
Should know that thou art here, full thrice so much
Thy sons, who yet are left, would have to pay."
He said; the old man trembled, and arous'd
The herald; while the horses and the mules
Were yok'd by Hermes, who with silent speed
Drove through th' encampment, unobserv'd of all.
But when they came to eddying Xanthus' ford,
Fair-flowing stream, born of immortal Jove,
To high Olympus Hermes took his flight,
As morn, in saffron robe, o'er all the earth
Was light diffusing; they with fun'ral wail
Drove cityward the horses; following came

The mules that drew the litter of the dead.
The plain they travers'd o'er, observ'd of none,
Or man or woman, till Cassandra, fair
As golden Venus, from the topmost height
Of Pergamus, her father in his car
Upstanding saw, the herald at his side.
Him too she saw, who on the litter lay;
Then lifted up her voice, and cried aloud
To all the city, "Hither, Trojans, come,
Both men and women, Hector see restor'd;
If, while he liv'd, returning from the fight,
Ye met him e'er rejoicing, who indeed
Was all the city's chiefest joy and pride."
She said; nor man nor woman then was left
Within the city; o'er the minds of all
Grief pass'd, resistless; to the gates in throngs
They press'd, to crowd round him who brought the dead.
The first to clasp the body were his wife
And honour'd mother; eagerly they sprang
On the smooth-rolling wain, to touch the head
Of Hector; round them, weeping, stood the crowd.
Weeping, till sunset, all the live-long day

Had they before the gates for Hector mourn'd;
Had not old Priam from the car address'd
The crowd: "Make way, that so the mules may pass;
When to my house I shall have brought my dead,
Ye there may vent your sorrow as ye will."
Thus as he spoke, obedient to his word
They stood aside, and for the car made way:
But when to Priam's lordly house they came,
They laid him on a rich-wrought couch, and call'd
The minstrels in, who by the hero's bed
Should lead the melancholy chorus; they
Pour'd forth the music of the mournful dirge,
While women's voices join'd in loud lament.
White-arm'd Andromache the wail began,
The head of Hector clasping in her hands:
"My husband, thou art gone in pride of youth,
And in thine house hast left me desolate;
Thy child an infant still, thy child and mine,
Unhappy parents both! nor dare I hope
That he may reach the ripeness of his youth;
For ere that day shall Troy in ruin fall,
Since thou art gone, her guardian! thou whose arm

Defended her, her wives, and helpless babes!
They now shall shortly o'er the sea be borne,
And with them I shall go; thou too, my child,
Must follow me, to servile labour doom'd,
The suff'ring victim of a tyrant Lord;
Unless perchance some angry Greek may seize
And dash thee from the tow'r—a woful death!
Whose brother, or whose father, or whose son
By Hector hath been slain; for many a Greek
By Hector's hand hath bit the bloody dust;
Not light in battle was thy father's hand!
Therefore for him the gen'ral city mourns;
Thou to thy parents bitter grief hast caus'd,
Hector! but bitt'rest grief of all hast left
To me! for not to me was giv'n to clasp
The hand extended from thy dying bed,
Nor words of wisdom catch, which night and day,
With tears, I might have treasur'd in my heart."
Weeping she spoke—the women join'd the wail.
Then Hecuba took up the loud lament:
"Hector, of all my children dearest thou!
Dear to th' Immortals too in life wast thou,

And they in death have borne thee still in mind;
For other of my sons, his captives made,
Across the wat'ry waste, to Samos' isle
Or Imbros, or th' inhospitable shore
Of Lemnos, hath Achilles, swift of foot,
To slav'ry sold; thee, when his sharp-edg'd spear
Had robb'd thee of thy life, he dragg'd indeed
Around Patroclus' tomb, his comrade dear,
Whom thou hadst slain; yet so he rais'd not up
His dead to life again; now liest thou here,
All fresh and fair, as dew-besprent; like one
Whom bright Apollo, with his arrows keen,
God of the silver bow, hath newly slain."

Weeping, she spoke; and rous'd the gen'ral grief.
Then Helen, third, the mournful strain renew'd:
"Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou!
True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,
Who bore me hither—would I then had died!
But twenty years have pass'd since here I came,
And left my native land; yet ne'er from thee
I heard one scornful, one degrading word;
And when from others I have borne reproach,

Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives,
Or mother, (for thy sire was ever kind
E'en as a father) thou hast check'd them still
With tender feeling, and with gentle words.
For thee I weep, and for myself no less:
For, through the breadth of Troy, none love me now,
None kindly look on me, but all abhor."

Weeping she spoke, and with her wept the crowd.
At length the aged Priam gave command:
"Haste now, ye Trojans, to the city bring
Good store of fuel; fear no treach'rous wile;
For when he sent me from the dark-ribb'd ships,
Achilles promis'd that from hostile arms
Till the twelfth morn we should no harm sustain."

He said; and they the oxen and the mules
Yok'd to the wains, and from the city throng'd:
Nine days they labour'd, and brought back to Troy
Good store of wood; but when the tenth day's light
Upon the earth appear'd, weeping, they bore
Brave Hector out; and on the fun'ral pile
Laying the glorious dead, applied the torch.

While yet the rosy-finger'd morn was young

Round noble Hector's pyre the people press'd:
When all were gather'd round, and closely throng'd,
First on the burning mass, as far as spread
The range of fire, they pour'd the ruddy wine,
And quench'd the flames: his brethren then and friends
Weeping, the hot tears flowing down their cheeks,
Collected from the pile the whiten'd bones;
These in a golden casket they enclos'd,
And o'er it spread soft shawls of purple dye;
Then in a grave they laid it, and in haste
With stone in pond'rous masses cover'd o'er;
And rais'd a mound, and watch'd on ev'ry side,
From sudden inroad of the Greeks to guard.
The mound erected, back they turn'd; and all
Assembled duly, shar'd the solemn feast
In Priam's palace, Heav'n-descended King.
Such were the rites to glorious Hector paid.

THE END.

J. H. Tobitt, Printer and Stereotyper, *Franklin-square.*
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